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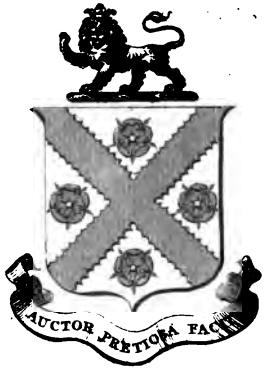

James Lenox.

Graham

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Grahm, Sen

THE

POWER OF FAITH,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM,

OF NEW YORK.

The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility.—The Lord will destroy the house of the proud: but he will establish the border of the widow.

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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

IN writing the volumes of biography, so frequently presented to the world, the motives of their authors have been various, and the subjects diversified.

Mankind take an interest in the history of those, who, like themselves, have encountered the trials and discharged the duties of life. Too often, however, publicity is given to the lives of men, splendid in acts of mighty mischief, in whom the secret exercises of the heart would not bear a scrutiny. The memoirs are comparatively few, of those engaged in the humble and useful walks of active benevolence, where the breathings of the soul would display a character much to be admired, and more to be imitated.

The celebrated Dr. Buchanan has observed, that, if you were to ask certain persons, even in Christian countries, if they had any acquaintance with the *religious* world, they would say, 'they had never heard there *was* such a world.' While the external conduct of individuals is made the subject of much critical remark, the religion of the heart, the secret source of action, too frequently escapes unnoticed and unexplored.

It is only when the career of life is closed, that the character is completely established. On this account, memoirs of the living are in few instances read with much

interest by others; or contemplated without the danger of self-deception, and too much complacency, by the living subjects themselves.

But when the soul has departed, and the body sleeps in dust, it may prove useful to survivors, to examine the principles which led their departed friend to a life of honourable benevolence, and to a peaceful end.

On this account, and at the urgent request of many respectable persons, it has been deemed advisable to publish some of the writings of Mrs. Isabella Graham, recently called away from us, whose character was so esteemed, and whose memory is so venerated in the city where she dwelt.

Self was so totally absent from all her motives to activity in deeds of benevolence, that she at once commanded love and respect; and, in her case peculiarly, unalloyed with any risings of jealousy, envy, or distrust.

Blessed with a spirit of philanthropy, with an ardent and generous mind, a sound judgment, an excess of that sensibility which moulds the soul for friendship, a cultivated intellect, and the rich stores of ample experience, her company was eagerly sought, and highly valued, by old and young. Though happily qualified to shine in the drawing-room, she spent but a small portion of her time there; for such a disposition of it would have been mere waste, contrasted with her usual employments. Her step was never seen ascending the hill of ambition, nor tracing the mazes of popular applause. Where the widow and the orphan wept, where the sick and the dying moaned, thither her footsteps hastened; and there, seen only by her heavenly Father, she administered to their temporal wants, breathed the voice of consolation on their ear, shed the tears of sympathy, exhibited the truths of the

Gospel from the sacred volume, and poured out her soul for them in prayer to her Saviour and her God.

In a few such deeds she rested not; the knowledge of them was not obtruded upon others, nor recorded by herself. The recollection of past exertions was lost in her zeal to accomplish greater purposes and greater good; her heart expanded with her experience, and her means were too limited, her activity almost inaction, compared with the abounding desires of her soul to alleviate the miseries, and to increase the comforts, of the poor, the destitute, and the afflicted.

Let no one think this picture the painting of fancy, or the colouring of partial affection. It is sober truth; a real character.

To know the latent springs of such external excellence, is worthy of research; they may be all summed up in this, 'the Religion of the Heart.'

The extracts from Mrs. Graham's letters, and from her devotional exercises, will form the best development of her principles, and may, with the blessing of God, prove useful to those who read them. In all her writings will be manifested the power of *faith*, the efficiency of *grace;* and in them, as in her own uniform confession, Jesus will be magnified, and self will be humbled.

In connexion with such a publication, it is thought that a short sketch of her life will prove acceptable; a life chiefly distinguished by her continual dependance on God, and his unceasing faithfulness and mercy towards her.

Isabella Marshall, (afterwards Mrs. Graham) was born on the 29th of July, 1742, in the shire of Lanark, in Scotland. Her grandfather was one of the elders who quitted the established church with the Rev. Messrs.

Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine. She was educated in the principles of the church of Scotland. Her father and mother were both pious; indeed, her mother, whose maiden name was Janet Hamilton, appears from her letters, yet extant, to have possessed a mind of the same character as her daughter afterwards exhibited.

Isabella was trained to an active life as well as favoured with a superior education. Her grandfather, whose dying bed she had assiduously attended, bequeathed her a legacy of some hundred pounds. In the use to which she applied this money, the soundness of her judgment thus early manifested itself. She requested it might be appropriated to the purpose of giving her a finished education. When ten years of age, she was sent to a boarding-school, taught by a lady of distinguished talents and piety. Often has Mrs. Graham repeated to her children the maxims of Mrs. Betty Morehead. With ardent and unwearied endeavours to attain mental endowments, and especially moral and religious knowledge, she attended the instructions of Mrs. Morehead for seven successive winters. How valuable is early instruction! With the blessing of God, it is probable that this instructress had laid the foundation of the exertions and usefulness of her pupil in after-life. How wise and how gracious are the ways of the Lord!—Knowing the path in which he was afterwards to lead Isabella Marshall, her God was pleased to provide her an education of a much higher kind than was usual in those days. Who would not trust that God who alone can be *the guide of our youth?*

Her father, John Marshall, farmed a paternal estate, called the Heads, near Hamilton. This estate he sold, and rented the estate of Eldersley, once the habitation of Sir William Wallace. There Isabella passed her child-

hood and her youth. She had no precise recollection of the period at which her heart first *tasted that the Lord was gracious.* As long as she could remember, she took delight in pouring out her soul to God.

In the woods of Eldersley she selected a bush to which she resorted in the season of devotion: under this bush she was enabled to devote herself to God, through faith in her Redeemer, before she had attained to her tenth year. To this favourite, and, to her, sacred spot, she would repair, when exposed to temptation, or perplexed with childish troubles. From thence she caused her prayers to ascend, and always found peace and consolation.

Children cannot at too early a period seek the favour of the God of heaven. How blessed to be reared and fed by his hand, taught by his Spirit, and strengthened by his grace.

The late Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, afterwards president of Princeton college, was at this time one of the ministers of the town of Paisley. Isabella sat under his ministry, and at the age of seventeen she was admitted by him to the sacrament of the Lord's supper. In the year 1765 she was married to Doctor John Graham, then a practising physician in Paisley; a gentleman of liberal education and of respectable standing.

About a year after their marriage, Doctor Graham was ordered to join his regiment, the Royal Americans, then stationed in Canada.

Before they sailed for America, a plan had been digested for their permanent residence in that country. Doctor Graham calculated on disposing of his commission and purchasing a tract of land on the Mohawk river, to which his father-in-law, Mr. Marshall, and his family, were to follow him.

The regiment was quartered at Montreal for several months, and here Jessie, the eldest daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Graham, was born. They afterwards removed to Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario, and continued in garrison there for four years; here Joanna and Isabella Graham were born. Mrs. Graham always considered the time she passed at Niagara as the happiest of her days, contemplated in a temporal view. The officers of the regiment were amiable men, and attached to each other. A few of them were married, and their ladies were united in the ties of friendship. The society there, secluded from the world, exempt from the collision of individual and separate interests, which often create so much discord in large communities, and studious to promote the happiness of each other, enjoyed that tranquillity and contentment, which ever accompany a disinterested interchange of friendly offices. This fort being in a situation detached from other settlements, the garrison were consequently deprived of ordinances, and the public means of grace; the life of religion in the soul of Mrs. Graham was therefore at a low ebb. A conscientious observance of the Sabbath, which throughout life she maintained, proved to her at Niagara as a remembrance and revival of devotional exercises. She wandered on those sacred days into the woods around Niagara, searched her Bible, communed with her God and herself, and poured out her soul in prayer to her covenant Lord. Throughout the week, the attention of her friends, her domestic comfort and employments, and the amusements pursued in the garrison, she used to confess, occupied too much of her time and of her affections.

Here we behold a little society enjoying much comfort and happiness in each other, yet falling short of that pre-

eminent duty, and superior blessedness, of glorifying, as they ought to have done, the God of heaven, who fed them by his bounty, and offered them a full and free salvation in the gospel of his Son. No enjoyments, nor possessions, however ample and acceptable, can crown the soul with peace and true felicity, unless accompanied with the fear and favour of Him, who can speak pardon to the transgressors, and "shed abroad his love in the hearts" of his children; thus giving an earnest of spiritual and eternal blessedness along with temporal good.

The commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America, rendered it necessary, in the estimation of the British government, to order to another scene of action the sixtieth regiment, composed in a great measure of Americans.

Their destination was in the island of Antigua; Dr. Graham, Mrs. Graham, and their family, consisting now of three infant daughters, and two young Indian girls, crossed the woods from Niagara to Oswegatche, and from thence descended the Mohawk in batteaux to Schenectady. Here Dr. Graham left his family and went to New York, to complete a negotiation he had entered into for the sale of his commission, to enable him to settle, as he originally intended, on a tract of land which it was in his power to purchase on the banks of the river they had just descended. The gentleman who proposed to purchase his commission, not being able to perfect the arrangement in time, Dr. Graham found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Antigua with the regiment. Mrs. Graham, on learning this, hurried down with her family to accompany him, although he had left it optional with her to remain.

At New York they were treated with much kindness by the late Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, and others, especially

by the family of Mr. Vanbrugh Livingston. With Mr. Livingston's daughter, the wife of Major Brown, of the sixtieth regiment, Mrs. Graham formed a very warm friendship, which continued during the life of Mrs. Brown.

On their arrival in Antigua, Mrs. Graham was introduced to the families of two brothers of the name of Gilbert, gentlemen of property and great piety. They were connected with the Methodists, and by their pious exertions, and exemplary lives, with the blessing of God, became instruments of much good to many in that island.

Dr. and Mrs. Graham participated largely in the hospitality and friendship of many respectable families at St. John's.

Dr. Graham was absent in St. Vincent's for some months; having accompanied, as surgeon, a military force under Major Etherington, sent thither to quell an insurrection of the Caribbeans.

On his return to Antigua, he found Mrs. Graham almost inconsolable for the loss of her valuable mother, the tidings of whose death had just reached her. He roused her from this state of mind by saying, that 'God might perhaps call her to a severer trial by taking her husband also.' The warning appeared prophetic. On the 17th of November 1774, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which was not, for the first three days, alarming, in the estimation of attending physicians; yet it increased afterwards with such violence, as to terminate his mortal existence on the 22d. The whole course of the Doctor's illness produced a most interesting scene. He calculated on death; expressed his perfect resignation; gave his testimony to the emptiness of a world, in which its inhabitants are too much occupied in pursuing bubbles, which vanish into air; and died in the hope of faith in that divine Redeemer;

"who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him." At the commencement of her husband's illness, Mrs. Graham entertained no apprehensions of danger to his life. When hope as to continuance of temporal life was extinguished, her anxiety for his spiritual and eternal welfare exercised her whole soul. When he breathed his last, gratitude to God, and joy at the testimony he had given of dying in the faith of Jesus, afforded a support to her mind, which the painful feelings of her heart could not immediately shake: but when the awful solemnities were over—earth to earth, dust to dust—and the spirit gone to God who gave it—when all was still, and she was a widow indeed—that tenderness of soul, and sympathy of friendship, for which Mrs. Graham was ever remarkable, were brought into severe and tumultuous exercise. Her husband, companion, protector, was gone; a man of superior mind, great taste, warm affection, and domestic habits. She was left with three daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than five years of age, and with the prospect of having another child in a few months. Of temporal property she possessed very little: she was at a distance from her father's house: the widow and the fatherless were in a foreign land. The change in her circumstances was as sudden as it was great.

She had now no sympathizing heart to receive and return the confidence of unbounded friendship; and thus, by reciprocal communion, to alleviate the trials, and enrich the enjoyments of life. All pleasing plans, all the cherished prospects of future settlement in life, were cut off in a moment. While sinking into a softened indifference to the world, in the contemplation of her severe loss, she was, on the other hand, roused into exertion for the sustenance

and support of her young family, whose earthly dependance was now necessarily upon her.

Not satisfied with the custom of the island, in burying soon after life is extinct, her uneasiness became so great, that her friends judged it prudent to have her husband's grave opened, to convince her that no symptoms of returning life had been exhibited there. The fidelity of her heart was now as strongly marked as her tenderness. She dressed herself in the habiliments of a widow, and surveying herself in a mirror determined never to lay them aside. This she strictly adhered to, and rejected every overture afterwards made to her, of again entering into a married state. She breathed the feelings of her heart in a little poem, in which she dedicated herself to her God as a widow indeed.

On examining into the state of her husband's affairs she discovered that there remained not quite two hundred pounds sterling in his agent's hands.

These circumstances afforded an opportunity for the display of the purity of Mrs. Graham's principles, and her rigid adherence to the commandments of her God in every situation.

It was proposed to her, and urged with much argument, to sell the two Indian girls, her late husband's property.

No consideration of interest, or necessity, could prevail upon her to make merchandise of her fellow-creatures, the works of her heavenly Father's hand; immortal beings! One of these girls accompanied her to Scotland, where she was married; the other died in Antigua, leaving an affectionate testimony to the kindness of her dear master and mistress.

The surgeon's mate of the regiment was a young man,

whom Dr. Graham had early taken under his patronage. The kindness of his patron had so far favoured him with a medical education, that he was enabled to succeed him as surgeon to the regiment.

Notwithstanding the slender finances of Mrs. Graham, feeling for the situation of Dr. H——, she presented to him her husband's medical library, and his sword; a rare instance of disinterested regard for the welfare of another.

This was an effort towards observing the second table of the law, in doing which, she was actuated likewise by that principle which flows from keeping the first table also. Nor was the friendship of Dr. and Mrs. Graham misplaced. The seeds of gratitude were sown in an upright heart. Dr. H——, from year to year manifested his sense of obligation, by remitting to the widow such sums of money as he could afford. This was a reciprocity of kind offices, equally honourable to the benefactor, and to him who received the benefit; an instance, alas! too rarely met with in a selfish world.

It may here be remarked, in order to show how much temporal supplies are under the direction of a special providence, that Dr. H——'s remittances and friendly letters were occasionally received by Mrs. Graham, until the year 1795: after this period her circumstances were so favourably altered, as to render such aid unnecessary: and from that time she heard no more from Dr. H——, neither could she hear what became of him, notwithstanding her frequent inquiries.

It may be profitable here to look at Mrs. Graham, contrasted with those around her, whose condition in the world was prosperous. Many persons, then in Antigua, were busy and successful in the accumulation of wealth, to the exclusion of every thought tending to holiness, to God,

that, as a proof of respect for the memory of their deceased friend, he and his brother officers had taken the liberty of defraying the expenses of her voyage.

Consequently, the bill he had given was for the full amount of her original deposit; and thus, like the brethren of Joseph, "she found all her money in the sack's mouth." Being a stranger in Ireland, without a friend to look out for a proper vessel in which to embark for Scotland, she and her children went passengers in a packet; on board of which, as she afterwards learned, there was not even a compass. A great storm arose, and they were tossed to and fro for nine hours in imminent danger. The rudder and the masts were carried away: every thing on deck thrown overboard, and at length the vessel struck in the night upon a rock, on the coast of Ayr, in Scotland. The greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. Among a number of young students, going to the University at Edinburgh, some were swearing, some praying, and all were in despair. The widow only remained composed. With her babe in her arms, she hushed her weeping family, and told them, that, in a few minutes they should all go to join their father in a better world. The passengers wrote their names in their pocket-books, that their bodies might be recognised, and reported for the information of their friends. One young man came into the cabin, asking, 'Is there any peace here?' He was surprised to find a female so tranquil: a short conversation soon evinced that religion was the source of comfort and hope to them both in this perilous hour. He prayed, and then read the 107th psalm. While repeating these words, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," the vessel swung off the rock, by the rising of the tide. She had been dashing against it for an hour and

a half, the sea making a breach over her, so that the hold was now nearly filled with water. Towards morning the storm subsided, and the vessel floated until she rested on a sandbank. Assistance was afforded from the shore; and the shipwrecked company took shelter in a small inn, where the men seemed anxious to drown the remembrance of danger in a bowl of punch. How faithful a monitor is conscience! This voice is listened to in extreme peril. But, oh, infatuated man, how anxious art thou to stifle the warnings of wisdom in the hour of prosperity! Thousands of our race, no doubt, delay their preparations for eternity, until, visited with sudden death, they have scarcely a moment left for the performance of this solemn work.

Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, to offer up thanksgiving to God for his goodness, and to commend herself, and her orphans, to his future care.

A gentleman from Ayr, hearing of the shipwreck, came down to offer assistance; and in him Mrs. Graham was happy enough to recognise an old friend. This gentleman paid her and her family much attention, carrying them to his own house, and treating them with kindness and hospitality.

In a day or two after this she reached Cartside, and entered her father's dwelling; not the large ancient mansion, in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage, consisting of three apartments. Possessed of a too easy temper, and unsuspecting disposition, Mr. Marshall had been induced to become security for some of his friends, whose failure in business had reduced him to poverty. He now acted as factor of a gentleman's estate in this neighbourhood, of whose father he had been the intimate friend, with a salary of twenty pounds sterling per annum, and the use of a small farm.

In a short time, however, his health failed him, and he was deprived of this scanty pittance, being incapable, as the proprietor was pleased to think, of fulfilling the duties of factor.

Alive to every call of duty, Mrs. Graham now considered her father as added, with her children, to the number of dependants on her industry. She proved, indeed, a good daughter; faithful, affectionate, and dutiful, she supported her father through his declining years; and he died at her house, during her residence in Edinburgh, surrounded by his daughter and her children, who tenderly watched him through his last illness.

From Cartside she removed to Paisley, where she taught a small school. The slender profits of such an establishment, with a widow's pension of sixteen pounds sterling, were the means of subsistence for herself and her family. When she first returned to Cartside, a few religious friends called to welcome her home. The gay and wealthy part of her former acquaintances, flutterers who, like the butterfly, spread their silken wings only to bask in the warmth of a summer sun, found not their way to the lonely cottage of an afflicted widow. Her worth, although in after-life rendered splendid by its own fruits, was at this time hidden, except to those whose reflection and wisdom had taught them to discern it more in the faith and submission of the soul, than in the selfish and extravagant exhibitions of the wealth bestowed by the bounty of Providence, but expended too often for the purposes of vanity and dissipation.

In such circumstances the Christian character of Mrs. Graham was strongly marked. Sensible that her heavenly Father saw it good, at this time, to depress her outward condition, full of filial tenderness, and like a

real child of God, resigned to whatever should appear to be his will, her conduct conformed to his dispensations. With a cheerful heart, and in the hope of faith, she set herself to walk down into the valley of humiliation, "leaning upon Jesus," as the Beloved of her soul. "I delight to do thy will, O my God! yea, thy law is within my heart," was the spontaneous effusion of her genuine faith. She received with affection the scriptural admonition, "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

She laid aside her children's fine frocks, and clothed them in home-spun. At Cartside, she sold the butter she made, and her children were fed on the milk. It was her wish to eat her own bread, however coarse, and "to owe no person any thing but love." At Paisley, for a season, her breakfast and supper was porridge, and her dinner potatoes and salt. Peace with God, and a contented mind, supplied the lack of earthly prosperity; and she adverted to this her humble fare, to comfort the hearts of suffering sisters, with whom she corresponded at a later period of life, when in comfortable circumstances.

Meantime the Lord was not unmindful of his believing child; but was preparing the minds of her friends for introducing her to a more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

Her pious and attached friend, Mrs. Major Brown, had accompanied her husband to Scotland, and they now resided on their estate in Ayrshire. Mr. Peter Reid, a kind friend when in Antigua, was now a merchant in London. This gentleman advised her to invest the little money she had brought home, (and which she had still preserved,) in muslins, which she could work into finer

articles of dress; and he would ship them in a vessel of his own, freight free, to be sold in the West Indies. His object was partly to increase her little capital, and partly to divert her mind from meditating so deeply on the loss of her lamented husband; for she shed so many tears, while at Cartside, as to injure her eyesight, and to render the use of spectacles necessary. The plan so kindly proposed, was soon adopted; and the muslin dresses were, accordingly, shipped: but she soon afterwards learned that the ship was captured by the French. This was a severe blow to her temporal property, and more deeply felt, as it was received at the time when her father was deprived of his office.

Mrs. Brown, after consulting with the Rev. Mr. Randall, of Glasgow; the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Paisley; Lady Glenorchy, and Mrs. Walker, of Edinburgh; proposed to Mrs. Graham to take charge of a boarding-school in the metropolis.

The friends of religion were of opinion, that such an establishment, under the direction of such a character as Mrs. Graham, would be of singular benefit to young ladies, destined for important stations in society. Her liberal education, her acquaintance with life, and her humble yet ardent piety, were considered peculiarly calculated to qualify her for so important a trust.

Another friend had suggested to Mrs. Graham the propriety of opening a boarding-house in Edinburgh, which he thought could, through his influence, be easily filled by students.

She saw obstacles to both; a boarding-house did not appear suitable, as her daughters would not be so likely to have the same advantages of education as in a boarding-school. To engage as an instructress of youth on so large

a scale, with so many competitors, appeared, for her, an arduous undertaking.

In this perplexity, as in former trials, she fled to her unerring Counsellor, the Lord, her covenant God. She set apart a day for fasting and prayer. She spread her case before the Lord, earnestly beseeching him to make his word "a light to her feet, and a lamp to her path; and to lead her in the way she should go;" especially, that she might be directed to choose the path in which she could best promote his glory, and the highest interests of herself and her children. On searching the Scriptures, her mind was fastened on these words, in John xxi. 15, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord! thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs."

Never, perhaps, was this commandment applied with more energy, nor accompanied with a richer blessing, since the days of the Apostle, than in the present instance.

Her determination was accordingly made. She resolved to undertake the education of youth, trusting that her Lord would make her an humble instrument to feed his lambs. Here was exhibited an instance of simple, yet powerful, faith in a believer, surrounded by temporal perplexities; and of condescension and mercy on the part of a compassionate God. Light, unseen by mortal eyes, descended on her path.

How weak, perhaps enthusiastic, would this have appeared to the busy crowd, blind to the special providence exercised by the God of heaven towards all his creatures!

When the assembled universe shall, at the great day of judgment, be called around the throne of the Judge of the whole earth, such conduct will then appear to have been wise, judicious, and efficient: but to the eye of

carnal reason, absorbed in the devices and calculations of worldly wisdom, it now appears delusive and unavailing. There are some passages in Miss Hannah More's Practical Piety, on the sufferings of good men, peculiarly applicable to the faith, exercises, and conduct of Mrs. Graham, at this season of difficulty and deprivation. She felt the pressure of her affliction; but, like the Psalmist, "she gave herself unto prayer," realizing in a measure, the poet's description:

> 'Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
> Of glory on the consecrated hour
> Of man in audience with the Deity.'

Although her faith was strong, yet her mind was under such agitation from her total want of funds to carry her plan into effect, and from other conflicting exercises, as to throw her into a nervous fever, which kept her confined to her bed for some weeks. On her recovery, she felt it her duty to *go forward*, trusting that He, who had directed her path, would provide the means that were necessary to enable her to walk in it: she sold her heavy furniture, packed up all her remaining effects, and prepared to set out from Paisley for Edinburgh, on a Monday, some time in the year 1780.

On the previous Saturday, she sat by her fire musing and wondering in what manner the Lord would appear for her at this time; when a letter was brought to her from Mr. Peter Reid, enclosing a sum of money which he had recovered from the underwriters, on account of Mrs. Graham's muslins, captured on their passage to the West Indies. Mrs. Graham had considered them as totally lost, but her friend had taken the precaution to have them insured.

With this supply she was enabled to accomplish her

object, and arrived in Edinburgh with her family. Her friend, Mrs. Brown, met her there, and stayed with her a few days, to comfort and patronise her in her new undertaking. Mrs. Brown was her warm and constant friend until her death, which happened in Paisley, in 1782, when she was attending the communion. She bequeathed her daughter, Mary, to Mrs. Graham's care; but, in 1785, the daughter followed the mother, being cut off by a fever in the twelfth year of her age.

It may be proper here to introduce the name of Mr. George Anderson, a merchant in Glasgow, who had been an early and particular friend of Dr. Graham. He kindly offered his friendly services, and the use of his purse, to promote the welfare of the bereaved family of his friend.

Mrs. Graham occasionally drew upon both. The money she borrowed she had the satisfaction of repaying with interest.

A correspondence was carried on between them after Mrs. Graham's removal to America, until the death of Mr. Anderson in 1802. Such was the acknowledged integrity of this gentleman, that he was very generally known in Glasgow by the appellation of "Honest George Anderson."

During her residence in Edinburgh, she was honoured with the friendship and counsel of many persons of distinction and piety. The Viscountess Glenorchy; Lady Ross Baillie; Lady Jane Belches; Mrs. Walter Scott (mother of the poet); Mrs. Dr. Davidson; and Mrs. Baillie Walker, were among her warm personal friends. The Rev. Dr. Erskine, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, (formerly the Rev. Mr. Randall,) and many other respectable clergymen, were also her friends. She and her family attended

on the ministry of Dr. Davidson, an able, evangelical, useful pastor.

Her school soon became considerable in numbers and character. Her early and superior education now proved of essential service to her. She was indefatigable in her attention to the instruction of her pupils. While she was faithful in giving them those accomplishments, which were to qualify them for acting a distinguished part in this world, she was also zealous in directing their attention to that Gospel, by which they were instructed to obtain an inheritance in the eternal world. She felt a high responsibility, and took a deep interest, in their temporal and spiritual welfare. As "a mother in Israel," she wished to train them up in the ways of the Lord.

She prayed with them morning and evening, and on the Sabbath, (which she was careful to devote to its proper use,) she took great pains to imbue their minds with the truths of religion. Nor did she labour in vain. Although she was often heard to lament that her life was unprofitable, compared with her opportunities of doing good; yet, when her children, Mr. and Mrs. B——, visited Scotland in 1801, they heard of many characters, then pious and exemplary, who dated their first religious impressions from those seasons of early instruction which they enjoyed under Mrs. Graham, while in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Graham's manner, in the management of youth, was peculiarly happy. While she kept them diligent in their studies, and strictly obedient to the laws she had established, she was endeared to them by her tenderness; and the young ladies, instructed in her school, retained for her, in after-life, a degree of filial affection, which was expressed on many affecting occasions. This was

afterwards remarkably the case with her pupils in America. Her little republic was completely governed by a system of equitable laws. On every alleged offence, a court-martial, as they termed it, was held, and the accused tried by her peers. There were no arbitrary punishments, no sallies of capricious passion. The laws were promulgated, and obedience was indispensable. The sentences of the courts-martial were always approved, and had a salutary effect. In short, there was a combination of authority, decision, and tenderness, in Mrs. Graham's government, that rendered its subjects industrious, intelligent, circumspect, and happy. She enjoyed their happiness; and, in cases of sickness, she watched her patients with unremitting solicitude and care, sparing no expense to promote their restoration to health.

A strong trait in her character was distinctly marked, by her practice of educating the daughters of pious ministers at half price. This was setting an example worthy of imitation. It was a conduct conformable to scriptural precept. "If," said the apostle Paul, "we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things? Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel, should live by the Gospel."

Always conscientious in obeying the commandments of her God, she observed them in this matter, giving, in her proportion at least, the widow's mite.

By another plan (for she was ingenious in contrivances to do good) she greatly assisted those in slender circumstances, especially such as were of the household of faith. Believing that the use of sums of ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds in hand, would be serviceable, by way of capital,

to persons in a moderate business, she was in the habit of making such advances, and taking back the value in articles which they had for sale. She charged no interest, being amply repaid in the luxury of her own feelings, when she beheld the benefit it produced to her humble friends. The board of her pupils being paid in advance, she was enabled to adopt this plan with more facility. Were her spirit more prevalent in the world, what good might be done! The heart would be expanded, reciprocal confidence and affection cherished; and, instead of beholding worms of the dust fighting for particles of yellow sand, we should behold a company of affectionate brethren, leaning upon, and assisting each other, through the wilderness of this world. "Look not every man on his own things," said Paul; "but every man also on the things of others. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

On the subject of promoting the external accomplishments of her scholars, it became a question of importance how far Mrs. Graham was to countenance them in their attendance on public balls—to what length it was proper for her to go, so as to meet the received opinions of the world in these concerns. She consulted with her pious friends, and wrote to Lady Glenorchy on the subject. Her ladyship's letter in reply is so excellent, that it is given at full length with Mrs. Graham's letters; and will, consequently, be found in this publication. In after-life, Mrs. Graham was of opinion, that she and her scholars had gone too far in conformity with the opinions and manners of the world. A reference to this deviation, from what she considered a close Christian walk in life, will be frequently found in her subsequent exercises: the tenderness of her own conscience, however, often made her

speak of her departure from a strictly religious course, with more severity than it really deserved, considering the delicacy of her situation, as an instructress of children, whose parents, probably, were averse from restraining their children so much, in the style of their education, as might have suited Mrs. Graham's views of a Christian's circumspection, and abstraction from worldly amusements and pursuits.

Lady Glenorchy, being in a delicate state of health, made frequent use of Mrs. Graham as her almoner to the poor. On one of these visits, Mrs. Graham called on a poor woman, with a present of a new gown. 'I am obliged to you and her ladyship for your kindness,' said the poor woman, rich in faith; 'but I maun gang to the right airth first, ye wad na hae come, gin ye had na been sent; the Lord hath left me lately wi but ae goon for week day and Sabbath, but now he has sent you wi a Sabbath-day's goon:' meaning, in plain English, that her thankfulness was first due to the God of providence, who had put it into the hearts of his children to supply the wants of this poor disciple.

Mrs. Graham used to repeat, with pleasure, an anecdote of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Mr. Douglas was a tallow-chandler, and furnished candles for Lady Glenorchy's chapel. The excise tax was very high on those articles, and many persons of the trade were accustomed to defraud the revenue by one stratagem or another. Religious principle would not permit Mr. Douglas to do so. Mrs. Graham, one evening, was remarking how handsomely the chapel was lighted; 'Ay, Mrs. Graham,' said Mrs. Douglas, 'and it is all pure—the light is all pure, it burns bright.' It would be well if Christians of every trade and profession were to act in like manner; that the mer-

ficence; her object was to do good: the gratitude of those on whom she bestowed benefits, was no part of her motive, or even of her calculation. What she did, she did unto God, and in obedience to his commands: her faith and hope were in God.

She contributed largely to the public-spirited institutions established at Edinburgh in her day. One or two of the most useful she was the first to suggest the idea of, always accompanying her recommendation with a handsome donation in money, to encourage the work.

The venerable Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and Piety, shared largely her patronage; and, at her death, she bequeathed them five thousand pounds.

She indulged the hope of seeing a union of exertion among all Christian denominations, for sending the Gospel to the heathen. How delighted would she have been with the Missionary Societies of London and elsewhere, had her life been spared to behold their extensive operations!

She sold her estate of Barnton, that she might apply the money to a more disinterested object than her personal accommodation, and that her fortune might be expended with her life. 'I recollect here,' said Saurin, in one of his sermons, 'an epitaph said to be engraven on the tomb of Atolus of Rheims: "He exported his fortune before him into heaven by his charities—he is gone thither to enjoy it."'

This might be truly said of Lady Glenorchy. In her manners she discovered great dignity of character, tempered with the meekness and benevolence of the Gospel. Her family was arranged with much economy, and a strict regard to moral and religious habits. She usually supported some promising and pious young minister as her

chaplain, which served him as an introduction to respectability in the church. With very few exceptions, all those who entered her family as servants, were, in process of time, brought under religious impressions. So far it pleased the Lord to honour her pious endeavours to render her family one of the dwellings of the God of Jacob.

She carried on an extensive correspondence with the agents of her charities in various places, as well as with persons in the highest walks of life. The late celebrated William Pitt, whom she had known when a boy, was pleased with her letters; and replied in the most respectful terms to the counsel which she at times had given him, on the higher concerns of his spiritual and eternal welfare.

It is much to be desired, that some suitable biographical account of this valuable lady should be prepared for the benefit of the public, and the gratification of her numerous friends.

Mrs. Graham had the honour of attending the death-bed, and of closing the eyes, of this eminent Christian. It had been Lady Glenorchy's express desire, that Mrs. Graham should be sent for to attend her dying bed, if within twenty miles of her, when such attendance should be necessary.

When Dr. Witherspoon visited Scotland, in the year 1785, he had frequent conversations with Mrs. Graham, on the subject of her removal to America. She gave him at this time some reason to calculate on her going thither, as soon as her children should have completed the course of education she had proposed for them.

Mrs. Graham had entertained a strong partiality for America ever since her former residence there, and had indulged a secret expectation of returning thither.

It was her opinion, and that of many pious people, that America was the country where the church of Christ would eventually flourish. She was, therefore, desirous to leave her offspring there.

After some correspondence with Dr. Witherspoon, and consultation with pious friends, her plan received the approbation of the latter. She had an invitation from many respectable persons in the city of New York, with assurances of patronage and support. She arranged her affairs for quitting Edinburgh. The Algerines being then at war with the United States, her friends insisted on her chartering a small British vessel, to carry herself and family to the port of New York. This increased her expenses; but Providence, in faithfulness and mercy, sent her at this time a remittance from Dr. Henderson: and a legacy of two hundred pounds bequeathed her by Lady Glenorchy, as a mark of her regard, was of great use to her in her present circumstances.

Thus, in the month of July, 1789, Mrs. Graham once more prepared to "go to a land which the Lord seemed to tell her of;" and after a pleasant, though tedious, voyage, she landed in New York on the 8th day of September.

At New York, she and her family were received with the greatest cordiality and confidence. The late Rev. Dr. Rodgers, and the Rev. Dr. Mason, were especially kind to her. She became eminently prepared to instruct her pupils in all the higher branches of female education: the favourable change effected by her exertions in this respect, was soon visible in the minds, manners, and accomplishments of the young ladies committed to her care. She opened her school on the 5th of October, 1789, with five scholars, and before the end of the same month the

number increased to fifty. She not only imparted knowledge to her pupils, but also, by her conversation and example, prepared their minds to receive it in such a manner as to apply it to practical advantage. While she taught them to regard external accomplishments as ornaments to the female character, she was careful to recommend the practice of virtue, as the highest accomplishment of all; and to inculcate the principles of religion, as the only solid foundation for morality and virtue. The annual examinations of her scholars were always well attended, and gave great satisfaction. General Washington, while at New York, honoured her with his patronage. The venerable and amiable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the State of New York, then the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, never once was absent from those examinations. She was sensible of his friendship, and always spoke of him in terms of great esteem and respect.

She united in communion with the Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. John Mason. This excellent man was her faithful friend and wise counsellor. Under his ministry, her two daughters, Joanna and Isabella, joined the church in the year 1791. Her eldest daughter, Jessie, who had made a profession of religion in Scotland, was married in July, 1790, to Mr. Hay Stevenson, merchant of New York; and she became a member of the Presbyterian Church, under the care of Dr. Rodgers, where her husband attended.

In the year 1791, her son, who had been left in Scotland to complete his education, paid his mother a visit. Mrs. Graham, considering herself as inadequate to the proper management of a boy, had, at an early period of his life, sent her son to the care of a friend, who had promised to pay due attention to his morals and education.

The boy had a warm affectionate heart, but possessed, at the same time, a bold and fearless spirit. Such a disposition, under proper management, might have been formed into a noble character; but he was neglected, and left in a great measure to himself, by his first preceptor.

For two years of his life he was under the care of Mr. Murray, teacher of an academy at Abercorn. He was a man truly qualified for this station. He instructed his pupils with zeal; led even their amusements; and to an exemplary piety, added the faithful counsel of a friend. He loved, and was therefore beloved. Under his superintendence, John Graham improved rapidly, and gained the affections of his teacher and companions. Happy for him, had he continued in such a situation. He was removed to Edinburgh, to receive a more classical education. Being left there by his mother and sisters, the impetuosity of his temper, and a propensity for a sea-faring life, induced his friends to place him as an apprentice in the merchant service. He was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland; and Mr. Gibson, of Rotterdam, a friend of Mrs. Graham, took him to his house, and enabled him to come to the United States. He remained at New York for some months. His mother deemed it his duty to return to Scotland, to complete his time of service. His inclination tended evidently to the profession of a sailor: she, therefore, fitted him out handsomely; and he embarked for Greenock in the same ship with Mr. John Mitchell Mason, the only son of the late Dr. Mason, who went to attend the theological lectures at the Divinity Hall, in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Graham's exercises of mind, on parting with her son, were deep and affecting. She cast him upon the covenant mercy of her God, placing a blank as to tem-

poral things in her Lord's hand, but cleaving with a fervent faith and hope to the promise of spiritual life. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

Three months afterwards, she learned that a press-gang had boarded the ship in which her son had been; and, although he was saved from their grasp by a stratagem of the passengers, yet all his clothes were taken away from him. Reflecting on this event, she says, 'Shall I withdraw the blank I have put into the Redeemer's hands? Has he not hitherto done all things well? Have not my own afflictions been my greatest blessings? Lord, I renew my blank.' After undergoing many sufferings, this young man wrote to his mother from Demerara, in the year 1794, that he had been made a prisoner; had been retaken; and then intended to go to Europe with a fleet, which was soon to sail under convoy. His letter was couched in terms of salutary reflection on his past life; and a hope of profiting by past experience. This was the last account which Mrs. Graham had of her afflicted son. All inquiries instituted respecting him proved fruitless, and she had to exercise faith and submission, not without hope towards God, that the great Redeemer had taken care of, and would finally save, this prodigal son. She had known a case in her father's family which excited their solicitude, and encouraged her hope. Her younger brother, Archibald Marshall, a lad of high temper, though possessed of an affectionate heart, had gone to sea, and was not heard of at all for several years. A pious woman, who kept a boarding-house at Paisley, found one of her boarders one day reading Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Man, with Archibald Marshall's name written on the blank

leaf. On inquiry, the stranger told her he got that book from a young man on his death-bed, as a token of regard. That young man was Archibald Marshall—he was an exemplary Christian: 'and I have reason,' added he, 'to bless God that he ever was my messmate.' The woman, who heard this account, transmitted it to Mr. Marshall's family, who were known to her. Mrs. Graham had no such consolatory account afforded to her; but under much yearning of heart, she left this concern as well as every other, to the disposal of that God "who doeth all things well."

In the spring of 1792, she and her family were called to a severe trial, by the translation of their beloved pastor, Doctor Mason, to a better world. A few months before his decease, while preaching to his people, his recollection failed him, his sermon was gone from his mind, and he sat down in his pulpit unable to proceed. After a short pause, he arose and addressed his people in a pious and affectionate strain; he considered this event as a call from his heavenly Master to expect a speedy dismission from the tabernacle of clay; and solemnly admonished them also to be prepared for the will of God. His people, who loved him, were affected to tears. An illness soon followed, which terminated in the death of the body. He departed on the night when Mrs. Graham took her turn of watching with him. He breathed his last while she was performing this friendly office. This she always accounted a privilege and honour bestowed upon her by her divine Master. Great was the grief of Doctor Mason's congregation on his loss. In him, to great learning were united meekness, prudence, diligence, a knowledge of the world, and an affectionate superintendence of the interests, spiritual and temporal, of his flock. He so arranged his avocations

and studies, in regard to time, that he had always a few hours in the afternoon to devote to visiting the families of his congregation. So regular was the order he observed in his arrangement of time, that Mrs. Graham and her family knew when to calculate on seeing him, and always expected him with the anticipation of profit and pleasure. Once every week they were sure of seeing him, if in health. His visits were short, his conversation serious, awakening, instructive, and affectionate. He inquired about their temporal affairs, and, in cases of difficulty, he always gave them his best advice. His counsels were salutary; his knowledge of the world, and his discrimination of characters, rendered him well qualified to advise. In one of his visits to Mrs. Graham, she mentioned to him the want of good servants as one of her great trials: 'Mrs. Graham,' said he, 'have you ever prayed to the Lord to provide good servants for you? Nothing which interests our comfort is too minute for the care of our heavenly Father.'

To one of her daughters, who felt a strong inclination to profess her faith in Christ by joining the communion of his church, but yet was afraid that her heart was not sufficiently engaged for the service of God, Doctor Mason proposed the following question :—'If,' said he, 'the world, with all its wealth, pleasures and power, were placed in one scale, and Christ alone in the other, which would your heart freely choose as a portion?' On her replying there would be no hesitation as to her choice of Christ, he gave her encouragement to profess her faith, although it might not at present amount to the full assurance of hope.

He was, indeed, a faithful shepherd of his flock; and his people mourned for him as for an affectionate father. It is much to be desired that his example were more followed

by Christian pastors. To preach with eloquence and acceptancc, is a talent of great value in a minister of the Gospel: this makes him respected; and his congregation admire him, because, for one reason, they are proud of him: but, to gain their affections, to make a congregation the children of an aged pastor, or the friends and brethren of a younger one, let the minister visit the families of his people; this will seal on their hearts the regard which their understandings had already dictated.

Very few ministers have been more remarkable for a strict attention to this duty, than the late Doctor John Mason; and his venerable and attached friend, the late Doctor John Rodgers. When the former died, the latter exclaimed, 'I feel as if I had lost a right arm!' They who once laboured together, to promote the cause of the Redeemer on earth, are now singing his praises before the throne of the Eternal.

The congregation, bereaved of their pastor, wrote immediately to his son, Mr. John Mitchell Mason, to hasten his return from Edinburgh to New York.

After preaching to them with great acceptance for several months, he was ordained as pastor of the church in April, 1792.

Mrs. Graham entertained for him the most affectionate attachment; and this attachment was reciprocal.

Thus it pleased God to repair the breach he had made, and to build up this church by the instrumentality of the son, when he had removed the father to that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

In July, 1795, Mrs. Graham's second daughter, Joanna, was married to Mr. Divie Bethune, merchant in New York. In the following month, her eldest daughter, Mrs. Stevenson, was seized with a fatal illness. Possessing a

most amiable disposition and genuine piety, she viewed the approach of death with the composure of a Christian, and the intrepidity of faith.

She had been in delicate health for some years before, and now a complication of disorders denied all hope of recovery. She sung a hymn of triumph, until the struggles of death interrupted her. Mrs. Graham displayed great firmness of mind during the last trying scene; and when the spirit of her daughter fled, the mother raised her hands, and looking towards heaven exclaimed, 'I wish you joy, my darling.' She then washed her face, took some refreshment, and retired to rest.

Such was her joy of faith at the full salvation of her child; but when *the loss of her company* was felt, the tenderness of a mother's heart afterwards gave vent to feelings of an affectionate sorrow; nature will feel, even when faith triumphs.

Mrs. Graham made it a rule to appropriate a tenth part of her earnings, to be expended for pious and charitable purposes; she had taken a lease of two lots of ground, in Greenwich-street, from the Corporation of Trinity Church, with a view of building a house on them for her own accommodation: the building, however, she never commenced. By a sale which her son, Mr. Bethune, made of the lease in 1795, for her, she got an advance of one thousand pounds. So large a profit was new to her. 'Quick, quick,' said she, 'let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard.' What fidelity in duty! What distrust of herself! Fifty pounds of this money she sent to Mr. Mason, in aid of the funds he was collecting for the establishment of a Theological Seminary.

In the year 1797, a society was instituted at New York,

for the relief of poor widows with small children; a society which arose into great respectability, and has been productive of very beneficial effects. The Lord, in his merciful providence, prepared this institution, to grant relief to many bereaved families who were left widows and orphans by the ravages of the yellow fever in the year 1798.

It took its rise from an apparently adventitious circumstance. Mr. B—, in the year 1796, was one of the distributing managers of the St. Andrew's Society. The distribution of this charity was, of course, limited to a certain description of applicants. Mr. B—, interested for widows not entitled to share in the bounty of the St. Andrew's Society, frequently collected small sums for their relief. He consulted with a few friends, on the propriety of establishing a Female Society, for the relief of poor widows with small children, without limitation. Invitations, in the form of circular letters, were sent to the ladies of New York, and a very respectable number assembled at the house of Mrs. Graham. The proposed plan was approved, and a Society organized. Mrs. Graham was elected first Directress, which office she held for ten years.

At the semi-annual meeting in March, 1798, Mrs. Graham made a very pleasing report of the proceedings of the managers, and of the amount of relief afforded to the poor. The ladies of New York rendered themselves truly deserving of applause, for their zeal in this benevolent undertaking.

In the month of September, 1798, Mrs. Graham's daughter, Isabella, was married to Mr. Andrew Smith, merchant, of New York, now of Richmond, Virginia.

Her family being thus settled to her satisfaction, she was prevailed upon to retire from business, and to live with her children.

Miss Farquharson, her assistant, to whom she was much attached, declined to succeed her, choosing rather to enjoy the society of her patroness and friend. She was a young lady of genuine piety and worth. The Lord had designed her for another important station. She is now Mrs. Loveless, of Madras, the helpmeet of the London Society's excellent Missionary there. Mrs. Graham maintained a correspondence with Mrs. Loveless, and always regarded her with much affection.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever, in 1798, it was with much difficulty that Mrs. Graham was dissuaded from going into the city, to attend on the sick; the fear of involving her children in the same calamity, in the event of her being attacked by the fever, was the chief reason of her acquiescing in their wish to prevent so hazardous an undertaking. During the subsequent winter, she was indefatigable in her attentions to the poor: she exerted herself to procure work for her widows, and occupied much of her time in cutting it out, and preparing it for them. The Managers of the Widows' Society had each a separate district; and Mrs. Graham, as first Directress, had a general superintendence of the whole. She was so happy in the execution of her trust, as to acquire the respect and confidence of the ladies who acted with her, as well as the affections of the poor.

Her whole time was now at her command, and she devoted it very faithfully to promote the benevolent object of the Institution over which she presided. The extent of her exertions, however, became known, not from the information given by herself, but from the observations of

her fellow-labourers, and especially from the testimony of the poor themselves.

In the summer of 1800 she paid a visit to her friends in Boston. When she had been absent for some weeks, her daughter, Mrs. B—, was surprised at the frequent inquiries made after her, by persons with whom she was unacquainted: at length she asked some of those inquirers, what they knew about Mrs. Graham? They replied, 'We live in the suburbs of the city, where she used to visit, relieve, and comfort the poor. We had missed her so long, that we were afraid she had been sick: when she walked in our streets, it was customary with us to come to the door, and bless her as she passed.'

Until January, 1803, she lived alternately with her children, Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Smith: at this period, Mr. Smith having removed from New York, Mrs. Graham resided with Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, until her departure to a better world. They loved her not only from natural affection, but for her superior worth: they valued her, for they believed that many blessings were vouchsafed to them and their family in answer to her prayers.

The Society for the relief of poor widows with small children, having received a charter of incorporation, and some pecuniary aid from the Legislature of the State, the ladies, who constituted the Board of Directors, were engaged in plans for extending their usefulness; Mrs. Graham took an active part in executing these plans. The Society purchased a small house, where they received work of various kinds, for the employment of their widows. They opened a school for the instruction of their orphans, and many of Mrs. Graham's former pupils volunteered their services, taking upon themselves, by rota-

tion, the part of instructors. Besides establishing this school, Mrs. Graham selected some of the widows, best qualified for the task, and engaged them, for a small compensation, to open day-schools for the instruction of the children of widows, in distant parts of the city; she also established two Sabbath-schools, one of which she superintended herself, and the other she placed under the care of her daughter. Wherever she met with Christians sick and in poverty, she visited and comforted them: and, in some instances, opened small subscription lists to provide for their support.

She attended occasionally, for some years, at the Alms House, for the instruction of the children there in religious knowledge: in this work she was much assisted by a humble and pious female friend, who was seldom absent from it on the Lord's-day. In short, her whole time was occupied in searching out the distresses of the poor, and devising measures to comfort and establish them to the extent of her influence and means. At the same time, far from arrogating any merit to herself, she seemed always to feel how much she was deficient in following fully the precepts and the footsteps of her beloved Lord and Saviour, "who went about doing good."

It was often her custom to leave home after breakfast, (taking with her a few rolls of bread,) and return in the evening about eight o'clock. Her only dinner on such days was her bread, and perhaps some soup at the Soup House, established by the Humane Society for the Poor, over which one of her widows had been, at her recommendation, appointed. She and her venerable companion, Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, second Directress of the Widows' Society, travelled many a day and many a step together in the walks of charity. Mrs. Graham was a Presbyterian,

Mrs. Hoffman an Episcopalian. Those barriers, of which such an unhappy use has been made by sectaries to separate the children of God, fell down between these two friends at the cry of affliction, and were consumed on the altar of Christian love. Arm in arm, and heart to heart, they visited the abodes of distress, dispensing temporal aid from the purse of charity, and spiritual comfort from the word of life. One has already entered into rest; the other must shortly follow. Amidst many comforts, and many afflictions, the life of Mrs. Hoffman has been a life of faith and resignation: her end will be peace; and then she will join her beloved and attached friend, in singing the praises of that Divine Redeemer, whose footsteps on earth they humbly endeavoured in his strength to follow. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

At each annual meeting, Mrs. Graham usually gave an address to the Society, with a report of the proceedings of the managers through the preceding year. In April, 1800, she stated, that 'again the pestilence had emptied 'the city; again every source of industry was dried up; 'even the streams of benevolence from the country failed. 'Those storehouses, from which relief was issued to thou-'sands in former calamities, now disappointed their hopes; 'and those spared by the pestilence, were ready to perish 'by the famine. Such widows as had no friends in the 'country, under whose roof they might for a time seek 'shelter, were shut up to the only relief within their 'power, even to *that Society* which had formerly saved 'them in many a strait. They came, were received with 'tenderness, assisted with food, advice, and medicine. 'Four of the Society's Board, at the risk of their lives,

'remained in the city, steady in the exercise of their 'office. One hundred and forty-two widows, with four 'hundred and six children, under twelve years of age, 'by far the greater part under six, have, from time to 'time, during the winter, been visited and relieved. '*Widow* is a word of sorrow in the best of circumstances; 'but a widow left poor, destitute, friendless, surrounded 'with a number of small children, shivering with cold, 'pale with want, looking in her face with eyes pleading 'for bread, which she has not to give, nor any probable 'prospect of procuring, is in a situation that calls for the 'deepest sympathy. Many such scenes were witnessed 'during the last winter; and, though none could restore 'the *father* and the *husband*, the hearts of the mourners 'were soothed by the managers, while they dispensed the 'relief provided for them by their *Father*, and their *Hus-* '*band*, God.'

In her address for the year 1804, she says, 'In April 'last, it was reported that there were on the managers' 'books two hundred and one widows, with numerous 'families of small children. Of this number five had been 'ill all winter, several had had severe fits of illness, and 'and forty-six were women of broken constitutions, who, 'could it be afforded, would require assistance all summer. 'At the last anniversary, we reported, that Mrs. Hoff- 'man and myself had visited twenty-seven new-made 'widows; previously to the meeting, all in the enjoy- 'ment of health and prosperity. Of these women few 'had been accustomed to do more than make, mend, 'wash, and cook, for their husbands and families. Oh, 'how changed the scene! Ye blessed agents of their 'Father, God; ye managers, who have supplied their 'wants, and soothed their spirits, ye can tell—and their

'pale visages and dejected countenances attest to the truth 'of your report. That such evils exist is painful to 'humanity; but since they do exist, can there be a more 'delicate pleasure, than to be instrumental in alleviating 'them? Seven years has this Society been the darling of 'Providence. From a feeble plant it has become a large 'tree with spreading branches, under which many find 'shelter and sustenance.'

The winter of 1804-5, was unusually severe; the river Hudson was shut by frost as early as November: fuel was, consequently, scarce and dear; and the poor suffered greatly. Mrs. Graham visited those parts of the city where the poorer classes of sufferers dwelt;* in upwards of

* The following notice of these scenes appeared in one of the periodical publications of the day:—

When sorrow shrunk before the piercing wind,
And famine, shelterless, in suffering pin'd;
When sickness droop'd in solitary pain,
'Mid varying misery's relentless reign;
Oh! then tumultuous rose the plaints of grief,
And loud and strong the clamours for relief!
Then active Charity, with bounteous care,
From gloomy faces chas'd the fiend, Despair;
Dispelled the horrors of the wintry day,
And none that ask'd went unreliev'd away.
Yet there are some who sorrow's vigils keep,
Unknown that languish—undistinguish'd weep!
Behold yon ruin'd building's shatter'd walls,
Where drifting snow through many a crevice falls;
Whose smokeless vent no blazing fuel knows—
But drear, and cold, the *widow's mansion* shows:
Her fragile form, by sickness deeply riven,
Too weak to face the driving blasts of heaven;
Her voice too faint to reach some pitying ear,
Her shivering babes command her anguish'd tear;

two hundred families, she either found a Bible their property, or gave them one; praying with them in their affliction. She requested a friend to write, first one Religious Tract, and then another, suited to the peculiar situation of those afflicted people. One was called, 'A Donation to poor Widows with small Children;' the other, 'A Second Visit to poor Widows with small Children.' And, lest it might be said, it was cheap to give advice, she usually gave a small sum of money along with the Tracts she distributed. There was at this time neither a Bible nor Tract Society in New York. Mrs. Hoffman accompanied her in many of her excursions. In the course of their visits, they discovered a French family from St. Domingo, in such extremity of distress, as made them judge it necessary to report

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Their feeble cries in vain assistance crave,
And expectation 'points but to the grave.'
But, lo! with hasty step, a female form
Glides through the wind, and braves the chilling storm;
With eager hand now shakes the tott'ring door,
Now rushes breathless o'er the snow-clad floor:
Her tongue soft comfort to the mourner speaks,
Her silver voice with soft emotion breaks;
Round the drear hovel roves her moisten'd eye,
Her graceful bosom heaves the lengthen'd sigh.
I know thee now—I know that angel frame—
O that the muse might dare to breathe thy name;
Nor thine alone, but all that *sister-band*,
Who scatter gladness o'er a weeping land;
Who comfort to the infant sufferer bring,
And 'teach with joy the widow's heart to sing.'
For this no noisy honours Fame shall give—
In your own breasts your gentle virtues live:
No sounding numbers shall your names reveal,
But your own hearts the rich reward shall feel.

ALBERT.

their case to the Honourable Dewitt Clinton, then Mayor of the city. The situation of this family being made public, three hundred dollars were voluntarily contributed for their relief. Roused by this incident, a public meeting was called at the Tontine Coffee-House, and committees from the different wards were appointed to aid the corporation, in ascertaining and supplying the immediate wants of the suffering poor. The zeal of Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Hoffman paved the way for this public-spirited exertion, which, probably, was the means of saving the lives of some of the destitute and friendless.

In the month of August, 1805, Mrs. Graham paid another visit to her friends in Boston, and spoke of them with much affection and esteem. She used to mention, with peculiar approbation, a society of pious ladies there, who met once every week, for prayer and mutual edification.

On the 15th of March, 1806, the female subscribers to proposals for providing an Asylum for orphan children, met at the City Hotel; Mrs. Graham was called to the chair, a Society organised, and a board of Direction chosen. Mrs. Hoffman was elected the first Directress of the Orphan Asylum Society. Mrs. Graham continued in the office of First Directress of the Widows' Society, but took a deep interest in the success of the Orphan Asylum Society also: she, or one of her family, taught the Orphans daily, until the funds of the institution were sufficient to provide a teacher and superintendent. She was a trustee at the time of her decease. The wish to establish this new Society, was occasioned by the pain which it gave the ladies of the Widows' Society, to behold a family of orphans driven, on the decease of a widow, to seek refuge in the Alms House; no melting heart to

feel, no redeeming hand to rescue them from a situation so unpromising for mental and moral improvement.

'Among the afflicted of our suffering race,' (thus speaks the Constitution of the Society,) 'none makes a stronger, more impressive, appeal to humanity, than the *destitute orphan*. Crime has not been the cause of its misery, and future usefulness may yet be the result of its protection; the reverse is often the case of more aged objects. God himself has marked the fatherless as the peculiar subjects of his Divine compassion. "A father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation. When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." To be the blessed instrument of Divine Providence in making good the promise of God, is a privilege equally desirable and honourable to the benevolent heart.'

And truly God has made good his promise towards this benevolent institution. He has crowned the undertaking with his remarkable blessing. It was begun by his disciples in faith, and he has acknowledged them in it. Having for fourteen months occupied a hired house for an Asylum, the ladies entertained the bold idea of building an Asylum on account of the Society. They had then about three hundred and fifty dollars, as the commencement of a fund for the building: they purchased four lots of ground in the village of Greenwich, on a healthful elevated site, possessing a fine prospect. The corner-stone was laid on the 7th of July, 1807. They erected a building fifty feet square, planned for the accommodation of two hundred orphans. From time to time they proceeded to finish the interior of the building, and to purchase additional ground, as their funds would permit; and such has been the liberality of the legislature and of the public, that the Society now possesses a handsome

building, and nearly an acre of ground, all of which must have cost them little short of twenty-five thousand dollars. This property is clear, the last shilling due upon it having been lately paid off. Their success furnishes strong encouragement to attempt great and good objects, even with slender means. God, in his providence, will command a blessing on exertions of this character. It is too common a mistake, and one fatal to the progress of improvement, that great means should be in actual possession before great objects should be attempted. Ah, were our dependance simply on apparent instruments, how small must be our hopes of success! There is a mystery, yet a certainty, in the manner by which God is pleased in his providence to conduct feeble means to a happy conclusion. Has he not preserved, cherished, and blessed his church through many ages, amidst overwhelming persecutions, and that often by means apparently inadequate to this end? We must work for, as well as pray for, the blessings which God has promised to bestow on our sinful race. We must put our shoulder to the wheel, while we look up to heaven for assistance, and God will always bless those who are found in the path of duty. The Orphan Asylum Society is a striking proof of this: they have now one hundred orphans under their care, and have placed more than one hundred children in eligible situations, after educating them; many of the latter promise to be useful to society. If a child be fatherless, motherless, and of legitimate birth, it is welcome to their asylum. The children are clothed, fed, instructed. There is a well-regulated school on the Lancasterian plan, in a room fifty feet long, within the building: there are excellent printed regulations established for the management of the orphans: they enjoy religious instruction, and are under the care of

a man and his wife, both pious characters: the latter are superintendents, under the direction of the board of ladies, one of whom is appointed a weekly visiter at each monthly meeting of the trustees.

Only one death has occurred among the orphans, since the commencement of the institution, excepting in cases where they came into the asylum sick; and of such there have been but few. The ladies have set no limits to the number to be received; and it has pleased God also not to set limits to the means necessary for their support. The institution is a great favourite with the public, and is usually visited by strangers, who are delighted with the cleanliness, health, and cheerful countenances of the orphans.

The Society have received a charter of incorporation from the Legislature; and they have a handsome seal with this inscription; INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

For several years it was customary with Mrs. Graham to visit the hospital. Before the erection of the very valuable wing of that edifice, adapted to the reception of deranged persons, and now called 'the Lunatic Asylum,' she paid a particular attention to patients of this description.

One instance is fresh in the recollection of the writer of this sketch. A French gentleman of fortune in St. Domingo, through the fidelity of one of his slaves, escaped the general massacre of the white people in his neighbourhood, by the blacks in 1793. Warned by this faithful informer, he fled with his mother, sister, and young brother, on board of a French vessel, while they were pursued to the beach. They had saved and carried with them some of their jewels; but on their voyage the vessel

was captured by a British privateer, and carried to Bermuda. From thence they sailed in an American vessel for New York; but on their passage they were plundered by a French privateer. From these cruel depredations they saved but a slender amount of property for their support in a strange land. This gentleman now improved those accomplishments which his education had bestowed, as the means of providing a subsistence for himself and his dependent relatives. He became a teacher of dancing. In the year 1797, he returned to St. Domingo, and received a commission in the British army, then masters of the place. Having recovered a part of his property, he sold his commission, and prepared to return to New York, with a prospect of rendering his family comfortable. On the day previous to embarking, "he fell among thieves," and received a wound which no Samaritan could cure. A set of gamblers robbed him, by card-playing, of all the money in his possession: his distress and remorse of conscience were too strong for his mind to bear, and he became a maniac. In this state he reached New York. He refused to go to the Hospital, until Mrs. Graham led him thither. She had long befriended him and his family: he always listened respectfully to her requests, and she visited him often. Let the rest of his tale be told. He escaped from the Hospital, wandered to the southward, and was heard of no more. The remaining part of his family, after the peace of Amiens, returned to St. Domingo, where General Le Clerc had led a French army, and afterwards, there is every reason to fear, were destroyed by Christophe, along with many more unhappy victims of the same description.

Oh slavery, thou bitter draught, the oppressor's chain becomes at length the murderous steel, sharply and

secretly whetted by the oppressed! Thence arise confusion, and every evil work. And what shall be said of gambling? There cunning, malice, rage, and madness, mingle their horrible expressions.

To the apartments appropriated to sick female convicts in the State Prison, Mrs. Graham made many visits. She met with some affecting circumstances among this class.

In the winter 1807-8, when the suspension of commerce by the embargo rendered the situation of the poor more destitute than ever, Mrs. Graham adopted a plan best calculated in her view to detect the idle applicant for charity, and at the same time to furnish employment for the more worthy among the female poor. She purchased flax, and lent wheels, where applicants had none. Such as were industrious, took the work with thankfulness, and were paid for it: those who were beggars by profession, never kept their word by returning for the flax or the wheel. The flax, thus spun, was afterwards woven, bleached, and made into table cloths and towels for family use.

Mrs. Graham used to remark, that, until some institution should be formed to furnish employment for industrious poor women, the work of charity would be incomplete. It was about this time, that, deeming the duties too laborious for her health, she resigned the office of first directress of the Widows' Society, and took the place of a manager. She afterwards declined this also, and became a trustee of the Orphan Asylum Society, as more suited to her advanced period of life.

The delicate state of health to which one of her granddaughters was reduced in 1808, made it necessary for her to spend the summer season, for five successive years, at

Rockaway, for the advantage of sea-bathing. Mrs. Graham went with her, it being beneficial to her own health also. In this place she met with many strangers: the company residing there, treated her with much affection and respect. She always attended to the worship of God, morning and evening, in her room, and was usually accompanied by some of the ladies who boarded in the house. Her fund of information, vivacity of manner, and the interest which she felt in the happiness of all around her, made her society highly valued and pleasing. Few of those ladies who stayed with her at Rockaway, for any length of time, failed to express, at parting, their esteem for her; and they generally added a pressing invitation for a visit from her, if ever she should travel near where they dwelt.

In the year 1810, while bathing, she was carried by the surf beyond her depth, and, for some time, there was scarcely a hope of her regaining the shore. Her grand-children were weeping on the beach, and the company assembled there were afflicted but hopeless spectators of her danger. At that moment of peril, she prayed to the Lord for deliverance, but acquiesced in his will, if he should see fit to take her to himself in this manner. Able to swim a little, she kept herself afloat for some time; she became at length very faint; and when her friends on the beach apprehended her lost, they perceived that the wave had impelled her somewhat nearer to them. A gentleman present, and her female attendant, stepped into the surf; and, extending their arms for mutual support, one of them was enabled to lay hold of Mrs. Graham's bathing-gown, and to pull her towards them. When they brought her ashore, she was much exhausted, and had swallowed a considerable quantity of water. It

was some hours before she revived, when she addressed the company in a very serious and impressive manner, that affected them to tears. Her health, during the following winter, was much impaired by the shock it had received.

In the year 1811, some gentlemen of New York established a Magdalen Society; they elected a Board of ladies, requesting their aid to superintend the internal management of the Magdalen House. This Board chose Mrs. Graham their presiding lady, which office she held until her decease; the duties attendant on it she discharged with fidelity and zeal. In 1812, the trustees of the Lancasterian School solicited the attendance of several pious ladies, to give catechetical instruction to their scholars, one afternoon in every week: Mrs. Graham was one of those who attended regularly to this duty.

During the last two years of her life, she found her strength inadequate to so extensive a course of visiting the poor as formerly; there were some distressed families, however, that experienced her kind attentions to the last. She would occasionally accompany the Rev. Mr. Stanford on his visits to the State Prison, Hospital, and to the Magdalen House. This gentleman is the stated preacher, employed by 'the Society for the support of the Gospel among the Poor.' He devotes his time to preaching in the Alms-House, Hospital, State Prison, Debtors' Prison, &c., with great assiduity and acceptance. Mrs. Graham now spent much of her time in her room, devoted to meditation, prayer, and reading the Scriptures; she seemed to be weaning from earth, and preparing for heaven. Prayer was that sweet breath of her soul which brought stability to her life. Genuine humility was obvious in all her sentiments and deportment. Religious

friends prized her conversation, counsel, and friendship: sometimes they would venture on a compliment to her superior attainments, but always experienced a decided rebuke. To her friend, Colonel L—, who expressed a wish to be such a character as she was, she quickly replied, with an air of mingled pleasantry and censure, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' To a female friend, who said, 'If I were only sure at last of being admitted to a place at your feet, I should feel happy.' 'Hush, hush,' replied Mrs. Graham, 'there is ONE SAVIOUR.' Thus she was always careful to give her Divine Redeemer the whole glory of her salvation.

This example of humility, self-denial, and sensibility to the imperfection of her conduct, is the more to be valued, as it is so difficult to be followed. Flattery is too commonly practised; and there is no sufficient guard against its dangerous consequences, except a constant and humbling recognition of the spirituality of the law of God, and our lamentable deficiency in fulfilling it. Pride was not made for man; "I have seen an end of all perfection," said the Psalmist, "but thy commandment is exceeding broad." It was by cherishing this sentiment, by studying her Bible, by searching her heart, and its motives; and, above all, by grace accorded of Heaven, in answer to her prayers, that Mrs. Graham was enabled to maintain such a meekness of spirit, such a uniformity of Christian character, throughout her life. May all who read her history be directed to the same sources of true peace and genuine happiness!

In the spring of 1814, she was requested to unite with some ladies, in forming a Society for the promotion of industry among the poor. As this was the last act in which she appeared before the public, and because some

acquaintance with the design of the Institution may prove useful in exciting others to similar exertions, the Petition sent to the Corporation of New York will be given here at length, as it appeared in the publications of the Society.

'*To the Honourable the Mayor and Common Council of the City of New York.*

'We, whose names are subscribed, beg leave respectfully to address you, on a subject which has engaged our attention. Notwithstanding the large amount of money expended by private benevolence for the relief of the indigent, it is cause of regret, that such relief is of so limited a character: cast, as it were, into a troubled sea, it sinks to rise no more. Could a fair proportion of the money, indefinitely expended on the poor, be placed under the care of an Institution, which should use it to stimulate industry, by providing work for the indigent, and paying them only for their labour; that proportion would be directed to the most beneficent purpose. Such a course would encourage industrious habits, do away the necessity of begging, and foster self-respect in the honest poor.

'Such an Institution, we trust, your Honourable Body will deem worthy of public patronage; we are willing and desirous to support it by our personal exertions, according to a plan which we now respectfully submit to your examination. A House of Industry forms a principal feature of this plan. Should your Honourable Body so far patronise us, as to assign us a building for that purpose, we shall commence the work, trusting to the benevolence and discernment of our citizens.

'The admonition of Holy Writ, "Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but there is that is destroyed for want

of judgment," we feel as a strong incitement to render the industry of the poor useful to themselves, and to the community. Without the aid now respectfully solicited, the attempt would, on our part, be hazardous and inefficient. Our zeal to promote an Institution, having this object in view, must be our excuse for addressing ourselves to the guardians and rulers of the city.'

This Petition was signed by about thirty ladies.

The Corporation having returned a favourable answer, and provided a house, a meeting of the Society was held, and Mrs. Graham once more was called to the chair. It was the last time that she was to preside at the formation of a new Society. Her articulation, once strong and clear, was now observed to have become more feeble. The ladies present listened to her with affectionate attention: her voice broke upon the ear as a pleasant sound that was passing away. She consented to have her name inserted in the list of managers, and to give what assistance her age would permit, in forwarding so beneficent a work. Although it pleased God to make her cease from her labours, before the House of Industry was opened, yet the work was carried on by others, and prospered. Between four and five hundred women were employed, and paid during the following winter. The Corporation declared, in strong terms, their approbation of the result, and enlarged their donation, with a view to promote the same undertaking for the succeeding winter.

In the month of May, 1814, a Report was received from Mr. S. P—, of Bristol, in England, of the Society for establishing *Adult Schools*. Mrs. Graham was so delighted with the perusal of it, as immediately to undertake the formation of such a School in the village of

Greenwich. She called on some young people who were at work in some neighbouring manufactories, and requested them to attend her for this purpose every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock. This was kept up after her decease, as a Sunday School, and consisted of nearly eighty scholars. She was translated from this work of faith on earth, to engage in the sublimer work of praise in heaven.

For some weeks previous to her last illness, she was favoured with unusual health, and much enjoyment of religion: she appeared to have sweet exercises and communion in attending on all God's ordinances and appointed means of grace.

She was greatly refreshed in spirit by the success of Missionary and Bible Societies. She used to speak with much affection of Mr. Gordon, Mr. Lee, and Mr. May, with whom she had been acquainted when in New York, on their way to missionary stations in India. For Mr. Robert Morrison, whom she had seen in 1807, on his way to China, she entertained a very high regard. She was much pleased with the solid talents, ardent piety, and persevering zeal, which she discerned in his character.

Mrs. Graham was very partial to the works of Dr. John Owen, the Rev. William Romaine, and the Rev. John Newton, and read them with pleasure and profit. One day she remarked to Mr. B——, that she preferred the ancient writers on theology to the modern, because they dealt more in italics. 'Dear mother,' he replied, 'what religion can there be in italics?' 'You know,' said she, 'that old writers expected credit for the doctrines they taught, by proving them, from the word of God, to be correct; they inserted the Scripture passages in italics, and their works have been sometimes one half in italics. Modern writers on theology, on the contrary, give us a

long train of reasoning, to persuade us to their opinions, but very little in italics.' This remark of her's has great force, and deserves the serious attention of those who write, and those who read, on theological subjects.

On the two Sabbath days preceding her illness, she partook of the communion, and was, consequently much engaged in religious exercises. The last meditation she ever wrote, was on Sabbath afternoon, the 17th of July, 1814: it closes with the following lines: 'I ate the bread, 'and drank the wine, in the faith that I ate the flesh, and 'drank the blood of the Son of Man, and dwelt in him, and 'he in me; took a close view of my familiar friend, death, 'accompanied with the presence of my Saviour; *his sen-* '*sible presence*, I cannot look at it without this. It is my 'only petition concerning it. I have had desires relative 'to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is 'my sincere desire that God may be glorified: and He 'knows best how, and by what circumstances. I retain 'my one petition:—

'Only to me thy count'nance shew,
I ask no more the Jordan through.'

Thus she arose from her Master's table, was called to gird on her armour for a combat with the King of Terrors, and came off more than conqueror through Him who loved her.

On Tuesday the 19th of July, she complained of not feeling well, and kept her room; on Thursday her disorder proved to be a cholera-morbus, and her children sent for a physician. She thought this attack was slighter than in former seasons. On Saturday, however, she requested that Mrs. Chrystie might be sent for; this alarmed Mrs. B——, knowing there existed an understanding between

those two friends, that one should attend the dying-bed of the other; Mrs. Chrystie was a very dear friend of Mrs. Graham. For upwards of twenty-four years they had loved each other, feeling reciprocal sympathy in their joys and their sorrows: the hope of faith was the consolation of both, and oftentimes it had been their delightful employment to interchange their expressions of affection towards Him, "whom, having not seen, they loved; and in whom though they saw him not, yet believing on him, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." On Mrs. Chrystie's entering the chamber of her friend, Mrs. Graham welcomed her with a sweet expressive smile, seeming to say, 'I am going to get the start of you, I am called home before you; it will be your office to fulfil our engagement.' When she sat by her bed-side Mrs. Graham said, 'Your face is very pleasant to me, my friend.' During Saturday night a lethargy appeared to be overpowering her frame. On Sabbath morning she was disposed to constant slumber; observing Mr. B—— looking at her with agitation, she was roused from her heaviness, and stretching her arms towards him, and embracing him, she said, 'My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you, I am going to my Saviour.' 'I know,' he replied, 'that when you do go from us, it will be to the Saviour; but, my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time yet to call you to himself.' 'Yes,' said she, 'now is the time; and, oh! I could weep for sin.' Her words were accompanied with her tears. 'Have you any doubts, then, my dear friend?' asked Mrs. Chrystie. 'Oh no,' replied Mrs. Graham; and, looking at Mr. and Mrs. B——, as they wept: 'My dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour, than if I were already in his arms: my guilt is all transferred; he has cancelled all

I owed. Yet I could weep for sins against so good a God: it seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin.' After this she entered into conversation with her friends, mentioning portions of scripture, and favourite hymns which had been subjects of much comfortable exercise of mind to her. Some of these she had transcribed into a little book, calling them her victuals prepared for crossing over Jordan: she committed them to memory, and often *called them to remembrance as her songs in the night*, when sleep had deserted her. She then got Mr. B—— to read to her some of these portions, especially the eighty-second hymn of the third book of Newton's hymns, beginning thus:—

> Let us love, and sing, and wonder;
> Let us praise the Saviour's name!
> He has hush'd the law's loud thunder;
> He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
> He has wash'd us with his blood;
> He has brought us nigh to God.

Mrs. Graham then fell asleep, nor did she awaken until the voice of the Rev. Dr. Mason aroused her. They had a very affectionate interview, which he has partly described in the excellent sermon he delivered after her decease. She expressed to him her hope, as founded altogether on the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Were she left to depend on the merits of the best action she had ever performed, that would be only a source of despair. She repeated to him, as her view of salvation, the fourth verse of the hymn already quoted:—

> Let us wonder, grace and justice
> Join, and point at mercy's store;
> When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,
> Justice smiles, and asks no more:

He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

Having asked Dr. Mason to pray with her, he inquired if there was any particular request she had to make of God, by him; she replied, that God will direct: then, as he kneeled, she put up her hand and, raising her eyes towards heaven, breathed this short, but expressive petition, 'Lord, lead thy servant in prayer.'

After Doctor Mason had taken his leave, she again fell into a deep sleep. Her physicians still expressed a hope of her recovery, as her pulse was regular, and the violence of her disease had abated. One of them, however, declared his opinion, that his poor drugs would prove of little avail against her own ardent prayers *to depart and be with Christ, which was far better* for her than a return to a dying world.

On Monday the Rev. Mr. Rowen prayed with her, and to him she expressed also the tranquillity of her mind, and the steadfastness of her hope through Christ, of eternal felicity.

Her lethargy increased; at intervals from sleep, she would occasionally assure her daughter, Mrs. B——, that all was well; and when she could rouse herself only to say one word at a time, that one word, accompanied with a smile, was 'Peace.' From her, there was a peculiar emphasis in this expression of the state of her mind: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," had been a favourite portion of Scripture with her, and a promise, the fulfilment of which was her earnest prayer to the God who made it. She also occasionally asked Mr. B—— to pray with her, even when she could only articulate, as she looked at him, 'Pray.' She was now surrounded by many of her dear Christian friends, who

watched her dying-bed with affection and solicitude. On Tuesday afternoon she slept with little intermission. 'This,' said Doctor Mason, 'may be truly called "falling asleep in Jesus."' It was remarked, by those who attended her, that all terror was taken away, and that death seemed here as an entrance into life. Her countenance was placid, and looked younger than before her illness.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock, being the morning of the 17th of July, 1814, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit winged its flight from a mansion of clay to the realms of glory, while around the precious remnant of earth, her family and friends stood weeping, yet elevated by the scene they were witnessing. After a silence of many minutes, they kneeled by her bed, adored the goodness and grace of God towards his departed child, and implored the Divine blessing on both the branches of her family, as well as on all the Israel of God.

Thus she departed in peace, not trusting in her wisdom or virtue, like the philosophers of Greece and Rome; not even, like Addison, calling on the profligate to see a good man die: but, like Howard, afraid that her good works might have a wrong place in the estimate of her hope, her chief glory was that of 'a sinner saved by grace.'*

After such examples, who will dare to charge the doctrines of the cross of Christ with licentiousness? Here were two instances of persons, to whose good works the world have cheerfully borne testimony, who lived and died in the profession of these doctrines. It was faith that first purified their hearts, and the stream of action from these fountains became pure also. Had not Christ

* This was Howard's epitaph, dictated by himself.

died, and risen again, all the powers of man could never have produced such lives of benevolence, nor a death so full of contrition, yet so embalmed with hope. "Hallelujah: unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Mrs. Graham's death created a strong sensation in the public mind. Several clergymen in New York made this event the subject of their discourses; and in the annual reports of many charitable institutions, an affectionate tribute of respect was paid to her memory. Two of the chief magistrates of the city said to Mr. B—, that they considered the death of Mrs. Graham as a public loss. The Rev. Doctor Mason was requested to preach a sermon on this occasion. How ably he executed this trust is well known to the public. The hymn she quoted to him was sung after the sermon.*

At the weekly Prayer meeting which she usually attended, the circumstances of her death were made subjects of improvement. On the 16th of July she was a worshipper with her brethren and sisters there, and on the evening of the 30th they were called to consider her by faith as in the immediate presence of her God, among "the spirits of the just made perfect."

The services of that evening were closed with a hymn from Dobell's collection, which being descriptive of her happy change, shall be given here at length, as a proper conclusion of this imperfect sketch of her life.

* The perusal of this sermon has already led to the establishment of two respectable orphan societies, and of one adult school in the United States.

'Tis finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heav'n-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.

The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gained her happy release.

No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.

Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

The victory now is obtain'd;
She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
She's now where she longed to be.

The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her were no objects of dread;
On Him, who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.

Then let us forbear to complain,
That she is now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

Edinburgh, March, 1789.

JEREMIAH xlix. 11.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.

THE Lord's promise which he made to me in the days of my widowhood, and which I have made the subject of my prayers from day to day—taking the words in a spiritual sense. The Lord has done wonders for me and mine, since the day I was left a widow with three orphans, and the fourth not born, in a strange land, without money, at a distance from friends; or rather without friends. Hitherto he has supplied all my wants, and laid to hand every necessary, and many comforts; supporting character and credit; making a way for me through the wilderness, pointing out my path, and settling the bounds of my habitation.

For all these blessings I desire to be grateful to the God of providence, whose is the earth, and the fulness thereof: but these I cannot take as the substance of the promise; neither have they been the chief matter of my prayers. The salvation and the life I have wrestled for, is that which Christ died to purchase, and lives to bestow, even spiritual life, and salvation from sin. My God knows I have sought first the kingdom of God for my children, leaving temporal things to be given or withheld,

as may best suit with the conversion and sanctification of their souls. I have not asked for them health, beauty, riches, honours, or temporal life; God knows what share of these consists with their better interests: let him give or withhold, accordingly. One thing I have asked of the Lord, one thing only, and will persist in asking, trust in him for, and for which I think I have his promise, even the life of their and my souls. My petition for myself and mine is contained in 1 Thessalonians, v. 23; —and my anchor of hope is found in the following verse, and in Jeremiah xlix. 11.

Edinburgh, March 17, 1789.

This day, from the head of his own table, did the Lord by his servant Mr. R—, proclaim his name the I AM, and call on me to write under what I would, for time and eternity. My soul rejoices that God is, and that he is what he is; nothing less than himself can content me, nothing more do I desire.

This great I AM is my portion—what can I ask beside? He has opened mine eyes to see his excellency; he hath determined my will to choose him for my portion. He has arranged and set in order, a rich testament sealed by the blood of his own Son, containing every blessing for time and for eternity. All my heart's desire is there promised, and faith given to believe there shall be a full performance. What have I to say then, but, Amen, do as thou hast said? Father, glorify thy name. Thou hast said, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take

away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh; and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." Amen. Lord, do as thou hast said. Behold I will take hold of thy covenant for myself and for my children. It is well ordered in all things, and it is sure. My heart accords to every part of it. Wilt thou guide us by thy counsel while we live, and afterwards receive us to thy glory? Amen, and Amen—do as thou hast said.

If we forsake thy laws and go astray; if we depart from thee, and break thy commandments, wilt thou visit our faults with rods, and our sins with chastisements? Blessed promise! Amen, Lord, do as thou hast said: seeing thy loving-kindness is secured to us, and thou wilt not cast us off from being thy people, nor alter that which thou hast spoken; wilt thou keep us as the apple of thine eye? Wilt thou cover us with the shadow of thy wing? Art thou my husband? Art thou the Father of my fatherless children? Wilt thou be the Stay of these orphans, and their and my Shield in a strange land? Wilt thou perfect what concerns us? Wilt thou care for us? Wilt thou never "leave us, never forsake us?" In the valley of the shadow of death, shall thy rod and staff support us? What can thy servant say, but, Amen, do as thou hast said.

New York, August 26, 1790.

READING over my former experience has a little revived this cold heart. Strange things hast thou done for

me and mine. Thou hast said, again and again, "Trust not in man;" yet, my idolatrous heart will cleave inordinately to my friends. Thou hast seen it necessary to let me see, how easy it is with thee to blast the brightest hopes and fairest prospects: thou hast shewed me that father and mother may forsake; and even friends in Christ stand aloof. Glory to thy name, thou hast also confirmed a consequent hope; the Lord has taken me up. Thou knowest my castings down, and liftings up. The world would not believe me, were I to tell them "the stately steps" thou hast taken for my relief.

New York, May 20, 1791.

This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart: he is again launched on the ocean;—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck; brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son—"the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me: it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruits, but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and, in connexion with this, his being shut out from ordinances, at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane

his name, and break his Sabbaths, men who often live and die like beasts; yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time, and every word, thought, and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shewn me: thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones—add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate, and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with thee: glorify thy Son, and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me thy gracious word, on which thou causedst me to hope, in the day when thou saidst to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in thy hand as to all temporal things.

"I wait for thy salvation." Amen.

New York, August 18, 1791.

THUS far the Lord hath tried me, and kept me to my choice. This night I have tidings, through a letter to Dr. M., that my son has been seized by the press-gang. Through God's help, he escaped; but all his assortment of necessaries, that his sisters and I made up with so much care, labour, and expense, they have carried off, and he is once more left naked. Satan, and a corrupt heart, unite in tempting me to fret. Dare I utter a word, or harbour a murmuring thought? Would I withdraw the blank I have put into the Redeemer's hand? Has he not hitherto done all things well? Have not my own afflictions been my greatest blessings? Have not I asked

for my children their mother's portion? Has not God chiefly made use of afflictions as means of hedging me in, and shutting me up to my choice of this portion, as well as shewing me that He is a sufficient portion, without any other? When things have been at the worst with me, as to this world, my triumphs in my God have been highest, and prospects for eternity brightest.

Has the Lord given me, in some measure, victory over the world? Do its honours, riches, show, and gaudy splendours, appear to me empty, and vain, and not worth an anxious thought? Does provision of food and raiment, by the way, through this wilderness, seem all that is necessary? And is it my wish, as well as form of prayer, that the Lord may give that in kind and degree, which he sees fittest for me? And shall I covet that for my child which I despise for myself? Alas! Lord, he feeds not on better things, and sometimes I fear he has no better portion. Still, still, foolish. Was it when I was full or in want, that I returned to my heavenly Father? Do I desire, have I asked, and persisted in asking, for my children, salvation from sin and self? Do I anxiously wish them to reach and to surpass my present measure of submission and resignation to thy will—to enjoy God in all things and nothing without him? And shall I, dare I, fret, when I see the Lord making use of the same means which first brought me to myself, and recovered me also from numberless backslidings since I first tasted the blessedness of his chosen?

Lord, I renew my blank. I afresh roll all my cares over upon thee. I will try to look on, in the faith that all things shall work together for good to their souls; and that I shall yet see the day, or, if I see it not, that it will come, when they shall bow at thy footsool; sink into the open

arms of thy mercy in Christ; melted down in holy, humble, acquiescing, cordial submission to thy severest dealings with them; when thou shalt put a new song into their mouths, and they shall sing as I do now, "It hath been very good for me that I have been afflicted. I wait for thy salvation. Amen."

New York, September, 1791.

MANY have been my burdens of late: strangers laid upon me to provide for, even when I thought I had not sufficient to give to all their due, and provide for my own family. But what is that to me? The Lord increases business, bears me and my burdens, provides for me and strangers. Lord, it is all well: give when thou wilt, and call for it again, when and for what purpose thou wilt; it is thine own. I am thine, and all that thou givest me is thine: the world calls it mine, but I call it thine. If it be thy will, lead me in a plain path, or if thou lead me by a way which I know not, hold up my goings, so shall I be in peace and safety still. Amen.

New York, October 10, 1791.

THIS day did the Lord's servant, in a solemn manner, take us all to witness, and call in the witness of angels, that we had once more avouched ourselves to be the Lord's; and that once more Christ and his salvation had been offered to all within the walls. This same day, for the second time, have my two daughters sat down at the Redeemer's table, among his professing people; and, I

have reason to think, given their hearty assent to his covenant.

Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Hearer of prayer. I have cast my fatherless children on the Lord, and he has begun to make good my confidence. "One thing," one only thing, have I asked for them, leaving every thing else to be bestowed or withheld, as consisting with that: I seek for my four children and myself, first of all, "the kingdom of God."

My God, from day to day, adds many other comforts, and strengthens my hopes by promising appearances, that "the grain of mustard-seed" is sown in the hearts of my three daughters. They have joined themselves to the people of God, and I have reason to think the Lord has ratified their surrender of themselves to him; he has made them willing for the time, and he will hedge them in to the choice they have made.

Saturday, September, 1791. The Lord made me a grandmother, assisted my poor weakly girl in child-bearing, and gave a son to her and my arms. "There was joy, that a man child was born into the world;" and according to thy word, "she remembered no more her pain."

Thanks be to God for this salvation; but, Lord, this is but a small thing with thee. Look, O look on this twig from a guilty stock; poor, helpless, feeble creature, it can do nothing for its body, and still less for its soul. O God of "the spirits of all flesh," give it a plunge in "the blood of Jesus"—cleanse, O cleanse him "from original sin;" and now, even now, in thy own sovereign and mysterious way, sow "the grain of mustard-seed" in his soul.

New York, January 20, 1792.

THIS day our worthy pastor preached from Revelation xiv. 4: "These are they who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; these are redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God, and to the Lamb, and in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before God." The one hundred and forty-four thousand on mount Zion around the Lamb, having their Father's name written on their foreheads—a goodly number: the people of God redeemed from among men, and distinguished from the world by the image of God stampt upon their souls, by the Spirit of God dwelling in, and operating on, their hearts, and this distinguishable by the effects it produces on their lives and conversation.

"They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." The Lamb is their leader, and they keep him ever in their view: the world, the men of the world, live to and for the world.

> 'Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
> Some dig for golden ore;
> They toil for heirs, they know not who,
> And straight are seen no more.'

These are the chief objects, which they hunt through life, unmindful of the Gospel call, of the offered salvation, of the remonstrances of God in his word, providences, and by his servants, till they drop, oh where! into the pit of the beast, the prince of this world, whose mark is in their foreheads, and whose image is impressed deeply on their souls. The followers of the Lamb shall share with him in his glory; the followers of the beast shall share with him in the wine of God's wrath, poured

out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, and be tormented day and night with fire, in the presence of the Lamb and his holy angels; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up day and night, who worship the beast, and receive the mark of his name. Why do I start, why do I stagger, at the divine declaration? The Judge of all the earth, yea, of heaven and hell, and all worlds, shall do right: yet shall he do this. Mercy, as well as judgment, is, was, and ever shall be, around his throne, yet shall he do this. Goodness and mercy are his darling attributes. He is "the Lord, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." Yet will he do this, for he will "by no means clear the guilty." Vengeance shall be taken on every sin, not one shall pass unpunished; yet these hundred and forty-four thousand were sinners of Adam's race, with corrupt hearts, breaking out into guilty words and deeds, like mine, every one, the least guilty of them, justly condemning the sinner to these dreadful torments. Yet are they all around the Lamb, rejoicing in his presence, and beautified with his likeness. Blessed Lamb of God! thou art worthy; thou hast loosed the seals; and unravelled the mystery, how vengeance can be taken on sin, and mercy embrace the sinner. Thou wast "caught in the thicket!" The Father, the Judge called, "Spare, I have found a ransom!" the Son called, Spare, lo, I come "to lay down mine own life for the sheep!" The blessed Spirit called, Spare, "I will create a new heart, and renew a right spirit within them!" Through the mysterious incarnation, life, and death of our glorious Redeemer, Son of God, and Son of man, he hath redeemed, sanctified,

perfected all around the throne; and there are now a goodly number, who are on the way, bearing the cross after him.

They have embraced his offered mercy; they have taken hold of God's covenant just as it stands, "well ordered in all things, and sure." Christ himself the sum and substance of it: he is their Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption. Justifying righteousness he wrought out for them by his perfect personal obedience: their sanctification is going on by means of his appointing, even by his word, by his servants, by the operations of his Spirit in their hearts, and by his external providences, whereby he brings about such a train of circumstances in their lot, as breaks the force of corruption, mortifies pride, loosens their attachment to the world, endears himself to them, and by degrees wins their entire confidence, and consent to let him do all for them, and all in them; and then, and not till then, he is all to them.

O! what is this world and its empty baubles! Lord, "lift on me the light of thy countenance!" Let me never lose sight of thee: set me as a seal upon thine arm, and let me lean upon thy bosom.

What a mystery am I to myself! I know all these delights — what it is to be in the banqueting-house of my Beloved, and "to sit under his banner with delight," to be satisfied, to be more than satisfied, to be almost "sick of love," so as to look down on all created enjoyments with contempt: yea, I have wished to die, to be delivered from them: and yet, when engaged in the necessary business of the world, daily and hourly become a prey to its anxieties. I am elated, disappointed, fretted like those who have no other portion, and neglect, shame-

fully neglect, the means by which God conveys to my heart those dear cordials and tastes of his love, which, when I enjoy, I would never wish to part with, but which I lose through indolence, unwatchfulness, or I know not what; and, when gone, neglect the means to recover. O, what a strange, inconsistent, contradictory being, is a half-sanctified Christian.

New York, 1793.

BLESSED Lord, thou hast, to the praise of thy grace, given me the heritage of them that fear thy name; thou hast prepared my heart to pray, and inclined thine ear to hear: thou hast drawn me into thy fold, and hast fed me in thy green pastures. I rejoice in Israel's Shepherd, not one of his flock can be lost. Often have I wandered from his presence, and sought pasture among the swine; but my Shepherd has ever drawn or driven me back. He has a rod, and I have felt it; but I bless the hand, and kiss the rod.

O how wonderful, to look back and see "all the way by which he has led me to prove me, to try me, to show me what way is in my heart, that he might do me good at my latter end."

Amen, my God, I leave myself in thy hands.

I should lose myself; but thou wilt keep me from foes without and foes within. What then have I to care for? My Shepherd cares for all: "He slumbers not, nor sleeps," and he will perfect what concerns me; of this I am as sure as that I now write it.

But, O my God, wilt thou not take my orphans also? Lord, care not only for me, but mine: bring them also within this door. "Compel them to come in."

Let me see them hungering after these green pastures. Let me see them brought off from husks, and brought back to their Father's house.

The means are thine, the work thine, the glory be thine. I leave my fatherless children on thee; save them alive as thou hast said. Amen.

"The law of thy mouth is better unto me than gold and silver. O how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day. Thou, through thy commandments, (or the whole of thy truth,) hast made me wiser than my teachers. The law of God makes the simple wise. How sweet are thy words unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." How safe, how happy are they who are taught by the word of God. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood have not taught thee this, but my Father who is in heaven." O my children! enrich your minds with a full acquaintance with the word of God; lay it up in your memories, when you can do nothing more; be assured, if ever you are made wise unto salvation, it must be by this word; if ever you are taught of God, he will teach you by the words contained in the Bible. "Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me;" search the Scriptures, for in them are contained the words of eternal life. "Be followers of them, who through faith and patience now inherit the promises." Holy David went forward, heavenward, improving in the knowledge of God, of himself, and of God's plan of salvation for ruined sinners, by studying the word, the works, and the providences of God, but chiefly the word of God; praying for, watching for the influences of God's Spirit on his judgment and thinking

powers; it was thus that he became wiser than his teachers. He was a king, and had the cares of the nation to occupy his mind; he was a man of war, and had that art to study. But, O the privilege of the Christian! He goes through every part, even of his earthly way, leaning upon his God. David could say even of war, "The Lord teaches my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. The Lord subdues the people under me." In temporals and spirituals, He is my Shield, my Strength, my Buckler, my strong Tower. "I shall not fear what man can do unto me. In Judah's land God is well known: there he breaks the spear, the bow, and the battle." He ascribes all to God. We hear nothing of his own wisdom, his disciplined armies, his order of battle, and warlike powers; though attention to all these was his duty, and not neglected by him. He devoted all his natural talents to God; he exercised them diligently, but still he knew and acted under the influence of that knowledge, that, "unless the Lord build the house, the builders lose their pains; unless the Lord keep the city, the watchmen watch in vain." He, as well as worldly men, chose the means best adapted to the end proposed. Let natural men assert, and let it be admitted, that David knew better how to use a sling and a stone, than mail, helmet, and sword; therefore he chose them. But follow David until he meet the hostile band. Do we hear a word of his art as a slinger, as a marksman? Though we may suppose he was expert at both. "Thou comest to me with a sword, a spear, and shield; but I come in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied; and this assembly shall know, that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; (these are not essential;) for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give it into our hands."

How comfortably might Christians go through life, did they walk with God in their daily business and occupations, carefully observing the leadings of Providence, cautiously avoiding either running before, or running behind; but in all things making their request known to God; at all times committing their way to him, being careful about nothing, but to use with diligence the means of grace, and also the means of acquiring the good things of life, leaving the issues of both to God, in the full assurance that what is good the Lord will give! "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." In spirituals and temporals, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich. Be ye diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Lord, teach me thy law graciously, in all its perfection, its extent, order, beauty, and harmony; and grant me all the assistance provided to enable a lost, depraved, corrupted child of Adam, to set out in thy good ways, to go forward, and to finish in the same course; and all the consolation, joy, and peace, which thou hast provided to be enjoyed in a measuse even here, and to be perfected in the world to come. Amen.

Hosea, chap. xiv. "O Israel, return unto the Lord, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Yes, fallen, O how fallen, from God the only good, the Fountain of happiness! Lost his image, which was the glory of man in Paradise! Lost that sweet complacency and delight in his perfections and attributes, which innocence enjoyed. Lost all rectitude of reason and judgment! No longer can we judge of excellence, no longer love what God loves. Our wills are no longer straight with his will,

but crooked, opposing God, and choosing evil instead of good. "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." Amen, says my soul, in thee is my help.

New York, October 3, 1793.

ISAIAH xliv. 5. "One shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

I, as one, subscribe to the truth of all that God has said: I, as one, subscribe my assent to all that he has done. I set my Amen to his well-ordered covenant, "well ordered in all things, and sure." And this is the covenant, even Christ, the sum and substance; for he hath given him to be a covenant of the people. The whole and every part of it is God's covenant. To me it must be a testament, the New Testament in Christ's blood. To me it must be a covenant of gifts and promises. I can be of no party, having nothing to give: nothing with which to covenant. He hath said, "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help."

Amen. Be my help, my deliverer!

"Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved; for I am God, and there is none else." I do look unto thee alone for salvation. Thou art God, there is none else; besides thee there is no Saviour.

"I will pour water on the thirsty, and floods on the parched ground, I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring." Amen. I yield my soul into thy hand, dry and parched, to receive thy showers of reviving, quickening, fructifying grace.

New York, February 10, 1794.

THIS day I have a letter from my poor wanderer. It is more than a year since I heard of him. Accept of my thanks, my good and gracious Lord. I feared that his cup had been full, and that he had been called out of the world with all his sins on his own head; for I have no tidings of his turning from his sinful courses, or fleeing from the wrath to come, by taking hold of the hope set before him.

I bless thee, O I bless thee, for thy sparing mercy, thy long-suffering, thy patience, thy forbearance. Yea, even to him, thou hast been more than all this. Thou hast been his Preserver, his Provider: thou hast watched over him in many imminent dangers, in the great deeps, in burning and in frozen climes.

Thou hast followed him with thy preserving mercy and temporal bounty. He is still in the land of the living, and among those who are called to look unto thee and live. Still thou feedest my hopes of better things for him. Thou sufferest my prayers to lie on the table of thy covenant. I will trust, I will hope, I will believe, that, in an accepted time, thou wilt hear me, and in a day of thy power thou wilt bow his stubborn will, and lay him an humble suppliant at thy feet. I trust thou wilt bring this poor prodigal to himself, and turn his steps towards his Father's house. See how he feeds with the swine upon husks, and even these not his own. O turn his thoughts to his "Father's house, where there is bread enough, and to spare."

"Lord, remember thy gracious word, on which thou hast caused me to hope," and which has ever been my comfort in the time of my affliction, and in my straits my only relief.

He is again launched into the great ocean. Lord, he is far from every friend, and from every means of grace, and, for any thing I know, far from thee by wicked works: under thy curse, and hateful in thy sight; but thou, God, seest him. Means are not necessary, if thou willest to work without. Thou canst find an avenue to his heart at once, dead as he is, vile as he is, guilty as he is, far from the help of man, and in the most unlikely situation to receive the help of God; I know that all these hindrances, all these mountains, shall melt as wax at thy presence.

Lord, I believe, thou knowest I believe, that, if thou but speak the word, this dead soul shall live; this vile, this guilty soul shall be cleansed, shall be renewed, and my son be changed to an humble, thankful, genuine child of God, through the cleansing blood of atonement, through the imputation of the Redeemer's righteousness, and the implantation of thy Spirit. I can do nothing for him, but thou canst do all this. I wait for it, Lord, I wait for thy salvation. Lord, let there be 'joy in Heaven over this one sinner repenting." I roll him on thee, I trust in thy sovereign, free, unmerited mercy in Christ. Amen.

New York, October 1, 1794.

"RETURN unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

"Blessed be the Lord, for he hath showed me his marvellous loving-kindness in a strong city"—Christ, the city of Refuge.

Thou hast given me my heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of my lips. "One thing have I

desired of the Lord," and through life sought after, for myself, and the children whom thou hast given me: "that all the days of our lives, we might dwell in the house of the Lord," behold his beauty, and inquire in his holy temple, that in the time of trouble he would hide us in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle, and set our feet upon a rock.

O thou incarnate God; thou blessed Temple, not made with hands; thou blessed Pavilion, in which thy people hide in the time of trouble, and are safe; thou Rock of ages, on which we build our hopes for time and eternity, and defy the assaults of sin, Satan, and the world! Thou, Jehovah Jesus, art all these to thy people. Thou broughtest them "from a fearful pit, and from the miry clay: thou settest their feet upon this spiritual rock, and establishest their goings: thou puttest a new song in their mouths, even praise unto their God." Many have seen it, and sung it; many now see and sing it: many shall see and sing it, and trust in the Lord. They find in thee all that is expressive of life; all that is expressive of safety; all that is expressive of comfort; all that is expressive of happiness.

"O how many are thy wonderful works which thou hast done; and thy thoughts which are to usward, they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Thou, thy blessed self, art the sum and substance of every good to man. All this I know; all this have I at different times experienced; and yet my heart is heavy, my spirits depressed. There is no cause; thy very afflictive providences have met my wishes, and been so many answers to my prayers.

Thou Husband of the widow, Thou Father of the fa-

therless; how fully, how manifestly hast thou fulfilled these relations to thy worthless servant!

Thou, in my early widowhood, calledst upon me to "leave my fatherless children on thee," annexing the promise that "thou wouldst save them alive."

Thou didst put it into my heart to plead the promise in a spiritual sense; to ask, to hope, to wait for, the new birth, the life which Christ died to purchase, and lives to bestow.

In three of these fatherless, I have seen thy work. Long did the grain of mustard-seed lie buried among the weeds of worldly-mindedness; long were my hopes and fears alternated; but now the blessed discipline of the covenant has been exercised; I have witnessed it, I have felt it; suffered the rod with them and for them, but waited for the fruits in hope; and, glory to thee, dear Husband and Father, I have not waited in vain. Thou hast written *vanity*, and opened our eyes to read vanity, written on every earthly enjoyment, except so far as thou art enjoyed in them. Thou hast enabled not only thine aged servant, but thy young ones, to put a blank into thy hands, and to say, Choose thou for us. We take hold of thy covenant, and choose it for our portion. Is not this, O Lord, the full amount of my desires? Thou wilt finish the work in thy own time, and by means of thy appointing. Amen. Lord, do as thou hast said.

October 4, 1795.

Why, O why, is my spirit still depressed? Why these sobs? Father, forgive. "Jesus wept." I weep, but acquiesce. This day two months, the Lord delivered my Jessie, *his Jessie*, from a body of sin and death, finished

the good work he had begun, perfected what concerned her, trimmed her lamp, and carried her triumphing through "the valley of the shadow of death." She overcame through the blood of the Lamb.

I rejoiced in the Lord's work, and was thankful that the one, the only thing, I had asked for her was now completed. I saw her delivered from much corruption within, from strong and peculiar temptation without. I had seen her often staggering, sometimes falling, under the rod; I had heard her earnestly wish for deliverance from sin; and when death approached, she was more than satisfied; said she had been a great sinner, but she had a great Saviour; praised him, and thanked him for all his dealings with her: for hedging her in, for chastising her; and even prayed that sin and corruption might be destroyed, if the body should be dissolved to effect it. The Lord fulfilled her desire, and, I may add, mine. He lifted up on her the light of his countenance; revived her languid graces; increased her faith and hope; loosed her from earthly concerns; and made her rejoice in the stability of his covenant, and to sing, 'All is well, all is well, good is the will of the Lord.' I did rejoice, I do rejoice; but, O Lord, thou knowest my frame; she was my companion, my affectionate child; my soul feels a want. O fill it up with more of thy presence, give yet more communications of thyself.

We are yet one in Christ our Head; united in him; and, although she shall not return unto me, I shall go to her, and then our communion will be more full, more delightful, as it will be perfectly free from sin. Christ shall be our bond of union, and we shall be fully under the influence of it.

Let me then gird up the loins of my mind, and set

forward to serve my day and generation, to finish my course. The Lord will perfect what concerns me; and, when it shall please him, he will unclothe me, break down these prison walls, and admit me into the happy society of his redeemed and glorified members: then "shall he wipe away all tears from my eyes," and I shall taste the joys which are at his right hand, and be satisfied for evermore.

January 3, 1796.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 4. "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand.

"Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Christ Jesus! What does not this name comprehend! He is mine, and all is mine. I do rejoice in the Lord, yea, more or less, I rejoice always. This heart of mine is sensible to every human affliction: my tears flow often and fast: I weep for myself, and still more for others: but in these very moments of heart-wringing bitterness, there is a secret joy that Jesus is near: that he sees, knows, and pities. He is Jehovah as well as Jesus, and therefore, could have prevented the affliction under which I groan; but, for my good, and the good of those near and dear to me, he suffered it or prepared it. The good of his people is connected with his glory, they cannot be separated; therefore, Father, glorify thy name: I rejoice, and will rejoice. The Lord can remove, and will remove,

the affliction, the moment it has answered the purpose for which it was sent. I would not wish it one moment sooner. While it lies heavy, he is my Almighty Friend, my Rest, my Staff of support.

"In time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock." PSALM xxvii. 5.

"The Lord is my Strength and my Shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, with my song will I praise him," and in his strength, and by his grace, let "my moderation be known unto all men." My "Lord is at hand," at hand to support, at hand to over-rule, at hand to deliver. Therefore I rejoice always.

Blessed be God for the heart-easing, heart-soothing privilege, of "casting all my cares upon him," and for the blessed assurance, that "he careth for me" and mine; that he allows, invites, yea, commands me to "be careful for nothing, but in all things, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to let my request be made known unto him," who is man and touched with the feeling of our infirmities; (Jesus wept;) and God, the Almighty God, to support, over-rule, deliver. Therefore my heart rejoiceth always.

May 28, 1796.

THIS is the anniversary of my dear Jessie's birth, no more to call us together here; but I yet remember it, as a day in which our God was merciful to me, and made me the mother of an heir of salvation. I bless, I praise, my covenant God, who enabled me to dedicate her to him before she was born; and to ask only *one thing* for her

as for myself, even an interest in his great salvation; leaving it to him to order the means, time, and manner, as of her natural birth, and ripening age, so of her spiritual birth and ripening for glory; he accepted the charge, and he has finished the work, to his own glory, to her eternal happiness, and to my joy and comfort. I have witnessed remaining corruption fighting hard against her, and bringing her again and again into captivity "to the law of sin and death, warring against her." I have seen the rod of God lie heavy upon her, according to the tenor of the covenant, when she forsook "his laws, and went astray:" when she walked not in his judgments, but wandered from his way, "he visited her faults with rods, and her sins with chastisements, but his loving-kindness he never took from her," (though he often hid it,) nor altered the word which he had spoken, "that he never would leave her, never forsake her;" that in due time he would "deliver her from all her enemies." I perceived her desires to be delivered from the world and the body, and taken home to the bosom of her God; since that appeared at times, the only way she could be delivered from sin. I heard her lament her unfruitfulness, her unsteadiness: I heard her exclaim, 'O, what a sinner! what a great sinner!' and 'O, what a Saviour! O the goodness of God in hedging me in, and saving me from myself;' "his covenant stands" fast, it is established, it is sure.' I beheld a God pardoning sin, yet taking vengeance on inventions. I saw the sinner, after being sixteen years in the school of Christ, (taught by his ministers, and most effectually by his rod,) taking shelter in the "city of refuge," in the atonement of God's providing, and in a "surety righteousness," and finishing her struggles with 'All is well!' my heart echoed, and does echo, and will

to all eternity, 'All is well.' Glory to God; sing not unto her, not unto me, not unto any creature, but "to God be the glory," that she is now delivered from "a body of sin and death, and made meet to be a partaker with the saints in light." HALLELUJAH.

June, 1796.

PSALM cxxii. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

"The house of the Lord—whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord," to seek his face, to learn his will, to taste his love, to behold his glory, to enjoy God as their own God, and reconciled Father.

Lord! let my heart be warmed more towards thy house; I have sought and found thee in thy sanctuary, read thy providences, and been taught thy will: I have tasted thy love, and beheld thy glory; I have enjoyed thy presence as my own reconciled Father in Christ Jesus; I have been satisfied with thy goodness, as with marrow and fatness; and yet how cold and languid, at times how little desire to return, how small my expectations, how wandering my imagination? How do I sit before thee as thy people, and my heart with the fool's eyes at the end of the earth! Lord, I should blush and be ashamed, were a fellow mortal to see my heart at times. I may hide mine eyes from viewing vanity, but the evil lies within. O Lord, thou knowest the cause; after all I have heard, seen, tasted, and handled of the word of life, I am still of myself an empty vessel, unable to speak a good word, or think a good thought. Great

are thy tender mercies, O Lord, "Quicken me according to thy word; turn thou away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken me in thy way; then shall I run in the way of thy commandments, when thou hast enlarged my heart."

The house of God—the Owner, the Builder, and Maker is God, and it is his peculiar treasure. Christ is the foundation, and "chief corner-stone;" and his house are we, built upon him, cemented together a spiritual building; the foundation cannot fail, the corner-stone can never give way; neither can we fall to pieces, or be separated from him.

The house of God—"Jerusalem, Zion, the rest of God, where he delights to dwell," where he will for ever stay: the house of God, the church, yea, the body of Christ: Christ the Head, his people the church his members, whose life is in him, and derived from him; and because he lives, we shall live also. Lord, enlarge my understanding, to comprehend more and more "of the height and depth, length and breadth, of the love of Christ, which passeth all understanding. Open mine eyes to behold wondrous things in thy law," and Gospel. I am as yet but a babe. Glory to God that I am what I am; a babe in Christ. I shall be nourished with life and strength from my divine Head; educated and nurtured by the blessings of the new covenant. I shall arrive at the perfection of stature appointed; "and stand in my lot at the latter day." Amen.

May 16, 1796.

PSALM lxxxix. 30. "If his children forsake my laws, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes,

and keep not my commandments: then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes: nevertheless my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from them; nor suffer my faithfulness to fail; my covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips." Amen. Blessed promise! It is "a well-ordered covenant, and it is sure." Of all the provision of the covenant, this has been to my soul among the most comfortable. Thanks be to God for the discipline of the covenant; often has it been administered. Thou knowest, and I know in part, how necessarily: although I shall not know, nor understand all, until that blessed rod shall have perfected its correction, and shall never more be lifted up.

Many ups and downs has thy servant experienced in this vale of tears; many tears have watered these now aged cheeks; in a variety of ways hast thou stricken, and at times stripe has followed stripe, but mercy and love accompanied every one of them. I bless thee, I praise thee, that I have seldom received a stripe but I had with it a token of love. Sin was embittered, a Saviour endeared, and grace given "to kiss the rod," and cleave to him "that had appointed it." And now I can read in legible characters, where in many instances thy checks met my wandering steps, stopt me short of huge precipices, and preserved me from destroying even my worldly comfort. In some instances (I thank thee they have not been many) thou hast been pleased to let me alone, to let me pursue my own ways: ways so wise in my own eyes, that I have either not sought counsel at all, or sought it as Balaam did, with my heart set on my own will.

In some cases thou hast let me "eat of the fruit of my own doings," and let me weary myself in my own way,

until I found it not only "vanity and vexation of spirit," but sometimes a labyrinth from which I could find no escape: then did I cry unto the Lord; then did I remember my backslidings: then did I seek unto the cleansing fountain, and to the appointed Mediator, the Maker up of the breach; then did I experience afresh the Lord's power to save.

In how many instances has he given a sudden turn to providences, which have been made means of my deliverance; not only so, but brought good out of my evil, so that I have been made to wonder, and to say, "Surely this is the finger of God."

I destroyed myself, but in thee is my help found. O let these wanderings end: fix it deep on my mind, that in the Lord only have I wisdom as well as strength: that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." When shall I learn to live simply on Christ, by the light of his pure unerring word, and the Spirit coinciding; and have done with these carnal reasonings, the wisdom of men! "Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Amen.

August 4, 1796.

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED!

Rose at four, not to mourn: no, but to repeat my grateful thanks to my covenant God, for the work he finished this day, last year, in delivering my weak, feeble, tossed, and tried Jessie, "from a body of sin and death," and giving her "the victory through Jesus Christ, who loved her, and gave himself for her." To thee she was

dedicated ere she saw the light; to thee a thousand times I repeated the dedication, begging that thou mightest bring her within "the bond of thy covenant:" this was the sum and substance of all my askings for her, and all of them. I witnessed the time of her second birth, saw the tears of conviction and remorse. I witnessed thy loosing of her bands, and tuning of her heart and tongue to praise redeeming love. I witnessed the teaching of thy Spirit, and the enlightening of her eyes, and the taste thou gavest her of thy salvation; I thought her "mountain stood strong," and she would not be easily "moved:" but who can tell the deceitfulness of the human heart? Too soon did we all "turn aside like a deceitful bow," forsook "the fountain of living waters, and hewed out broken cisterns that could hold no water." Glory to God for the discipline of the covenant, that he did not cast us off, but chastised and corrected. He repeated the discipline, stripe upon stripe; I stood by and saw it: and though my heart melted at times, I said, 'She is in her Father's hand, let him do his pleasure.' I too was unfaithful to her, thou knowest, and often entered into the same vanity of mind which stifled the love of God in our hearts, instead of guarding and warning her: still, still, the Shepherd of Israel followed both, and with the precious rod restored both, time after time, till it pleased thee to finish her warfare, and deliver her from the body, and from sin. Lord, I thank thee for all the circumstances, for the privilege of attending her in her warfare, for the cheerfulness of her spirits, for the rich support we all experienced, for the view we all had of thy faithfulness and fatherly dealing, and for her last words, 'All is well.' Every thing thou doest is well, and this was peculiarly well. I resigned her to thee with joy and thankfulness,

and I still acquiesce. Her thou hast taken, me thou hast left, to be yet exercised with further discipline. It is well—" thy will be done." Help me to profit by every pang! Let sin be mortified, and my soul purified; enlarge my heart, to run the ways of thy commandments. Now may " I lay aside every weight," and that vanity of mind which " doth so easily beset me," and hath been the secret spring of much backsliding, both to myself and to my children. Lord, destroy it. O let me now live to God, closely and consistently: down with my will, with self in every form! Purify motives, and let my whole heart, soul, body, substance, and influence in the world, be devoted to thee! Empty me of every thing that is mine own, and let " Christ live in me, the hope of glory;" and let the glory of thy workmanship, in my soul, redound to thee, and thee alone! Amen.

August 13, 1796.

Colossians ii. 6. " As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."

O Lord, this is what I pant after! I would fain have done with wandering. Lord, thou knowest; for the work is thine. I have received the Lord Jesus as thy gift to a lost world, as thy gift to me, an individual of that world: as having made peace by the blood of the cross; I account it a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that, " Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I have received thee as the Lord my righteousness, crediting thine own word, " Christ is the

end of the law for righteousness," and that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." I have received thee as "the covenant given of the people." In all the relations by which thou art held out to me in this Bible, so far as I know, or understand, I have received thee. I have no hope in myself, to trust in myself, nor any views of communication from God of any kind, but through the one "Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

O my God, what is my life, what is my happiness, but a continual receiving! Thou art the "Bread of Life," that must keep alive the living principle in my soul. In thee "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Thy people are complete in thee; thou art their Head, they are thy body, and by joints and bands have nourishment ministered to them, and are knit together, and increase with the increase of God.

This, O this, is what my soul pants after,—closer and more intimate union and communion. I would be transformed into thine image; I would be thy temple; I would have thee live in me; walk in me; make me one with thee: I would be delivered from self-will, self-wisdom, self-seeking; I would be delivered from that philosophy, and vain deceit which spoils souls, and leads them off from their Head. Lord, enable me continually to receive; then, and not till then, shall I cease to wander, shall "run and not be weary, walk and not faint;" then shall I run in the way of thy commandments," and no longer turn aside to crooked ways. Then shall I eat and drink, work and recreate myself, all to thy glory. Lord, send thy Spirit into my heart, that he may continually "take of the things of Christ, and show them unto me;" that I may grow and be no longer a babe, but arrive at the

"fulness of stature in Christ Jesus," and more steadily, more purely, more zealously, and more humbly live to God, and glorify him in the world. Amen.

April 14, 1797.

ETERNITY seems very near. I have often thought so, without any visible cause. Well, it will come; a few more rolling years, months, weeks, or days, will assuredly land me on Canaan's happy shore. Then shall I know and enjoy what ear hath not heard, eye seen, nor heart conceived, even the blessedness that is at God's right hand. I have desired, although I know not that I have asked, to glorify God on my death-bed, and to leave my testimony at the threshold of eternity, that not one word of all that my God has promised has failed. He has been, O what has he not been! In all my trials, temptations, and wanderings, he has been all that the well-ordered covenant has said. Let this Bible tell, what God in Christ, by his Spirit and his providence has been to me; and let the same Bible say, what he will be to me, "when flesh and heart fail;" yea, when "the place that now knows me, shall know me no more." Perhaps, when the messenger does come, I shall not know him, but depart in silence. Well, as the Lord wills, he knows best how to glorify himself. Jesus shall trim my lamp, and perfect his image on my soul, sensible or insensible. I shall enter into his presence, washed in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, and my sanctification perfected. "I shall see him as he is, and be like him."

Mourn not, my children, but rejoice: "gird up the loins of your mind," and set forward on your heavenly journey through this wilderness. So far as I have fol-

lowed Christ, so far follow my example; still living on Christ, depending on him for all that is promised in the well-ordered covenant. Stumble not into the world, except when duty calls; at best, it is a deadly weight, a great hindrance to spiritual-mindedness, and, as far as it gets footing in your heart, it will mar both your progress and your comfort. Lord, feed my children constantly with "thy flesh and thy blood," that they may never hunger nor thirst for this world, but grow in the divine life, and in the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

October 20, 1797.

How condescending is our covenant God! All we have, or enjoy, is from his hand; he gave us our being; our lives, although forfeited a thousand times, have been preserved. "Our bread has been given us, and our water has been sure;" and not only these necessaries, but many comforts, and good temporal things, have fallen to our lot: "thou hast furnished our table;" thou hast provided medicines and cordials when sick. Lord, I thank thee for all these mercies; but, above all, that we can call thee our reconciled Father; that we have them not as the world have them, who are far from thee, and have no portion among thy children, nor interest in thy well-ordered covenant; but that we have them as thy redeemed, as part of covenant provision, and with a covenant blessing, and among the "all things" that work together for our good. Lord, enable us to be rich in good works. How condescending, that thou acceptest a part of thine own as free-will offerings, and hast annexed promised

blessings to those "who consider the poor;" hast said, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!"

I thank thee, that thou hast laid to hand a sufficiency, to enable me and mine "to eat our own bread;" even that, which, according to the regulations of society, men call our own. Thou only hast a right to call it not so, for we are thine, and all that thou hast given us; but of thy free bounty and kind providence, thou hast enabled us "to provide things honest and of good report in the sight of all men," and to give a portion to them who need.

I trust, thy Spirit has directed my judgment in the determination I have taken, to set apart, from time to time, this portion, according as thou prosperest us in business, and preservest us in health and ability to pursue it. I bless thee for indulgent, encouraging appearances, that, since I began the practice, thou hast added to my stock, and that which I have given has never straitened, but thou hast prospered more and more. My poor purse has never been empty when called for, neither has my family purse. Of thine own I give thee, and bless thy name for the privilege.

Grant direction with respect to whom, and how much to give.

1797.

"As ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk in him, rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."

Just so, and no other way, shall any poor corrupted creature attain holiness, in the very same manner that

he received the Lord Jesus at first. He is the "Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the Ending."

O Lord, my Saviour, my complete Saviour, and in whom I am complete; I received thee as my expiatory sacrifice, by whom atonement was made for my sins; by whom I am reconciled to God, and God to me. I was then delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. This same blood must cleanse my daily spots, my very best services; this same blood must cleanse my conscience daily, and give me confidence in God, as my reconciled Father. By this same peace-speaking blood, I daily present myself in his presence, and know that he sees no iniquity in me, so as to condemn me.

O Lord, I received thee as my justifying righteousness, disclaiming all confidence in my own works. I placed my sole dependance upon an imputed righteousness; *that* righteousness, wrought out by thee as my Surety, in thy holy meritorious life and death; believing thy testimony, "that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Just so must I go on, trusting in, resting upon, rejoicing in, the Lord my Righteousness. "By one man's offence, many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many (and I among others) be made righteous. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness;" therefore I walk at liberty, free from all dread of condemnation; not as a slave; not as a servant; not as a hireling; not as a probationer; but as a son and heir of God, to whom the inheritance is made sure. I have received the seal of the testament, ratified and made sure by the death of the testator. All the

blessings contained in this Bible, the records of the well-ordered covenant, are mine: and (O glorious truth!) the testator died to ratify and ensure this testament; but he lives again the glorious Executor.

O Lord, I received thee as my King; depending upon promised strength, I swore allegiance to thee, and to thy government. Just so, my dear sovereign Master, must I go on: rejoicing in its privileges, subjecting myself cheerfully to its restrictions; studying with care its positive commands, and setting myself to obey; submitting with meekness to its discipline; claiming thy kingly power to subdue the corruptions of my heart, to defend from foes within and foes without; and, when thou callest me to fight, to arm me for battle, and lead me on to victory.

I received thee as my divine Saviour, as "the Covenant of the people;" the Covenant arranged, ratified, and fulfilled; to me a Covenant of free gift. Receiving thee, I received all the promises in their fullest extent, as legally made over, and confirmed to me, by the irrevocable gift of Deity; and in thee, as my Saviour, dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. In him it dwelleth for his people, his ransomed; dwelleth in him as our Head: we are united to him, one with him, as he "and the Father are one;" and being one with him, we are complete in him. He is the head, we the members; he is the vine, we the branches; he is the Foundation, and "Chief Corner Stone," we the building. Thus let us walk in him; rooted and built up in him; filled with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; walking worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing—being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might,

according to his glorious power: unto all patience, and long-suffering, with joyfulness; for it is he "who worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure;" and, although "of ourselves we can do nothing," yet "we can do all things through Christ strengthening us;" and he has promised, that, "as our day, so shall our strength be."

It is well, Lord, it is well. Thou art mine, and I am thine; thou art mine with all thy fulness; what can I want besides? Nothing, Lord. Thou hast given me "the heritage of those that fear thy name:" I am satisfied with my portion. Amen.

Be my God, and the God of my seed, and glorify thy name in us.

1797.

PSALM cxix. "Remove far from me vanity and lies."

Every deviation from rectitude and truth, is sin. Who that knows any thing of the corruption of the human heart, and its strange tendency to stray, to err; yea, even to pervert the plainest, simplest, and most obvious truths; but must see the propriety of his joining the Psalmist, and crying out, "Lord, remove far from me the way of lies."

The way of lies respects our judgment and sentiments; it respects our motives of action; and it respects our conduct.

As it respects our judgment: how does every species of error abound! Even the serious and earnest seekers of truth differ in many things, which although they may not mar their final salvation, mar their progress in knowledge, in holiness, and in comfort. 'Lord, remove far from us the way of lies.' Lead us to the pure, unmixed,

unerring word of truth, as it respects our sentiments, and as it respects our conduct. O how many deceive themselves by resting on a speculative knowledge of the truth, or what they esteem such, while their hearts remain unaffected, their tempers unsanctified and their lives unfruitful! Passionate, stubborn, relentless, unmerciful, implacable tempers, indulged and unmortified, must be a way of lies. "Learn of me," says the Saviour, "for I am meek and lowly; and ye shall find rest to your souls. The meek will he teach his way, the meek will he guide in judgment."

"Remove far from me the way of lies, and teach me thy law graciously."

"Teach me thy law graciously," not the ceremonial and the moral law alone, but the whole of God's revealed will. The Psalmist knew the law ceremonial and moral, but he wants more and more of the teaching of the Spirit of God. "He," the Spirit of truth, "shall take of mine and show it unto you." The word of God is ever the same; it contains the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; every thing necessary to safety, to holiness, and happiness. But O the difference between him who reads with a mind enlightened by the Spirit of God, and him who reads with no other assistance than his own poor, blinded, darkened reason. "Teach me then, thy law graciously. I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy judgments. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." The Psalmist thirsted after more and more extensive views of the word of God: and still as his views were enlarged, he desired more. Verse 64. "The earth is full of thy mercy:" this was one lesson; but still he cries, "Teach me thy statutes; thou hast dealt bountifully with me, O

Lord, according to thy word:" still he cries, "Teach me good judgment and knowledge. It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."

1797.

I LOVE to feel the kindlings of repentance, self-loathing under a sense of ingratitude; a heart melting with the view of pardoning grace. I love to feel the sprinkling of my Redeemer's blood on my conscience, drawing forth the tears of joy and gratitude in the view of a free pardon. I love to dwell on the seal of reconciliation; while my heart, glowing with gratitude, sinks into the arms of my redeeming Lord, in full confidence of his love and my safety for ever. I love to feel longings after closer communion, after more conformity to his image, and more usefulness to my fellow-members of the body of Christ, and to all his creatures. I love to feel deeply interested in the success of the Gospel, in the declarative glory of Jehovah, as manifested in his works of creation and providence, but chiefly in the super-excellent work of redemption: for "thou has magnified thy word above all thy great name."

1798.

'GLOWS in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.'—There the poet must stop: thus far the natural mind, richly endowed with human powers, can go, and trace a God of power, wisdom, and beneficence: O that thou hadst had eyes to discern what flesh and blood could never reach: that all these glories dwindle into tapers, when

compared with Jehovah manifested in the face of Jesus Christ. Every star, every tree, all vegetating, bursting, blooming life, answer the end of their creation, manifesting his glory as thou sayest; but can they tell thee, how this God can be just, and yet justify those who have rebelled against all his attributes, torturing even his fair and beautiful creation, and bringing it into subjection to their lusts, as thou hast well sung: murmuring at his dispensations in providence; hardening themselves against his government; perverting every good to their own misery, and imbibing wretchedness from the means of blessedness? Can all that thou hast sung bring into congeniality perfection of wickedness and perfection of holiness, perfection of wretchedness and perfection of happiness, perfect opposition in nature and principle? Here thy song stops short. Thou seest the evils and the misery; thou hast a glimpse of an opposite good; but all means proposed by thee, ever have proved, and ever will prove, inadequate to the attainment of it: heaven and earth must stand amazed at the declaration, that God would justify the ungodly!

1800.

O MY God, I account it an honourable office that thou hast given me. I have received it from thee. Enable me to execute it to thee.

Father of the fatherless; Husband of the widow; make me a fit instrument in thy hand of distributing thy bounty. Give discernment and judgment, tenderness, gentleness, humility, and love; let love to thee be the principle of my every action; lead me in the straight path of duty; on the matter, the manner, the time, let

"holiness to the Lord" be written. I thank thee for this sum towards the relief of thy creatures; be with us this evening, and direct our determination as to the division of it. Amen.

1800.

I HAVE entered into my closet; I have shut my door; I would pray to my Father, who is in secret; I would be shut up with my indwelling God: but see the crowds that follow; see my treacherous heart that gives them admission; see my unsanctified imagination going off with them, leaving nothing before thee but a lifeless lump of clay. Help, Lord! hast thou not redeemed me from vain imaginations? Lord, fill all thy temple: "Cast out the buyers and sellers:" thyself prepare room for close, undisturbed, holy conference. Grant that, according to the riches of thy glory, I may be strengthened with might, by thy Spirit, in the inner man: dwell in my heart by faith, "that rooted and grounded in love, I may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length, height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God." Give unto thy redeemed servant the Spirit of wisdom and revelation. Reveal thyself more and more in my soul; enlighten the eyes of my understanding. Lord, improve, enlarge the powers of the new man. Spirit of the Father, and of the Son, do thine office; "take of the things of Christ, and show them unto me;" that I may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the "riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to the

working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at the Father's right hand, in the heavenly places, far above all principalities and powers, and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and given him to be the head over all things, to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. Filled with all the fulness of God! The fulness of Him, who filleth all in all!" O what things are these! My soul stretches to comprehend; but, weak and feeble, cannot climb those glorious, nor dig into these, to me, unsearchable depths. I can only spell after the language of the Holy Ghost, lisp out his own words. I dare not trust my powers of comprehension to vary even the mode of expression.

Well, it may be best for me; the valley of humility may be safest for me. "Father, glorify thy name!" Thou hast quickened me; I am not what I was. Thou hast wrought in me a measure of faith and love; thou hast sealed me with the Holy Spirit of promise; thou hast given me the earnest of my inheritance; the full possession shall come in thy appointed time. Wherefore, I will sing "unto him that is able, and will do exceeding abundantly above all I can ask," think, or comprehend, according to that same mighty power that worketh in us. Unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

My covenant God, and the God of my house! Thy Spirit saith, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God." Thou knowest the difficulty and danger of the present case. We are ignorant of hidden motions and principles; of Satan's suggestions, of corresponding or dis-

cordant circumstances; of future providences and events. Lord, give counsel.

If information and advice be duty on the part of thy servant, determine on the side of duty, be the danger what it may; and, O! search, try, and deliver from every selfish, or hidden impure motive. Give prudence in the choice of words, in the time and manner, as well as purity in the matter. Save from injuring any of the individuals concerned. And, O! prepare the heart of thy other servant, to receive this office of friendship, with a proper degree of confidence. Save from unjust suspicions, that it may be taken as meant in love, in Christian love and friendship.

O thou, who knówest all hearts, all motives, all circumstances, past, present, and future! over-rule for the manifestation of truth; for the safety and good of thy servant; and for the closer union of all concerned in the bands of Christian love, confidence, and affection; and, as our covenant God, in whom we trust for guidance in every path of duty, glorify thy name.

I offer this prayer in faith, and wait an answer of peace from thy inward teaching, and manifestation in the course of thy providence. Amen.

1800.

PSALM lxxii. 17. "His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men only shall be blessed in him. All nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen."

Again, have I and my children been fed with Christ's flesh and his blood, at his table. "Glorious things are said of thee, thou city of our God;" and rich the provision of the house of our God; wonderful the scheme, that hath made sinful, guilty, rebel sinners, the citizens of this holy city, inhabitants of this holy house. Mysterious truth! The city itself, the house of God; the temple of the Lord, in which he delighteth to dwell! Closer, yet more mysterious, yet equally true, "his body, his flesh, and his bones!" Closer still; one Spirit with him! As Mediator Emmanuel, he is the bond of union, whereby the guilty sons and daughters of Adam are made one with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Wonderfully and fearfully are we made as creatures; as a rational creature, who can understand and comprehend himself? How these members were fashioned! How this spark of vital flame was breathed into the lifeless lump or atom! Wonder-working Lord! Thou only knowest; wonderful are all the works of creation: but O, what are they to thy work of redemption! To bring worlds out of nothing, to bring light out of darkness, was thy easy work; but to bring good out of evil; this, this was the wonder! Thousands and tens of thousands of worlds were, and may yet be, created, without cost! God says, Let it *be*, and it is; but redemption! O, who can tell the cost! Blessed Jesus! God manifested in the flesh! Christ! Babe of Bethlehem! Man of Sorrows! Victim on the Cross! Thou only canst tell—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever;" whatever the cost, "it is finished!" He bowed his head, and said, "It is finished!" This finished work is the New Testament, which he bequeathed to his disciples "the same night in which he was betrayed."

When he "took bread, blessed it, brake it, gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body, broken for you; and took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

The New Testament! O, who can tell the blessings and benefits contained in this Testament, this dying legacy of our dear Emmanuel, purchased and sealed with his blood! What is the amount of it? What the sum of blessings contained in it? Behold, God is become our salvation. This is the amount. God himself, God in Christ, reconciling us unto himself: by his mighty power, subduing the enmity that is in us: melting our flinty hearts; drawing us with the cords of love; creating us anew after his own image, which we had totally lost: uniting us to himself, even *us*, who were enmity itself, but now are become one with God, who is Love. This is the work we have this day been celebrating. A given, a born, a living, a suffering, dying, risen, ascended, glorified, reigning Saviour! the Lord of hosts, the King of kings, the Almighty God dwelling with men, dwelling in men, and feeding them with his own body and blood! "Behold, God is become our salvation; we will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is our strength and our song, he also is become our salvation; therefore with joy will we draw water out of the wells of salvation." His attributes are the never-failing source, his ordinances the wells, of salvation. God himself is ours; all that he is, is ours to bless and to make us happy. Ten thousand springs issue from this blessed source, specified and particularized in his Bible, experienced and celebrated by his saints. Let us drink and be refreshed, rejoice and praise;

for O, who can tell the amount of our riches, in having God for our portion! All things are ours; we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

May 3, 1801.

"SING unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth."

Nearly six weeks have elapsed, since my children launched into God's ocean.* The Sabbath after, I requested the prayers of the churches for them, according to their own desire. The Lord is a prayer-hearing God; he has answered, and will answer.

The weather has been uncommonly tempestuous; I read of many disasters in consequence. How it has fared, or does fare with my children, He who loves them knows. Their Saviour and their God, sitteth on the clouds, and directeth the storm; they are his servants, shall accomplish his purposes, which all terminate in salvation to his people. My children are his; the blessings of the everlasting Gospel shall preserve their souls in peace. Their God shall conduct them to their destined port, but that port may be heaven: and if it should, my soul, wilt thou grieve? Darest thou grieve? No, my God; if grace be in exercise when the news reaches me, I will say, as in former times, All is well; "He hath done all things well." I renew my blank, noted in my exercise of January 1, 1796.

* Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, and one of their children, sailed for Liverpool, in March 1801.

July 14, 1801.

I HAVE received letters from my children. What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies, mercies temporal, mercies spiritual, mercies eternal, multiplied mercy! God himself is become my salvation; how unspeakable the blessing! Though chastisement and affliction were the means of my correction and sanctification, or the very vengeance taken on my inventions; for I have been like treacherous Judah, and backsliding Israel, his name changeth not. "The Lord God is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." O how has he magnified his name to me a backslider in heart and life! How has he multiplied pardons, healed my backslidings, restored my soul, and filled me with joy and peace in believing! not only so, but in this "vale of tears;" this "land of drought, this waste howling wilderness; where man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward;" my cup runs over with temporal blessings and enjoyments, all his creatures minister to my comfort, his daily providence adds much more.

It is fifteen weeks since my children launched into God's ocean: many anxious hours of suspense have agitated my breast. The Lord knows that I tried to wait the manifestation of his will, with patience and resignation; and, to his praise I record it, even in the view of parting, I was not without comfort.

Surely, surely, God is enough for me; and, while he is my portion, and the portion of my children, I cannot be comfortless; "goodness and mercy will follow us:" whatever aspect providences may wear, the end shall be goodness and mercy.

July 28, 1801.

My dear pastor, Mr. M—, sailed for Britain. I thank thee, good and kind Shepherd of Israel, for all those providences which seemed small things at the time, that hedged me into that congregation; for all the benefits and comforts I enjoyed under the ministry of thy aged servant, now before thy throne, and that thou preparedst thy young servant to fill his place, when the time of his departure came.

I thank thee for all the endowments of our young pastor, of nature and grace. I thank thee that thou hast kept him faithful to Him who has called him, and for the precious treasure thou hast put in that earthen vessel.

Now, Lord, that thou hast called him to leave his family and his flock, to travel to a foreign land in the service which thou requirest; go with him, prosper him, over-rule all his concerns, for thy glory, the good of his soul, of the church in general, and his own little flock in particular. Amen. Glorify thy name.

November 22, 1801.

Isabella S—— is very ill, she appears to be in a stupor. Two physicians are attending, but "my eyes are to the Lord." She is his own, dedicated to him in baptism, in which we took hold of his covenant, a God in Christ for her, in particular, for ourselves and our children.

I desire not to draw back, but the Lord strengthening me, to give up at his call. If it be his will to spare her, she is still his own to be done, by, with, and for, as his infinite wisdom may see fit, for his own glory, and her eternal interest. If he is about to remove her out of

the world, she is his own; out of the mouth of this babe will he perfect praise; with that company of little children, of whom is the kingdom of heaven, she shall join in the song of Moses and the Lamb, "to Him that redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, honour, dominion, and power."

O Lord, one petition I prefer—if it be thy will to take her out of the world, take her in thine arms, and carry her through the dark valley; grant to her a gentle and easy passage, and an abundant entrance into thy kingdom, and tune our hearts to sing, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Amen.

November 23, 1801.

This day, the dear Isabella joined the church triumphant—took her place among that company of little children which Christ has pronounced blessed, and "of the kingdom of heaven." I yesterday asked of the Lord, that he would take her in his arms, and carry her through the dark valley; that he would give her a gentle and an easy passage, and an abundant entrance into his kingdom. He heard my prayer; it was indeed soft and gentle; not a struggle, not a groan—and the affliction which brought down the frame was moderate throughout. I was enabled to resign the Lord's own into his own hand, in the faith that he did receive, and would keep, that which I committed to him.

My soul is satisfied; more than satisfied: I rejoice, and congratulate the lovely babe on her early escape from a world of sin and sorrow, to the arms of her dear Redeemer, and to perfect blessedness with him.

November 24, 1801.

THE beautiful clay of our Isabella is now consigned to the tomb. Never, but once, did I behold such a lovely object. It seemed to say, 'Weep not for Bella, she is happy.' Weep we did, though grieve we did not. It was a strange, delightful melting of heart over a sweet child, gone home to her own Father and God, to be consummately happy.

In the morning, the Rev. Mr. P. and Mr. A. came in. Mr. P. prayed. The parents and I spent much time musing over, and feasting our eyes with, the lovely relic, which seemed to brighten in beauty as it lay, waiting the company to convey it to its parent earth.

It is done—finished—the soul with God, the body in the tomb. It is all well—Yes, our covenant God, thou doest all things well. I firmly believe thy mercy is over all thy works. "Goodness, mercy," yea, loving kindness, has marked thy every step. I believe it now, I shall see it soon.

Now, our God, follow this bereavement with thy purifying, sanctifying grace. Enable us all to search and try our ways. Lead our souls into a knowledge of the secret corruptions of our hearts, that we may confess and mourn over them, wash in the blood of Christ, be pardoned, restored, and get a great victory. Enable us, through life, to abide in Christ; to keep close to thee, transacting all our affairs with thee, before they come into the view of the world. Let thy wisdom and thy Spirit, in connection with thy providences, be our counsellors. O keep us in a dependant frame of mind, humble, and watchful. Strip us of all self-confidence. May we at the same time be strong in the Lord, and the power of thy might; rejoicing in thee, the God of our salvation, "the

strength of our heart, and our portion for ever." Glory, glory, glory to Father, Son, and blessed Spirit. Amen, and Amen.

December 21, 1801.

It is my earnest desire "to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." It is my "desire to love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and with all my mind; and to love my neighbour as myself," so as to do to him whatever I could expect from Christian principles in him on an exchange of circumstances.

It is my desire to "give all diligence to add to my faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance patience, to patience godliness, to godliness brotherly kindness, to brotherly kindness charity; that, these things being in me and abounding, I may be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

I desire to grow in grace day by day, to profit by every ordinance of God's appointing, and by every providence; and I pray, Lord, I pray that thou wouldest grant me my desire, so that I may become more spiritual, more discerning in the Scriptures, more fruitful in good works; that thou mayest increase also my humility. Open to my view more of the extent and spirituality of thy divine law; the majesty, purity, holiness of thy nature; the exceeding sinfulness of sin; the hidden corruptions of my own heart, and my inability to search them out, and to crucify them; give me also more just views of my past life, that I may ever be convinced that I am what I really am, "the very

chief of sinners, and the least of all saints;" and that it is entirely of grace, that I am what I am. O make out this promise to me; I will record it in thine own words; Ezekiel xvi. 62. "I will establish my covenant with thee: and thou shalt know that I am the Lord." I confess myself the character described in the two foregoing chapters; and, though thou hast chastened me ten thousand times less than my iniquities deserve, even by the constitution of the New Covenant, thou hast chastened me. Now, O Lord, most merciful, and gracious, who "pardonest iniquity, transgression, and sin," for thy name's sake, do to and for me as thou hast said—"I will establish my Covenant with thee; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. That thou mayest remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God." Amen.

August, 1802.

EZEKIEL XX. 32. "And that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all that you say, We will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries to serve wood and stone." Verse 35, "And I will bring you into the wilderness, and there will I plead with you face to face." 36, "Like as I pleaded with your fathers in the wilderness of the land of Egypt, so will I plead with you, saith the Lord God; and I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the Covenant." Verse 43, "And ye shall remember your ways, and all your doings, wherein ye have been defiled; and shall

lothe yourselves in your own sight, for all your evil that ye have committed; and ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have wrought with you for my name's sake; not according to your wicked ways, nor according to your corrupt doings, O ye house of Israel, saith the Lord God." It is good, yes, Lord, it is all good; too often have we said, "We will be as the heathen to serve wood and stone." Often hast thou chastened, often have we confessed, often resolved, that we would walk more softly, more tenderly, more circumspectly before thee. But, alas! when thy hand is removed, when thou healest us, and restorest to us health, comfort, and our pleasant things, we "wax fat and kick," nestle in our comfort, abuse thy gifts, and lose sight of the giver. Alas, Lord! thus it must ever be with us, when we keep not near to thee; we cannot walk one step alone without stumbling. Thou knowest these naturally wicked hearts, that they are deceitful above all things, they betray us before we are aware. Blessed, ever blessed! be our God for his well-ordered Covenant! Blessed be God for the discipline of it!

O Lord, we are again in the wilderness, and under thy chastening rod; for weeks past we have "eaten no pleasant bread;" thy rod is still suspended over our pleasant, our dear child; the streams of life ebb, he sickens, he dies, if thou interfere not. But the issues from death are in thy hand, and our eyes are towards thee. In vain are all means, all medicines, if thou infuse not the healing virtue. Thy weeping servants seek the healing virtue from thy waters, thy seas, thy purer air. All nature is in thy hand, and ministers thy pleasure; to some conveying health, to some disease. An herb from our mother earth, to be boiled in simple milk, as the

figs for Hezekiah's boils, has been proposed by a weak woman: O let this prove the appointed mean, or direct and point out that which thou wilt bless, and let our hearts and tongues give the glory to thee. We deserve this bereavement; but, Lord, what do we not deserve? Even according to the constitution of the Covenant of Grace, and consistently with thy pardoning, saving mercy, and all thy long sufferings; wert thou to take vengeance on our inventions, by exercising all thy threatened chastisements; should we ever be out of the furnace? But even in this view, thou never hast dealt with us as our iniquities deserved. "He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever." Thou hast, in thousands of instances, "cast out our sins behind thy back into the midst of the sea: blotted them out, to remember them no more for ever. Thy ways are not as our ways, nor thy thoughts as our thoughts." We may plead, "Deal not with us as we sin: but according to the multitude of thy mercies, blot out our transgressions. Pardon our iniquity, for it is very great." Affliction is appointed, but it is in "measure; when it shooteth forth, O debate with it," and according to thy promise, "Stay thy rough wind in the day of thine east wind." Lord, say, "It is enough;" give the blessing, and by this measure shall iniquity be purged, and the fruit be to take away sin. All means are alike in thy hand, and any measure. In holy sovereignty and consummate wisdom, thou afflictest, and in thy hand afflictions yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness: the hearts of thy people are melted, and they sing of mercy and of judgment, and glorify thy name. But, O Lord, a look, such as thou gavest to Peter, will melt our hearts, and restore our backsliding souls. The announcing of our pardon by the same power, will make

them overflow with love. If thou but call us by name, as thou didst an anxious disciple at thy sepulchre, with the same power we shall recognise our Saviour and worship him.

O Lord our God, ever faithful to thy promise, thou hast said, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, believing, that ye receive, I will do it." O Lord, I ask not the life of this child on this ground. I have through life asked one thing of thee, and that will I seek to obtain; while life and breath remain, and reason and grace, I will seek it; seek it with importunity, holding fast by thy promise to do it, and believing that it shall be according to my petition. Make good to me this thy promise, in a spiritual and eternal sense. Be my God, and the God of my seed, and of my seed's seed, to the latest generation. Let my seed, according to the flesh, be thine, by regeneration of the Holy Ghost; it is a great boon: but hast thou not said, "Open thy mouth wide, I will fill it?" Father, do as thou hast said: this is my one petition, and I cannot be said nay. I ask for myself, my children, and my children's children, to the latest generation, the life which Christ died to purchase, and lives to bestow, that we may be made one with him, and our life hid with him in God. Amen, and Amen.

But, O my Father! thou hast said, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." I ask with submission to thy holy will, if consistent with thy glory, his good, and the good of the parents, the life of this child; that thou mayest spare him for our comfort, but first for thine own glory, that thou mayest give the different branches of this family a joyful

meeting, a full feast of grateful thanks to thee for all thy mercies; and our hearts may rejoice before thee for the abundance of comfort. Shouldst thou, in thy adorable wisdom, otherwise determine, thy blessed and thy holy will be done. Wash the soul of this child in the blood of Jesus, clothe him with thy righteousness, sanctify him by thy Spirit, and fit him in every respect for thy kingdom. And, O my divine Redeemer, I renew my petition, which thou didst so evidently grant in the case of our dear Isabella; take him in thine arms of mercy; soften and shorten the parting pangs, and carry him gently through the dark valley; and give him an abundant entrance into thy heavenly kingdom, to join the hosannas of thy little children, of whom thy kingdom is in so large a measure made up; and O sanctify the affliction to all concerned; direct our exercise according as thine all-seeing, heart-searching eye sees we need; that it may bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and "the fruit of affliction may be to take away sin," and the glory of all redound to thee, Father, Son, and blessed Spirit! Amen, and Amen.

August 20, 1802.

A LETTER from S— informs me that my children have landed there, after much fatigue, and that Thomas is considerably better. What shall I say, O Lord! Art thou indeed going to spare? Wilt thou by this measure purge iniquity, bring sin to remembrance, and give repentance, and yet spare our comforts? O for hearts, and tongues, and lives, to praise our God. O Lord, give

suitable exercise, and let not this affliction pass without fruit. I thank thee for mitigation of trouble and for respite: may it be thy blessed will to complete his cure, and write gratitude and praise on all our hearts; and let the influence be seen on our after-walk, for Christ's sake. "So we, thy people, and sheep of thy pasture, will give thee thanks for ever; we will show forth thy praise to all generations." Psal. lxxix. 13. "We will run in the way of thy commandments, when thou hast enlarged our hearts." Psal. cxix. 32.

September, 1802.

"What manner of persons ought we to be in all manner of holy conversation?

"O give thanks unto God, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

"How precious are thy thoughts unto us, O God; how great is the sum of them!

"Were we to count them, they are more in number than the sand. When we awake we are still with thee.

"The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy.

"The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee.

"Never hast thou dealt with us as our iniquities deserve, nor rewarded us according to our transgressions.

"Who is a God like unto thee, who pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of thy heritage. He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.

"He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us, he will subdue our iniquities, and thou wilt cast all our sins into the depths of the sea.

"Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

"And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities."

Thomas is restored to perfect health, and the whole family enjoy a measure of that blessing.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The Lord hath turned our captivity, he hath filled our mouth with laughter, and our tongue with melody."

Thou hast heard our petitions, restored our pleasant plant, and continuest with us all our pleasant things.

It is a time of prosperity; thou givest us the "upper and the nether springs;" thou blessest my children "in their basket and in their store;" and, while the riches of many are making to themselves wings, and flying away; while many are sinking from affluence to poverty, falling on the right hand and on the left; by thy most manifest providence thou hast preserved them from the wreck. O teach them to acknowledge thy hand in all this, and to say and feel, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be the glory. It is God that giveth power to get riches." O enable them to honour thee with "their substance, with the first-fruits of all their increase."

"In the day of prosperity let them rejoice," but let this joy be in the Lord. O let thy gifts, ever, ever, lead them to the Giver, and fill their hearts with gratitude, their mouths with praise; and let their very actions be worship, while they acknowledge thee in all their ways, and thou directest their steps. May they be as "a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid, and their light shine before

men, that they, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven."

And now, O Lord, we wait for thy blessing in the restoration of our dear D. and I. B. and J. "Thou hast shown them great and sore adversities," and thou hast manifested thy power to save. "When they passed through the waters, thou wast with them; and through the rivers, they did not overflow them. When they walked through the fire, they were not burnt, neither did the flames kindle upon them. For thou art the Lord their God, the Holy One of Israel, their Saviour."

"Thou didst stay thy rough wind in the day of thine east wind; and in the multitude of their thoughts within them, did thy comforts delight their soul. Thou humbledst them under thy mighty hand, and thou hast, in the multitude of thy mercy, exalted them in due time."

In all their sojourning thou hast been with them; and in fellowship with thy church greatly hast thou comforted them. Thou hast given them favour in the hearts of thy people, and made "the stones of the field to be at peace with them." And now, O Lord, restore them to their friends and Christian society, and to their place which thou hast in thy goodness given and preserved to them. Here may they be thy witnesses, that "thou art the Lord, and besides thee there is no Saviour."

1802.

Dear brother Pero,* happy brother Pero! Thy Jesus, in whom thou trustedst, has loosed thy bonds, has brought

* Pero was an elderly man of colour, whom Mr. Andrew Smith had purchased and made free.

Pero had previously been a freed man of Christ. He had been

thee to that rest which remaineth for the people of God; thou drinkest of the pure river that maketh glad the city of our God; of that blessed fountain from which issue all the streams which refresh and revive us weary pilgrims. But a little while ago, and thou wast weary, dark, and solitary; thy flesh fettering and clogging thy spirit; thy God trying thy faith, hope, and patience, which he had previously implanted, watered, and made vigorous, to stand that trial more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, and was made manifest to the glory of that Saviour who leaveth not his people in any case. If need be, they are in heaviness, through manifold temptations; but he knoweth how to deliver them, having himself been tempted. Thou hadst a taste of his cup: like him thou didst endure the contradiction of sinners: like him thou didst experience the desertion of friends. Even thine old mistress, whom thou lately didst esteem as a sister in Christ, and to whom thou didst look for fresh communications from and through that written word, which she could read and thou couldst not. O! how did she prove as a broken reed unto thee! How did she neglect thy necessity, and her own opportunity of bringing forth fruit in its season! Thou hast been no loser. The Lord turned aside the slothful servant, the unfaithful steward, who neglected to give thee thy meat in due season, and himself stepped into her place; took

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for some time in ill health; Mrs. Graham kindly attended on him, and read the Scriptures to him; he died, by the bursting of a blood-vessel, at an hour when none of the family were with him. Mrs. Graham, in humility of spirit, reproaches herself in this exercise, for having been absent from him, without inquiring into his situation, for one hour.

thee from that household which was not worthy of thee, and led thee to those mansions of bliss which himself purchased and prepared: set thee at that table where thou shalt feast on all the fulness of God, and drink of those pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore. No need of thine old mistress now; no need of an earthly vessel now, nor of that written word which thou didst so highly prize. The Word, made flesh, has removed the veil that shaded the glory of the God-man from thine eyes: flesh and blood could not behold it: of this he has unclothed thee; and left it with us to look upon and mourn our sin. Thee he has introduced into the full vision of eternal day, where thou knowest as thou art known, and seest as thou art seen. O that full communion enjoyed between a holy soul and the perfection of holiness. O that light of life, that Ocean of Love, that inconceivable blessedness! How hast thou outrun us, brother Pero! How distanced us in a moment! Could I not watch with thee one hour! O that I had received thy last blessing, instead of which, conscious offence, deserved rebuke, painful compunction, wring my heart; and perhaps the rod of correction may be suspended and now ready to fall on my guilty head.

Father! O, my Father! Am I not still thy child, still thy adopted? Have not I an advocate with thee, Jesus Christ, the righteous, whom thou hearest always? Does not the blood of Christ cleanse from all sin? Yes. This is my universal remedy; thousands and ten thousands of times have I experienced its efficacy. Father, I again apply; Blessed Spirit, do thine office! Wash me, and I shall be clean: purge me, and I shall be whiter than the snow. I confess my sin, I acknowledge mine iniquity. Thou didst bring to me an old disciple, near and dear to

his and my Saviour; thou didst require me to minister unto him all that he needed: the honour was great, the opportunity valuable. Thou didst empty thy servant for a time, thou didst hide his comfort, that I might, through thy written word, draw living waters for him, and give him to drink. O, the honour! O, the negligence! Thou didst send the call for thy disciple to come up to thee: in thy providence thou didst make it first known to me, that I might be instrumental in conveying to him, through the same channel, oil and trimming for his lamp. Great was the honour! Dignified the service! But lost to me for ever. I passed by on the other side. Blessed, blessed Jesus! Thou good Samaritan, who pouredst the oil and wine into his wounds, and tookest him not to an inn, but to those mansions in the skies, which thou, with thine own blood, purchasedst for him; sanctify, O sanctify to me this thy providence; pardon my sinful part in it. Saviour, wash me in thy blood, and sanctify me, and bring good out of even my transgression. By thy grace, let it be a mean of stirring me up to more watchfulness, that I may meet the opportunities afforded me in thy providence, to occupy till thou come.

September, 1802.

This day has the Lord our God answered all our prayers, and enriched us beyond the ordinary lot of humanity. D. and I. B. and J. are restored to their preserved places, and to the bosom of their family. "We are as men who dream; our mouths are filled with laughter, our tongues with melody; the Lord hath done great things for us, wherefore we are glad. Thou hast turned our captivity as streams in the south. We sowed

in tears, we have reaped in joy. Bless the Lord, O our souls;" ever true and faithful is his word. "They that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

"O Lord, from thee is our fruit found;" may our sheaves be many and weighty; thou working all our works in us, to thine own glory and our blessedness. Amen.

December, 1802.

The lovely plant which the Lord had blasted, which brought down our hearts with grief, which he had restored, and clothed with smiling health and comfort, again sickened, declined, wasted; every mean proved ineffectual; the Lord refused the healing virtue. He was brought to town to be near the physicians; but the Physician of Israel aided them not. Disease increased; with pain, sickness, convulsion, much he suffered, and long; he had a taste of the Redeemer's cup, and of the bitterness of sin, but no part of the curse: *that* the Redeemer drank and expended; and having by his atoning blood, purged this little one from his sins, and perfected all his redeeming work in his soul, he received him into his own heavenly abodes. It is well, all well. Amen.

March, 1803.

I read this day the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, and pleaded God's promises from the 22d verse, to the end, for myself, for my children, and for my children's children; for the church of God throughout the world; in particular for this country, for Britain and Ireland,

France and Germany, where his name was once known, and his Gospel flourished:—that the Lord would "build the waste places, and repair the breaches;" that he would "purify the sons of Levi," fill all pulpits with able, faithful ministers of the New Testament, who "shall declare the whole counsel of God;" and that, wherever his name is recorded, the Holy Ghost might fill the place, and convince the hearts of preachers and hearers, of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; might "take of the things of Christ, and show them unto them," and that the great Head of the Church might regulate and overrule all these breaches, differences, and shakings, in his churches.

O Lord, I am ignorant; I know not the mind of the Spirit of promise as thou knowest it. The promise of the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the earth, of the corn, the wine, and the oil, is thine, as are all others. I am ignorant how far this refers to spiritual prosperity, how far to temporal. I ask, O Lord, covenant provision, the fruit of the seed sown in the hearts of men by thine own Spirit; and that thou mayest build the ruined cities of thy churches, and fill them "with men like a flock, as the flock of Jerusalem in her solemn feasts: so shall the waste cities be filled with flocks of men, and they shall know that thou art the Lord." Thy fair, thy rich, thy beautiful creation, is also the fruit of grace. The wicked possess it, but they enjoy it not. Thy people are the heirs, but thou, as a wise and merciful Father, givest them to possess according as thy wisdom sees safe and good for them. When with the things of this world, they imbibe the spirit of the men of the world; when they nestle in thy gifts, and forget the Giver; when they enjoy with a carnal spirit, and not with thankfulness, and a due

sense of their dependance on thee as the God of providence, as well as of grace: thou in mercy, as in sovereignty, blastest their pleasant things, mixest their cup of prosperity with wormwood and gall, or sweepest all away with a turn of thine hand; that thou mayest teach them that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" that thou mayest withdraw them from sinful purposes, and hide pride from them; that thou mayest open their ears to instruction, and seal it on their hearts; thou dashest to pieces their broken cisterns, that thou mayest lead them back to the Fountain of living waters.

It is good, O Lord, all good; I lay hold upon it; be thou the provider of me and mine; feed us with food convenient for us. Thine own word testifies "that every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." I, and the children for whom I pray, possess many, yea, an abundance of temporal good things. O Lord, give suitable grace, grace for grace; keep us humble, dependant, spiritual; enable us to receive all through a covenant channel, as the provision of our Father, by the way through this wilderness. O may all be sanctified by thy word and prayer, and we enabled to "eat and drink to thy glory." Amen.

Read the 138th Psalm. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake thou not the works of thine hands."

Redeeming work is thy work; regenerating work is thy work; sanctifying work is also thine.

The first is finished, the second begun, to be perfected in the third. O Lord, I hang on thy promises, which, with Christ, are all mine, though I have not at all times the savour of them; this is mine infirmity, and often my sin. O keep me looking unto Jesus!

March 25, 1803.

SACRAMENT Sabbath, Dr. M— preached from Romans, vi. 17; "But God be thanked that ye were" (were in the past time, not now) "the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you."

O Lord, I believe the doctrines of thy Gospel; I know that I am delivered from sin as a master; it hath not dominion over my will, nor entire dominion over my affections; I would be thine, thy servant, thy child, thine in all obedience. I feel this new principle in the desires of my soul. I would do all things to thee, in act, and in principle. But, O Lord, the old man is still here, harassing and hindering my new will, (which I have received from thee,) from acting with freedom and energy. Unhallowed motives steal in, by-ends present themselves; and when outward duty is attained to, there is more of sin than of righteousness; though entered upon with some measure of purity, yet, before it is finsished, I am at a loss to discern the true principle by which I am actuated. Lord, help me. Hast thou not promised to work in me both "to will and to do of thy good pleasure?" Is it not the

grand end of thy death, that thou mightest purify to thyself a glorious church, "not having spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing;" and shall not I be a partaker? Art thou not "made of God unto thy people wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption?" O Lord, my heart pants for redemption, from indwelling sin — this depravity of my nature, this opposition, this evil, that is ever present with me, when I would do good, this indolence, this listlessness, this want of zeal, or else self-will, keenness of temper, impatience, haste; O Lord! there is a host of enemies; gird me, arm me, shield me, lead me forth under thy banner: be my victorious King. "I will go in thy name, trusting in thy promised strength and grace to help in every time of need." Glory be to God, Father, Son, and Blessed Spirit for the grace in which I stand. But for grace I had been a willing slave to sin to this hour. By that same grace, I shall one day attain to victory. I cast my burden on the Lord, he will sustain until he deliver; I will go up through the wilderness, trusting in the promises, and continue fighting in his strength. "My soul waits for thy salvation." Lord, enable me to keep "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith." O give faith in every part of his mediatorial character! May I feed upon him, and be strong for this sore fight. Give courage, O Lord, press me forward: may I resolve, and keep the resolution, "to resist unto blood, striving against sin."

I have been a slothful servant in thy family, an idle labourer in thy vineyard, "an unfruitful branch," a poor dwarfish member in thy body. Grant, O grant, "a little fruit on the topmost bough." At the "eleventh hour" may I begin to work, to bear some fruit, to the glory of that grace by which my soul is saved from "the wages of

sin, death, and hell," and made an heir, by free gift of the wages of righteousness, eternal life and glory.

I wait for thy salvation!

February, 1804.

A NEW thing is on the wheel in the city of New-York. A Society of ladies organized for the purpose of relieving widows with small children, was new in this country. It is now, by the blessing of God, apparently established. It was entered upon with prayer: it has been conducted thus far with prayer. The blessing of God has rested upon it, and much good has been done by it. Some of us have looked long, and requested of God to open a way by which the children of these widows might be instructed and taught to read his word; and, by his blessing on it, come to the knowledge of the way of salvation. One mean has been attempted, of an ordinary kind: twelve children were last week placed at school with Mrs. L—, to be taught to read; and some more are to be placed with another of our widows for the same purpose. But this indeed is new;—a Society of young ladies, the first in rank in the city, in the very bloom of life, and full of its prospects, engaged in those pleasures and amusements which tend to engross the mind, and shut out every idea unconnected with them; coming forward, and offering (not to contribute towards a school, but) their own personal attendance, to instruct the ignorant. O Lord, prosper their work. If this be of thee, it shall prosper, and be productive of much good; but, if thou bless not, it will come to nothing but shame. No good can be done but by thee, for "there is none good but God;" and what are

all thy creatures, but instruments in thy hand, by which thou bringest to pass the purposes of thy will? "Christians," redeemed, enlightened, sanctified, are no more; "thou workest all their works in them;" they themselves are "thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus, unto good works, which thou hast prepared that they should walk in them." Worldlings also are thy instruments: by them also, thou workest and bringest to pass the counsels of thy will; thou puttest into their heart the good thing which thou workest, and girdest them for the purpose; though not the children of thy covenant, they are the instruments of thy providence.

O Lord, take up this matter; gird these young women to this very purpose, and prosper them in the art of teaching these orphans of thy providence. And, O Lord, hear my more important petition. I am not worthy to be heard. O Lord, I am not worthy to be named in connexion with any good done by thee. "I am the chief of sinners," the chief of backsliders; every thing in me, of me, or by me, is vile, as far as it is mine. All that is otherwise, all good implanted in me, or done by me, is thine own; it is grace, free grace, the purchase of thine own anointed, my dear Redeemer, my dying, risen, ascended Saviour, and the fruit of the Holy Ghost, "the sent of the Father and of the Son," to set up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts of the redeemed. Let me, then, a sinner saved by grace, to whom thou hast been pleased to give the exceeding great and precious promises; let me, under the sprinkling of the blood of the covenant, and in entire dependance on my surety-righteousness, let me draw near, and present my petition, in the name, and for the sake of Him whom thou hearest always. O Lord God Almighty, by this very thing build up thy Zion!

Lay hold of these young creatures; and while they are in the way of thy providence, bring them "to the house of our Master's brethren!" O thou great Teacher, teach thou the teachers and those that are taught! Be found of them who seek thee not, and say, with power, "Behold me, behold me, to a people not yet called by thy name;" and out of this small thing, in thy providence, bring revenues of praise to thy name as the God of grace. Amen.

And now, O Lord, for myself, I pray for deep humility; I ask, for his sake who was meek and lowly, to be kept where my place really is, at the feet of all thy servants; and if it be thy pleasure to make me a useful instrument—make me humble in proportion. Let me ever "remember my ways and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more because of my shame, when thou art pacified towards me for all that I have done." Keep me in this contrite frame of mind in all that to which thou callest me, give me a willing heart, and furnish me with every necessary for thy glory. And now prepare me to speak to these young women "good and acceptable words." Save me from sacrificing truth, or departing in any respect, from Christian duty: give me such wisdom as may be suited to the occasion; in all things "mine eyes are to the Lord, from thee let my fruit be found."

February 17, 1804.

SATURDAY, the 11th. Twenty-nine young ladies met with Mrs. Hoffman and myself, at Mr. O. Hoffman's, Wall-street, on purpose to receive instructions respecting the school. I delivered what I had prepared for them;

they seemed all hearty in their engagements: and, on Monday, the 13th instant, Miss L—t and Miss L—n, attended at the school-room, and commenced teaching thirteen children, four have been added since.

Again, O Lord, let me request thy blessing on this Institution; put thy seal upon it, and mark it for thine own. Gird the teachers for their work, and open the minds of the scholars for instructions. And, O Lord, in thine own time, and by means of thy own devising, provide spiritual instruction for the teachers, and those that are taught. Is it thy pleasure, Lord, that I attend the children on a day appointed for the purpose? Wilt thou accept of me as an instrument, by which thou wilt do good to the souls of these children; and wilt thou keep me humble and contrite in my own soul? Bless, also, Mrs. L.'s school—there, too, let thy work appear: deal with her soul as "thou dealest with thy chosen; teach her the way of salvation, and make her a teacher by thine own Spirit. If it be my dear Master's pleasure to use me, I would also attend that school as his instrument. "Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

February 21, 1804.

"O THOU who art Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, who holdest the seven stars in thy right hand, and walkest in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, who livest and was dead, and art alive for evermore; and hast the keys of hell and of death; out of thy mouth goeth a sharp two-edged sword," by which thou reachest

the hearts of the most hardened. O write with power, speak with power, in the heart of the angel of this church. Hast thou not in former days, had thy dwelling among them; in days of trouble didst thou not work in them the fruits of labour and patience, so that for thy name's sake they laboured and fainted not? Thou blessedst them, and gave them peace, and they rejoiced in the light of thy countenance; thou multipliedst them also, so that from a handful they became "two bands." Alas, Lord, we have, Ephraim-like, "waxed fat, and kicked;" we have left our first love; we have not watched and prayed, and thou givest commandment, and thou hast left us to enter into temptation; we have forsaken the counsel of our old men, and given heed to flatterers; we have forgotten onr dependance on thee, and said, "Asshur shall save us, we will ride upon horses:" We have set up our "idols in our hearts and put the stumbling-block of our iniquity before our eyes; we have taken counsel, but not of thee, and covered ourselves with a covering, but not of thy Spirit; we have gloried in our own wisdom, and strengthened ourselves in our own strength."

We are poor, and blind, and miserable, and naked; rich at the same time, in our fancied wisdom, seeing by our own light, and compassing ourselves about with our own sparks; "we feed on ashes, a deceived heart has turned us aside."

"O Lord, the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof." It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. To us belong shame and confusion of face, (O cover us with them,) but to thee belongs mercy. Humble us, O Lord, and we shall be humbled; "turn us, and we shall be turned."

It is in our nature to backslide for ever; thou, and thou only, knowest the deceitfulness of the heart; thou, and thou only canst search it. "O search us, and try us, and show us what wicked ways there are in us, and lead us in the way everlasting. Deal not with us according to our sins, but according to the multitude of thine own mercies." We have no other plea; our sins call for judgment, and until thou, thine own blessed self, turn us, we are in no situation to receive mercy. Work with us for thy name's sake: establish with us thine own covenant of free, unmerited, undeserved mercy. Then shall we know that thou art the Lord; "then shall we remember, and be confounded, and never open our mouth any more, because of our shame, when thou art pacified with us for all that we have done."

Make us thine by thine own covenant, established in Christ, thine own Anointed; the blessed Surety by thine own appointment: our Substitute, on whom it hath pleased thee "to lay the iniquities of us all;" in whose sacred person thou tookest vengeance for all our sins; by whom thy law is fulfilled, magnified, and made honourable; whose doing and suffering in our stead are accepted by Jehovah. "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake." No covenant, short of one fulfilled in every jot and tittle, could benefit us.

Thy covenant is well-ordered in all things, and it is sure."

Here, O Lord, I take my stand; here I lay my foundation, and on this thy covenant I build: or rather, here thou thyself hast laid my foundation, and on this rock hast thou set my soul, and built my hopes; thou subduing my enmity. I acquiesce, I will "now remember the years of thy right hand," and look back to thy dealings

with thine own nation, whom thou didst "choose and set apart from all other nations, though of the same blood with all those that dwell on the face of the whole earth."

They, like us destroyed themselves; but in thee was their help. They also sinned, committed iniquity, and did wickedly; they remembered not thy mercy; but provoked thee at the Red Sea, after the great deliverance thou hadst wrought for them, and the wonders thou madest to pass before them in the land of Egypt. Nevertheless, thou savedst them for thy name's sake, that thou mightest make thy mighty power known: thou didst repeat thy wonders, and didst dry up the sea before them. "He fed them with corn from heaven; they did eat angels' food. He clave the rock in the wilderness, and caused waters to run down like a river." After all, they forsook the God of their mercies; they believed not his promises, nor trusted in his salvation; "they lusted and they murmured, and desired to turn back to Egypt. Thou didst chasten them sore for their sin, and didst bring down their heart with grief."

"When thou didst slay them, they sought thee, and remembered that God was their Rock, and the most high God their Redeemer. Nevertheless, they did flatter with their mouth, and lied unto thee with their tongue; for their heart was not right with thee, neither were they steadfast in thy covenant. But thou, being full of compassion, forgavest their iniquity, and destroyedst them not; yea, many a time turnedst thou away thine anger, and didst not stir up all thy wrath.

"O how many times did they turn back, tempt God, and limit the Holy One of Israel! Yet did he fulfil all his promises, and, by wonders in the sea, wonders in the desert, wonders in Zoan's field, and in the camps of their

enemies, he led them safely to the border of his sanctuary, to the mountain which his right hand had purchased. He cast out the heathen before them, and gave them rest in the Land of Promise. Even there they provoked the Most High, provoked him to jealousy with their graven images."

Again thou didst chasten them sore; thou didst let loose the corruptions of men upon them, and suffer them to fall before their enemies. "Thou deliveredst thy strength into captivity, and thy glory into the hands of their enemies."

Yet, O Lord, again didst thou deliver them, and sentest provision for them by thine own covenant: "thou didst choose David thy servant, and took him from the Sheep-folds, from following the ewes great with young. Thou broughtest him to feed Jacob thy people, and Israel thine inheritance. So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands."

Such are the people with whom thou hast still to do. Such, O God of infinite mercy, such the God with whom we sinners have to do; even "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, slow to anger, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin: who will by no means clear the guilty." O what could man or angel have done with this *last* character of thy name? Thy covenant makes provision. In Christ Jesus, our blessed Substitute, all is reconciled. Thy name is one; "the just God and the justifier of the ungodly, who believe in Jesus. This God is our God; we will make mention of his righteousness, and his only." By his own covenant, in his own time, and by means of his own providing, he will revive us. Amen.

April, 1804.

"ALL my desire is before thee," and it is all contained in thy well-ordered covenant. Many years of vanity, of idolatry, of backsliding, wandering, and folly, have passed over my head, since I first took hold of thy covenant. How fickle, false, and deceitful, have I proved! Yet, thou knowest, thine own Spirit, through all my wanderings, testified in my heart, that, out of the channel of this covenant, there could be neither safety nor comfort: and never, so far as I can remember, have I deliberately chosen to be dealt with by any other. Its corrections and chastisements have reached the deepest sensibilities of my heart. "Thine arrows stuck fast in me, thy hand pressed me sore; there was no soundness in my flesh, neither rest in my bones, because of my sin; mine iniquities went over my head, were a burden too heavy to bear. I was feeble, and sore broken, and roared by reason of the disquiet of my heart. My lovers and friends did stand aloof from my sore, and my kinsmen stood afar off. I was ready to halt, and my sorrow was continually before me:" yet, even in my darkest, deepest afflictions, when "deep called to deep," and thy "waves and billows were passing over me;" when my "soul seemed sinking in the mire, where there was no standing, I groped in the dark: my heart panted, my strength failed, and the light of mine eyes seemed gone out. I was weak with my groaning, in the night I made my bed to swim with my tears;" yet even then, by that same coveuant by which I was suffering, "light sprung out of darkness," glimmering hope in the midst of despair. "I remembered the years of thy right hand; in the multitude of my thoughts within me," (the provision made in this covenant,) "thy comforts delighted my soul."

I was furnished with a plea which would condemn by

every covenant but thine. "Pardon mine iniquities, for they are great. Thou, even thou, art he who blottest out transgressions as a cloud, and iniquity as a thick cloud. Verily thou art a God that pardoneth, though thou takest vengeance on the inventions of thy rebellious children;" —*vengeance*, not the vengeance that implies the curse: no, *that*, O thou blessed Covenant, thou blessed Surety, *that* fell on thy devoted head! Thou by this covenant wast "made a curse for us." Thou didst "tread the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none to help thee." Thou didst expend the last drop of that cup of vengeance. Every cup put into our hand, though a cup of trembling, is a cup of blessing. I, this day, take a fresh hold of thy covenant, for myself, for my children, and for my children's children to the latest generation; for my brother and sister, for their children and children's children; for the near concerns of our dear D. B.; and for all whom I carry on my mind to thy throne of grace. This is the sum and substance of my prayers. Bring them into the bond of this covenant: and deal with them according to the order of it, and the provision made for them in it, in all possible circumstances. Amen.

"O God, in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, in the truth of thy salvation."—Truth of thy salvation. Thou only knowest the truth of thy salvation. How little we do kuow of thy work; many of those providences which appear to us dark and dismal, are wheels turning round "the truth of thy salvation;" opening our blinded eyes to the issues of sin, and also delivering from the snares of the devil. "Deal not, O Lord, with me,

and mine, as our iniquities deserve;" this has never been thy way with us; but, "according to thy former loving-kindness," and to all the long-suffering patience, and pardoning mercy, which thine aged servant has experienced, through her sinful, guilty pilgrimage. Thou hast forgiven me, all the way from Egypt. "Leave me not now, when I am old and grey-headed: but, when strength and heart fail, be thou the strength of my heart, and portion for ever." Amen.

Rockaway, August 1809.

SWEET health again returns, which, considering the agitation of my mind, surprises me; but it is the Lord's pleasure. I did not wish to recover. I was in hopes that the Lord was about to deliver me from 'this body of sin and death.' Lord, reconcile me to thy most holy will. Health is certainly a great blessing. I feel its sweetness. O, make me thankful! Great and numerous are my mercies. Every thing pleasant, and every thing necessary to life, to godliness, is mine: food and raiment to the utmost desires of nature; and the beauties of thy fair creation surround my ordinary dwelling. My dear little room, my Bible, and books of every virtuous kind; (by grace, thy chief mercy, I desire no other;) and, by the kindness of my children, I possess all, as if they were my own personal property. By thy wonderful loving-kindness, thou hast given me, instead of the contempt which I have merited, the love and esteem of thy people, and thou hast made "the very stones of the field to be at peace with me," so that wherever I go, I meet with kindness.

January, 1810.

"COME, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us, in the third he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight.

"O Lord, turn us, and we shall be turned; draw us, and we will run after thee. Revive us, and we shall live in thy sight." Thou must ever be first. It is in our nature to backslide; and, whenever we see a backslider restored, or a rebel lay down the weapons of rebellion, *there* we may trace thy footsteps, O God of grace.

No external providence will touch our hard, our deceitful hearts. All that goes under the name of misfortune, will but drive us *from* thee, never *to* thee, till thou teach us to profit, and lead us by the way that we should go. Thou callest, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings:" but we have been foolish, sottish children, without understanding, wise to do evil, but to do good having no knowledge.

Let the days come, when the children of America (the earth is the Lord's) shall "come with weeping, and seek the Lord their God;" when they shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward;" when they shall come, saying, "Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, never to be forgotten. O the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof: is not that day come?" Hast thou not been working on "the right hand and on the left?" Thou hast given us pastors according to thine own heart, who feed us with knowledge and understanding; and thou art here and there proving thy Gospel to be thy power and thy wisdom, to the salvation of sinners; casting down the imaginations of pride, and bringing all into subjection to thy Son Jesus.

Pour out "the spirit of grace and supplication" upon thy living members, that they may wrestle with thee, and "not let thee go until thou bless us," until thou make "this cloud, like a man's hand," cover our heavens with blackness, and issue in a plentiful rain. "O pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods on the dry ground, thy Spirit upon our seed, and thy blessing upon our offspring." O Lord, hast thou not said that thou wilt do it, and that "they shall spring up as among the grass, and as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's, another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the God of Israel." Amen, O our God. Amen.

Last week the Lord's young servant, Mr. R—n, baptized seven adults, Mrs. B— and her two daughters, Dr. H— and sister, Mr. C—, and a black woman, servant to Mr. H—. It was a glorious sight, and revived the hearts of God's people who witnessed it. O God of grace, grant that the fruits of righteousness may prove, that while thy young servant was baptizing with water, thou didst baptize with the Holy Ghost, and with purifying fire. O grant full proof that they are broken off from the wild olive-tree, and grafted into thee, thou living and life-giving olive-tree; from thee must "their fruit be found." O cause them to bring forth much fruit. "Herein is the Father glorified, that they bear much fruit," so shall they be Christ's disciples, and attain to the assurance of that happy state. Father, glorify thy name. Amen.

1810.

In December, 1809, a Bible Society was organized in New York, and about the same time twenty respectable persons united in a society to wait on the Lord, to know what their hands could find to do, to promote his glory, to advance his kingdom, to spread the savour of the Redeemer's name, or in any way to benefit the souls of their fellow-sinners.

On Monday, a meeting for prayer was instituted in Hetty-street, and another in Mulberry-street, with which the Presbyterian ministers have agreed to meet in rotation. It is the Lord! We have heard of revivals all around, but feared lest the aggravated sins of New York might provoke the Lord to pass by, leaving "our fleece dry, while the dew wet all around." Great have been our privileges; the Gospel trumpet has sounded in every corner of our city. The Lord's servants have set before us life and death, assuring us, from God's word, that, "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished;" beseeching us to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on the hope set before us." God in his providence has visited us with mercies, and with judgments; "stricken us, and healed us;" scattered us, and gathered us: but, alas! alas! we kept "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage:" many, very many, wasting their time, health, and substance, in all manner of immorality, and our rulers caring for none of these things: yea, many of them practising the same things; and God's own saved people sitting still, restraining testimony before men, and prayer before God. What were we to expect but that God should say, "Why should they be stricken any more? They will revolt more and more; they are joined to their idols, let them alone." Such, O Lord, would be the case, didst thou not

deliver us out of our own self-destroying snares. If thou turn us not, we shall never turn; it is in our nature to backslide for ever.

But is not the time come to pass, when, "before thy people call, thou answerest, and while they are yet speaking, thou hearest?" Art thou not calling, with power, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings?" And hast thou not prepared their hearts to answer, "Behold, we come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God: truly, in vain is salvation looked for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains; truly, from the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." Hast thou not, O God, prepared the hearts of thy people to pray, and thine ear to hear? Is not this Bible Society, and are not these associations for prayer, tokens from thee, for good? More and more, Lord, may thy people "give thee no rest, until thou make Zion a praise in the earth. O the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof, be not as a wayfaring man, that turneth aside for a night." May thy people constrain thee to abide with us for ever, "to form us a people for thyself, to show forth thy praise."

I have just conveyed poor Mrs. A—le to the confines of the eternal world. I trust that the dear Redeemer received her spirit. I have a good hope that she is now in possession of the mansion purchased, and prepared for her, by that dear Saviour whose name she professed, and, I think, in an humble, steady, quiet way, faithfully followed. She loved the word of God, the house of God, the people of God. She spoke little, but said, that she had a good hope; asked me to read the Bible different times, and also to pray; said, that the invitations of the Gospel were sweet to her; observed, that the Lord had been very merciful to her in her affliction.

A few hours before her death she desired me to read that hymn, 'To Him that loved the souls of men,' &c. Also, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' &c. She asked me if I thought she would be long; I said, 'No, my dear; you will very soon be with Jesus;' and encouraged her as the Lord enabled me. She repeated the question some time after, and I gave the same answer. She then said, 'This night?' I answered, 'Yes, my love, this night.' She bowed her head with a sweet smile, laid it in a reclining posture, and evidently set herself to wait with patience the Lord's time. She was very much oppressed, and breathed with much difficulty. Some time after she asked me to pray, which I did, and begged that the Lord would increase her faith and patience, and, if according to his will, give her a gentle passage, and an abundant entrance. In a short time her breathing became short and low; she shut her eyes, and gently breathed weaker and weaker, till her God delivered her without motion or groan. I was on my knees praying. I then thanked God for his goodness, in this sweet dismission; prayed for the husband, the children, the two young men present, and us all; gave glory to God, and rose to discharge further duty.

O my God, is not my own death at hand? It is a hard battle. My Jesus, thou knowest the struggle. I too must drink of this cup; mix it for me, my Redeemer. O let a full sense of free pardon, the recollection of the great and precious promises, a bright view of the joys at God's right hand, as the fruit of thy death, be applied to my soul in that awful hour! Spirit of the Father and of the Son, pour in "the oil and wine" of thy consolations, in that trying hour. O let me not be straitened! "Open wide to my soul the leaves of that well-ordered covenant," of

which Christ himself is the sum and substance. Redeeming God, may I experience proof in that solemn hour, that "thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed!" O feed me with this living food! May I feel life spring up in my soul, and be assured that I shall *never die!* O my God, grant one more request.—Open my lips, and let them, as well as my heart, be filled with the high praises of my redeeming God.

I know I am unworthy, the vilest of the vile; but magnify thy grace. I have much forgiven! O let my heart burn with love and gratitude in that hour, and my lips utter its effusions in songs of praise! Amen.

When the short thick breathing comes, and the slow fetches, sealing up speech, and expelling the spirit from its abode, let me hear or understand thee, saying unto me —"It is I, be not afraid."

Rockaway, June 15, 1810.

Came hither the 1st of the month, with the children in the hooping-cough. No 'church-going bell' here, but the Lord is every where; and I have found him here, warming my heart with gratitude and contrition, and drawing it out in prayer, for his people met to worship in his sanctuary.

When at a distance from my own people, it has been my practice to join with whatever class of professing Christians might be near me. Here it has been with the Methodists, who, I believe, enjoy communion with God. Yesterday I went to a meeting of Friends, a people whose works praise them, and bespeak the tree good which bears such fruits: but, O my God, what

could I do, shut up with either? Without the finished work of my Saviour, I could have no hope: without his law-fulfilling righteousness, I must stand a law-condemned sinner. The preacher yesterday took no text: in the course of his sermon, he said that the Scriptures were only secondary guides, that the Spirit in the heart was the first. He began with the importance of thinking of death; said, that he thought it impossible for a rational being to live carelessly, with thoughts of death and eternity in view. Is it so? No—We see sinners die under the full conviction that they are dying, as thoughtless as they have lived. He said, that, by constantly attending to the motions of the Spirit, and complying with them, Christians arrived at a state of perfection even here; and brought in that text, "He that is born of God cannot sin." He spoke highly of watchfulness, and avoiding connexion with the world; and said, that a real Christian could not hold any office of power among men. Paul held one, but he was constrained to give it up when he became an apostle. Christ's kingdom was not of this world. Law and officers were necessary among the men of the world, but not among Christians. He spoke of the cross of Christ as consisting in suffering and self-denial. His blood was the Spirit which cleansed from all sin, by delivering all who obeyed him from its power. He named not my blessed Saviour, except when he had occasion to mention some of his moral sayings. He said, indeed, that He was the Light that lightened every man that came into the world, and the condemnation was, that men would not receive it; but one word of his blessed priesthood he spoke not—but said, that we were in a state of probation, and every one would be judged according to his works, taking into view the advantages he had enjoyed;

recommended the reading of the Scriptures, especially the inspired books, the New Testament, and the prophets; for it needed no inspiration to write the national history of the Jews, more than that of any other nation. He said, that the Scriptures were good secondary guides, and contained excellent lessons and truths. When I was coming away, he offered me his hand, and said, 'Thou art not a resident here.' I answered, 'No, I am separated from my own people, but wish to unite with any class of Christians who meet professedly to worship God:' adding, 'I could not live upon what you have this day delivered.' He asked what was wrong. I stated, that he had given some good exhortations; that I agreed with him in many things respecting conduct; but that I missed the foundation: he repeated the Scripture—"Other foundation can no man lay," &c.; I said, 'True: off this foundation there is no salvation—on this foundation there may be loss, but no condemnation. We have a great and a merciful High Priest, who can have compassion on the ignorant, and them who are out of the way: and there may be straw, hay, stubble, which will be burnt up, but the soul itself, being on the foundation, is safe.' He said, with firmness, 'That will be burnt up in this world; without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' I said, 'True, but why avoid the tenor of Scripture! read all the Epistles—the Lord Jesus Christ, the Gift of God, the Propitiatory Sacrifice, the meritorious law-fulfilling righteousness, is set forth in every one of them, as that which saves from wrath, and entitles to eternal life.' He said, that they were all emblems of our being made holy in heart and life—that Christians were baptized unto the death of Christ, and rise with him into newness of life, being buried with him, &c. I granted that, as one read-

ing of these words. He said, that every other view was shadow. I said, 'No—the blood of bulls and goats is shadow. Christ himself, his person, his offices, his life, his sufferings, his death, his burial, resurrection, ascension, and intercession, within the veil, are all substance—the sole foundation of my hope, and my only plea at the throne of grace.'

'Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace.

'Jesus! my Husband, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.'

Rockaway, August, 1810.

THE Epistle to the Hebrews is my usual study, when no other passage of Scripture attracts my particular attention. This is the third morning that I have opened the New Testament on the fourteenth chapter of John, and have fed delightfully on the first three verses. There is at all times a thorn in my heart, keeping me in continual remembrance of my vile, ungrateful backslidings, so that I eat my sweetest morsels with bitter herbs. It was particularly painful to me this morning; nevertheless, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, repeated on my heart, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." I was arrested at the 4th verse, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." I have had many comfortable exercises on the 8th verse, the Redeemer's answer to

Philip's inquiry. But this morning, my mind was led to a different view of that saying, and which, I think, was literally included. The Redeemer was going to his Father; and his way lay through death, the death of the cross. The hour was at hand, when he was to make his holy and righteous soul an offering for sin, that he might become the Author of salvation to all who obey him. All the sins confessed, and pardoned by the sacrifices under the Law, were laid on this blessed Surety—*they* were only the shadows, *He* was the substance; the real Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, was now to be offered up. This was He, who said, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: in burnt-offerings and offerings for sin thou hast had no pleasure; then said I, Lo, I come, to do thy will, O God. By which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."

He was going to the garden—O, that garden!—Peter had said, that he was able to drink of that cup, and to be baptized with that baptism. Ah, no, Peter, that exceeding sorrow in the garden, when no visible hand was upon him, was a cup, the least drop of which would have overwhelmed the strongest angel. No strength short of omnipotent could have sustained that hour and power of darkness. It was not the scourge, the thorns, the nails, nor the last pangs of dissolution; through all these he was as a lamb led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers, dumb. It was a mysterious horror, of which no created being can have any conception. It was this that wrung the great drops of blood through every pore of his sacred body; this that extorted the agonizing prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." And again, in his last moments on the cross, "My God,

my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Blessed, for ever blessed, be our Jehovah Jesus, who said, "Not my will, but thine be done!" The will of God was done, and he said, "It is finished, and gave up the ghost."

All his people must follow him by the way of death, nearly all his disciples followed by the death of the cross; and many others, after them, supported by his almighty grace, rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his sake: but they drank not of that cup.

Some of his people, for holy and wise purposes, have had a taste in the hiding of God's face, but "no curse;" that he himself drank to the last drop; "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none to help him." By his own death he destroyed him that had the power of death, and secured victory to all his followers; he changed its aspect from that of the king of terrors, to that of a welcome messenger from their redeeming God, to conduct them to those blessed mansions which he has purchased and prepared for them; neither will he leave them alone with that messenger: "And if I go, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. The world seeth me no more, but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Amen. Come, Lord Jesus."

Psalm xl. 6. "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened; burnt-offering and sin-offering, hast thou not required; then said I, Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me; I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is in my heart." Heb. x. 8: "Above, when he said, Sacrifice and offering, and burnt-offerings, and offering for sin,

thou wouldest not, neither hadst pleasure therein, which are offered by the law; then said he, Lo, I come, to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second. By which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. This man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God. For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified; whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us; for after that he had said before, (chap. viii. 10. now repeated, chap. x. 16.) This is my covenant that I will make with them after those days," (in consequence of Christ's doing the will of God, fulfilling all righteousness,) "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them: and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. Now, where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin. Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having a High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering: for he is faithful that promised." Again, "The Lord sware, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec. By so much was Jesus made a Surety of a better testament; because he continueth ever, and hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Christ glorified not himself to be made a High Priest;

but He that said unto him, "Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee," saith also, in another place, "Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." Again, chap. vii. 28. "For the law maketh men high priests which have infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the law, maketh the Son, who is consecrated for evermore." Acts x. 36: "The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ; He is Lord of all, How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed by the devil, for God was with him. To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins."

Rockaway, September 10, 1811.

I HAVE been here four Sabbaths. The first I spent at home, the weather not permitting our going abroad; the second I spent at a Prayer Meeting with the Methodists; the third, we rode to Hemstead, where I heard two plain Gospel sermons, from Mr. C—, Presbyterian Minister; and the last, I attended at the Episcopal Church, same place; heard a good plain Gospel sermon from Mr. H—, and witnessed the dispensation of the Lord's Supper.

To sing the praises of our redeeming God, and to lift up my heart in prayer with my fellow-sinners, in the comfortable hope, that there are other living souls praising and praying with me, refreshes me: to hear the Word of God read, and to be led to meditate upon it, however simple and common the exposition, also refreshes me. I am generally led to pray much, for minister and people,

to consider myself as one with them in Christ, especially if the minister be regularly bred, and ordained by "the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." However weak his natural powers; however few or small his talents; if I have reason to think that he is taught of God, "that which flesh and blood cannot teach," I desire "to esteem him highly for his work's sake." I thank God for the meekest and weakest of such: I believe they never labour in vain. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," in talents as well as in years, "God will perfect praise."

In this new world, thickly settled in many places with natural men, "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage," while the flood of wrath is hastening to overwhelm them, and none to warn them of their danger, or point out the ark of safety; shall such men be reckoned of no account, and their labours of no value? No, the wealth of both Indies cannot balance their work: nor all the talents ever possessed by fallen man, with all the orthodoxy which mere talents are capable of acquiring, without that divine teaching which many of those, thus contemned, possess. That same small discourse, those few plain points, these same things repeated in the same way, contain truths by which sinners may be saved, by which sinners shall be saved.

Suppose (for it is but supposition) that these men have made a mistake. They are the Lord's, and in their place by his providence. He will be forthcoming for them, and without miracle. From him "shall their fruit be found, and his power be manifested by their weakness." Exert your energies, ye gifted Doctors of Divinity; and may the Lord prosper the means used to produce a ministry, which shall render the attendance of hearers beneficial

both to the understanding and the heart. Persuade men who are adding "field to field, house to house," thousand to thousand, to provide a competent maintenance for them. If these last remain obstinate, and it be idle to hope that youths of talents without fortune, whatever be their piety, will serve the church of God at the expense of devoting themselves to infallible penury, and all the wretchedness which belongs to it—is it wise to weaken the hands and discourage the hearts of those ministers, already settled pastors, or to furnish their people with arguments in their own vindication, for leaving them in want and penury?

SACRAMENT SABBATH, *May* 17, 1812.

I WAS much melted under a sense of indwelling sin, and the deceitfulness of the human heart, and of my own heart in particular. I have been, I think, much in the exercise of contrition, for the sins of my past life, and exercised in watching over my words, thoughts, and actions; now that the Lord has delivered me from all worldly care, having provided for me every thing "necessary to life and godliness:" pleasant food and clothing, both for body and mind; my dear room, retirement, fire, candle, attendance; my precious Bible, and spiritual ordinances; a faithful and beloved pastor, who feeds me with truth; I taste it, and I am fed. I am, as the Lord God merciful and gracious has awarded, under the constant influence of shame and confusion for my highly aggravated transgressions; but I also enjoy the full sense of pardon; "being justified by faith, I have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and, knowing that I have "a

great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God," I am enabled to hold fast my profession, comforted by this, that "I have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of my infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." I dare come (not very boldly, for I am under much depression) to the throne of grace, "that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Every time is a time of need with me, for sin still dwelleth in me. I have peace with God, through my dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ: but am at constant war with myself. I plead thy promise, that thou wilt "subdue my iniquities, that sin shall not have dominion over me." And now, Captain of Salvation, I renew the fight, and it is depending upon thee to fight for me, with me, and in me. I will set myself to watch; but I shall watch in vain, if thou keep not "the avenues of my heart, and the door of my lips." O clothe me with thy meek and lowly Spirit!

Sabbath, July 26, 1812.

Tired of the bustle of Rockaway, and having some subordinate motives for returning home for a time, I embraced this season in particular; having in the compass of one week, the sabbath; Wednesday, my birthday and the day set apart both by the General Assembly of our Church, and the Governor of our State, for fasting, prayer, and humiliation, besides lecture on the same evening. I returned, therefore, on Friday, the 24th.

This day Dr. R—n preached from the 1st verse of the 27th Psalm, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life;

of whom shall I be afraid?" He spoke of the nature and causes of fear, the perfections of God, and the security of believers in those perfections. He spoke of the faith which unites to Christ, and secures the true interests of believers in every possible case. His chief design seemed to be to strengthen the weak, and confirm the fearful and the doubting, who had, nevertheless, both from former and present experience, a good right to the consolations of the text.

O my God, my merciful and gracious God, what can I say of thy amazing, distinguishing mercy to me? Delivered from all these fears, I yet know of none who might more justly have been surrendered to their dominion. My transgressions have been of *crimson* and *scarlet* hue. O my God, thou knowest them, words cannot paint them. My Saviour, thou knowest them, for thou bearest them! Every jot and tittle was put to thy account, and thou didst cancel all. O that garden! that cry on the cross! The effects were seen on thy sacred body: but who can conceive the mysterious horror which filled thy sacred soul! But thou saidst, "It is finished;" and finished it is. "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," on thy consecrated head I lay the hand of faith, confess my sins, pray for forgiveness, and believe that I am forgiven.

July 29th, my birth-day, and the last day of the threescore years and ten of my sinful life. What an exhibition will that day produce, when the secrets of all hearts will be laid open, all my actions, and all the springs of them! Among all the myriads which shall appear at the bar of God, will there be such a sinner, taking into view the early grace manifested?

Born again, I think, about the seventeenth year of my natural life; previously instructed in the doctrines and

precepts of the Scriptures, as far as the natural mind can conceive, by pious parents and a faithful pastor; with milk provided for my spiritual infancy, and richer food set before me for my growth: the leaves of the New Covenant were opened to my view, and the fulness treasured in Christ, for my supply; to be delighted in—and delighted I was, and satisfied. But I forsook "the fountain of living waters, and hewed out broken cisterns that can hold no water." Where can language be found to depict my ingratitude, my madness, my folly? and where to describe the long-suffering, the compassionate remonstrances, the kindly, fatherly chastisements, the repeated pardons, and the restoring grace of God in the days of youth? how aggravated have been my backslidings, and what vengeance might have been taken on mine inventions. What were the sins of Israel and Judah to mine? When mine were committed, the great atonement was made, the adorable High Priest, Jesus, had with his own blood entered within the veil, and was set down on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty of the heavens: "the minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man."

The new Covenant was established on better promises, himself the Mediator, "the new and living way was consecrated to the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus;" a throne of grace was established; Jesus himself our Advocate and Intercessor. We are now privileged "to come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may find grace to help in the time of need." O how aggravated my sin above theirs, having such great and precious privileges and promises, and a "High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," who "was in all points tempted as we are:" who owns us as his brethren and

sisters, yea, the very "members of his body," and whose Spirit dwelleth in us!

I set apart the day for fasting and deep humiliation, took another survey of my past sinful life, confessed particulars on my knees, and made a fresh application to the blood of sprinkling, which cleanseth from all sin; took a fresh hold of his new covenant of promise. "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Lord, do as thou hast said.

I rest my immortal soul on thy promise.

July 30, 1812.

THE day was set apart by the General Assembly and State Legislature for fasting and humiliation, confessing of sin, and prayer.

Dr. R— read the second chapter of Jeremiah, a great portion of which belongs to my own character, as an individual: and is laid up as part of that provision which is to support me through the last stage in the wilderness, and through Jordan, over which I must shortly pass: it is also laid in as a proof of the amazing long-suffering of God, and his readiness to forgive, even the vile backslider, in heart and life, as proclaimed in the third chapter.

Sabbath, December 8, 1812.

DR. R— preached from Psalm cxxxviii. 7, 8. "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou

shalt stretch forth thine hand against mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me." Text, "The Lord will perfect that which concerns me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the work of thine own hands."

I will no longer mourn over loss of memory; I think the Lord has more than made it up to me by his sensible presence, while hearing and applying the sermon to my heart, at the time: not only so, he enlightens my understanding: it is more opened to the elucidations of my Pastor; and though I forget the words, and the order of his discourses, I am instructed in the knowledge of the subject, and the Scriptures in general. Shall I deny the grace of God, through fear of pride? I see it not to be my duty. Can I attribute any thing to myself? No; "shame and confusion of face belong to me" for my carelessness and idleness in the use of means, during health and strength of body and mind. Never has God dealt with me as I sinned, but according to his own mercy, and in a way of great sovereignty. Let me record his great goodness, his tender mercies, and bless his name.

Old age is upon me, and some of its infirmities; my memory is much impaired, and my mind, in temporal things and subjects, becomes very desultory. Not so in spirituals: I not only hear and read with more intense attention, and prompt application: but my mind is more disposed to meditation; and though I cannot remember much of the sermons I hear, yet my mind is often furnished with happy and profitable thoughts on the same subjects; and I find myself instructed, without remembering the instructions. This is evidently from the Lord. It appears to me also that I have not

lost the sensibility of youth. I often shed tears, not only of compunction, but of gratitude. I seldom commune without tears. I think much of death; am solemnized, but not afraid.

As far as I know, my confidence rests upon a surety-righteousness, exclusive of every thing in myself. I am not conscious of self-righteousness; I have no complacency in any thing ever done by me. I not only believe that in all things I come short, and that sin is mixed in all I do, because God hath said so; but I am sensible of particular depravity. It is my sincere desire to be stript of every thing that is mine, (sins and duties laid in one heap;) and to be clothed in the surety-righteousness of my Redeemer; all that is mine being put to his account, and all that he did and suffered as the Mediator and Surety of the Covenant, to mine.

I am afflicted with rheumatism, but God gives me patience, and disposes me to enumerate my many remaining mercies;—eyes to read his word, and ears to hear it preached; thus far, also, such moderation of pain, as very often to be able to attend with fixedness. I have my room at my own command, candle, fire, and attendance; and, O bless the Lord, my soul! much of his sensible presence. In the night, when my aches prevent me from sleeping, he gives me some sweet hymn; I sing, my pain is diverted, while my heart is melted and warmed under the expressions, and I often drop asleep with the words on my tongue.

I am convinced that the provision I have laid in for my last journey in the wilderness, and through Jordan, is elected by the influence of the Holy Ghost. "He takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto me;" and while he keeps upon my mind my meanness, my vileness,

wringing my heart with the retrospect of my backslidings and highly-aggravated transgressions, he opens at the same time the leaves of the New Testament, and shows me my deliverance from punishment, the redemption of my soul, and my "translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son," as in the text: I weep and rejoice; I loathe myself, and, clasping my Saviour to my heart, am at a loss for words to express how precious he is to my saved soul!

'JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth should hear.

'Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
My Saviour, Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
No other good I boast.

'All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee do richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

'Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
And cordial of my care.

'I'll speak the honour of thy name,
With my last falt'ring breath;
Then, speechless; clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.'

Dr. M. preached in the evening from Eph. iii. 30.—"For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." It was a rich sermon, I enjoyed it at the

time, but cannot recal it. Blessed Spirit, keep it for me, and feed me with the substance of it, as I stand in need.

Accept of my thanks, blessed Jesus, that through thy meritorious life and death, I have an interest in the great whole. Accept of my thanks, blessed Spirit, for thus taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto me. And accept of my thanks, Father of mercies, for the gift of thy Son, and all these blessings in him.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus. Amen."

Greenwich, Sabbath.

HEARD Dr. M—r preach in the State Prison to the convicts, from Luke xix. 10.—"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

He addressed them as fellow sinners, all being by nature lost, and dependent on the same means for recovery.

True; my heart accords. O Lord, thou knowest I stand, in my own estimation, a sinner, the chief of sinners. These have added to their sin against thee, offences against men, and are suffering the penalty.

My sins have been chiefly, though far from exclusively, against God—and with many aggravations. That I was born in a Christian land, of pious parents, who gave me religious instructions; brought up under faithful, lively ministers, and in a religious society; exposed to few temptations but what arose from the corruptions of my own heart—are aggravations, which I mourn over, as heightening the sin of unbelief in my unregenerated state.

But the aggravations, the painful remembrance of which mars my comfort, and covers me with shame and confusion, even now though I know that "God is pacified with me," are as far above these as the heavens are above the earth. For in that Christian land, under those Christian parents and faithful pastors, while yet young and tender, I was "enlightened, tasted of the heavenly gift, was made a partaker of the Holy Ghost, and tasted of the good word of God, and the power of the world to come." I was taken from "the fearful pit and miry clay; my feet were set upon the rock, and a new song was put into my mouth, even to the amount of, "O death, where is thy sting?"—I say of redeeming love, pardoning grace, new covenant mercy; I had "joy and peace in believing." But, forgetting my natural character, the extreme volatility of my spirits, my taste for gaiety; forgetting the danger of smothering the heavenly spark by indulging to the utmost bound of lawful pleasure: forgetting my continual need of fresh supplies of grace, to preserve and feed that new life which could not live on earthly food; forgetting the deceitfulness of my heart, and the injunctions of my Bible; I became cold, negligent in the use of means, and distant in prayer; I lost enjoyment; and my heart, naturally carnal and madly fond of pleasure, got entangled. "The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life," regained their power; other loves usurped the place of that Beloved who had bought me with his blood, and betrothed me to himself. "That which came into my mind, was, that I would be as the families of the countries—serve wood and stone." Blessed be his name, he said, "It shall not be." He brought me into the wilderness, and pleaded with me: caused me to pass under the rod; brought me again

into the bond of the covenant. O how often hast thou "wrought with me for thy name's sake!" One self-willed step brought with it a train of consequences dangerous to spiritual life; filling even the path of duty with pits and snares; cutting me off from ordinances, pastor, parents, church, country, and Christian society; placed me, at the same time, in the midst of carnal delights; and every thing in my natural temper and disposition was congenial to them. What saved me? What in heaven and earth could save me, but thy covenant! "Truly thy covenant standeth fast;" therefore I was not lost in the vortex. "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin," kept his eye upon me; many a time did he stop up my path. From how many delusions of my own seeking; how many snares and nets of my own weaving; how many pits of my own digging, hast thou delivered me, when wandering, bewildered on temptation's ground, in the cloudy, dark day! How often hast thou sought me out; how often bound me up when broken; strengthened me when sick, and fed me with judgment, and very, very often, made thyself known to me! I knew thy hand when it shook the rod, when it arrested me in some mad career. I knew thy hedge, thy bar; saw not only escapes, but my deliverer; often paused, turned, and took fast hold of "thy covenant." I had no afflictions in those days, but every pleasure lawful to be enjoyed; but no pastor, no church, no Christian society: yet God was there, my Bible, and the writings of Doddridge, and other good authors. To my shame and confusion this day, God was not, in the midst of all my idolatry, "a barren wilderness, nor a land of drought to me." I had many Sabbaths: literally the Sabbath was a "sign be-

tween my covenant God and me;" ill-spent it often was, but not with company: it was spent in retirement. The Lord did not leave me so far as to give up the Sabbath to the world. Though my heart was incrusted, and spiritual life scarcely discernible, sometimes the Lord met me, and, strange to tell, not with threatenings, causing terror, but with ingenuous compunction, and ere the day was over, manifestations of pardon, though not joy; for I was grieved at my ingratitude.

I expected affliction long before it came, and my presumptuous heart calculated upon the fruit being—the "peaceable fruit of righteousness, and the taking away of sin;" but still I held on my way, "gadding about, drinking the waters of Sihor, and the rivers of Syria," and eating the worldling's dainties. At last it came; yes, it came, "Thou didst cut off the desire of mine eyes with a stroke," and with that made the world a blank to me. But, O! the stately steps of thy providential mercy, previously to that trying hour! I must ever stand amazed at thy exuberant grace! agreeably to thy covenant thou mightest have struck me among worldlings, in "that dry and barren land," where not one tongue could speak the language of Canaan, nor bring forth from thy precious Bible the words of consolation to my wounded and bereaved spirit; richly had I merited this, but never, no never, "hast thou dealt with me as I sinned!" Through the whole of my life, from the time that "the Lord called me out of darkness into his marvellous light," from the time that he first led me to the Saviour, and enabled me to take hold of his covenant; "wanderer, backslider, transgressor, rebel, idolater"—and if there be any name more expressively "vile" and "abominable," that is mine. And from the hour of my birth, through the whole of this refractory,

perverse life, "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin," has been, and now is, thy name to me.

No, ye strong-built walls, ye grated windows, ye gloomy cells, ye confine no such sinner as I. And did the Lord take vengeance on my inventions? No. "Mercy" preceded, "mercy" accompanied judgment: yea, it was all mercy, not vengeance. He brought me and my idol out of that barren land, placed us under the breath of prayer, among a dear little society of Methodists, he laid us upon their spirits; and, when the messenger Death was sent for my beloved, the breath of prayer ascended from his bed-side, from their little meeting, and I believe from their families and closets. The God of mercy prepared their hearts to pray, and his ear to hear, and the answer did not tarry. Behold, my husband prayeth; confesseth sin; applieth to the Saviour; pleadeth for forgiveness for his sake; receiveth comfort; blesseth God for Jesus Christ, and dieth with these words on his tongue, 'I hold fast by the Saviour!' Behold another wonder! the idolatress in an ecstasy of joy! One who never could realize a separation for one single minute during his life, now resigns her heart's treasure with praise and thanksgiving!

O the joy of that hour; its savour remains on my heart to this moment. For five days and nights, I had been little off my knees; it was my ordinary posture at his bed-side, and in all that time, had but *once* requested life. Surely, "the spirit of prayer and supplication was poured out. The Spirit helped mine infirmities with groanings which could not be uttered," leading me to pray for

that which God had determined to bestow; making intercession for my husband, according to the will of God.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things. His right hand, and his holy arm have gotten him the victory. The Lord hath made known his salvation. His righteousness hath he openly shewn in the sight of the heathen. He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel. All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God." Psalm xcviii.

Friday, December.

Dr. R—, on John iv. 10. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

This is part of my provision laid in for my passage through Jordan. Christ is the gift of God. Christ is the Water of life: he is this living Water, and the Bread of life "given;" given by God, received by the sinner. Life and comfort are experienced, and fruit produced is the evidence; but, first of all, this Gift must be known, and the soul's need must be known: Christ, the anointed Prophet, taught this woman both; and no other could. "Search me, O Lord, and try me." Hast thou not taught my soul its miserable and ruined state by nature; its helplessness as well as misery? Hast thou not also brought me to this living, life-giving water? Hast thou not? Hast thou not given me faith to come—faith to drink? And have I not experienced its solacing quality? Has it not satisfied my soul, and, in some degree, allayed

my thirst for carnal delights? Blessed Spirit, "the Gift of the Father, and of the Son;" pour into my soul repeated draughts of "this living water;" yea, "be in me," according to my Redeemer's promise, "a well of water springing up to eternal life," and cause me "to bring forth fruit to the glory of the Father."

"Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, Christ Jesus."

Do I, O my God, seek for, or desire, any other foundation? Are not all my hopes for time and eternity, built on this foundation? Is not Christ all my salvation, and all my desire? Do I not embrace thy covenant just as it is, believing that thou givest unto me eternal life, and that this life is in thy Son, whom thou hast given "to be a covenant of the people?" Iniquities prevail against me; but thou wilt not only purge them away, but thou wilt subdue them: "sin shall not have dominion over me, for I am not under the law, but under grace."

Sabbath, January 18.

Dr. R—. "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

All is of grace, all is free gift: or we wicked wretched sinners could have no interest in it. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ, given for a Covenant of the people. Thanks be unto God for the gift of faith, by which we apprehend this Covenant, and become interested in him, as the salvation of our souls. Thanks be unto God for life to work; for new principles and new motives, new desires, new hopes, new fears, and, in some measure, new conduct. All of grace, and to the God of grace be all the glory.

Afternoon, Dr. R—. Jeremiah, ix. 23. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise righteousness, loving-kindness, and judgment in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

O Lord, hast thou not taught me, by thy word, by observation, and by experience, that, "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass?" Alas, how much have I gloried, in even more worthless and transient things; but thou hast put a worm in them, which I hope, has fed on the roots, and they are in a dying state. Let me now glory only in thee, and thy blessed, gracious, and well-ordered Covenant. Do I understand and know thee, that thou art the Lord which exerciseth righteousness, loving-kindness, and judgment in the earth? Dare I say that I, worm as I am, and a sinful worm, am the subject of this loving-kindness, through the righteousness of Christ? Yes, I dare, by the constitution of thine own covenant; by the Mediator and the Guarantee of the covenant of grace, which is all summed up in him.

When thou givest Christ, thou givest freely all the blessings of the new covenant.

This is the record, "That thou hast given unto us eternal life, and this life is in thy Son."

I believe the record, and do understand and know that thou art the Lord.

February 8.

HEBREWS xi. 24. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's

daughter, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution; the natural heart is enmity against God," and hates his image wherever found. If individual Christians have the favour of individual worldlings, it never is for their piety, that is rather borne with than loved; and too often Christians save themselves from reproach by unfaithfulness: that, alas! has been my sin and shame. In all my friendships with worldlings, some of which have been tender; how unfaithful have I been in friendship's highest office! How seldom have I endeavoured to rescue my friend from sin and Satan, by leading her to the Friend of sinners, the Source of happiness! I have contented my vile, selfish heart, with things pertaining to this life, unconnected with that to come; leaving her under the influence of "the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life;" without eyes to see her danger, or friend to warn her of it; and while she communicated with me in things common to both, in all the good she knew, keeping back nothing from me of all that she possessed; how often have I concealed my richest treasure, without inviting her to the participation. Surely I am both ungrateful and unfaithful!

I am ungrateful to that gracious God who opened mine own eyes, arrested mine attention, stopped up my path, and turned me to the way of life; and I am unfaithful to my friend, whom I left to pursue that same way of death, without attempting to lead her to this same sovereign, merciful, gracious Deliverer. And what withheld me?

Shame belongs to the heart governed by such motives—fear of contempt, reproach, or, at most, the loss of carnal friendship. Of three such friends, now gone to their place, two continued their worldly course to the last, so far as I know; for the third, the Lord provided a more faithful friend, who became a worker together with the Spirit of God, and led her to the Friend of sinners, "who hath compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way." By Him she was received, and in Him she found life, light, and peace.

She soon outran faithless me in the heavenly race; gently chid me for my remissness, but continued my friend and helper. Ever foremost in the race, humble, and steady in faith, she looked not back nor halted. She has long since finished her course, received her crown and reward of grace, and become fruit to the account of that friend who supplied what was wanting in me. I rejoice with them both; give "glory to God, from whom their fruit was found;" and take shame and confusion for my part.

How many opportunities have I lost, and from the same sinful, shameful cause! O my Redeemer, what can I say to thee? Words are wanting to express my loathing of that vile, selfish cowardice.

Didst thou, who art the Creator of heaven and earth, the Brightness of the glory of God, the express Image of his person, and Upholder of all things, suffer shame, contempt, anguish, death, for my sake: that thou mightest redeem me from the second death, and purchase for me eternal life? And do I shrink from the least taste of thy cup, though the curse is extracted and a blessing infused!

And, after all this, art "thou pacified towards me?" I search in vain for words to express the amazing grace.

"As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him;" and, toward vile me who can lay small claim to that character: yet, "as far as the east is from the west, so far has he removed my transgressions from him. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, who excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word. Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure; ye ministering spirits, sent forth to watch over, and minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation;" ye have witnessed my ingratitude, my folly.

Sabbath, February 7.

Dr. R— preached one half of the day from Acts xvii. 22. It was a supplement to a set of lectures on "God is a Spirit." John iv. 14.

All is now gone, the faculty of retention is gone: it is the Lord's doing. There is no sin in this so far; my duty is resignation. Shame and confusion belong to me, because of misimprovement in youth. Alas! alas! for the precious hours mis-spent, squandered in folly, or in idleness. For the time, I ought to have been of full age; whereas, I am but a babe. Glory to God for even that, and for the many precious opportunities of daily nourishment, and some measure of appetite! for conscious life, and some growth, though scarcely perceptible. I have deserved to be banished from every Christian society and place of Gospel worship; to be left to stray without a shepherd or pasture in a land of drought, where there is no water; and this in perfect consistency with the stability of thy

covenant, for vengeance belongeth to thee, though thou art a God that pardoneth; for, alas! such circumstances were of my own seeking, being closely connected with the choice I made of some other circumstances, which were right hands, and right eyes, that I refused to sacrifice. How often wouldst thou "have gathered me, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings! But I would not." I entered into temptation, "drank the waters of Sihor, and the rivers of Syria," and forsook the living fountain. Sin, folly, madness, crowd upon my remembrance in that foreign, barren land; without pastor, or teacher, or Christian friend. I was in want, but without appetite; poor and needy, but insensible of it. I knew that this was my situation, but I did not feel it. I said of the Lord, 'He is my God,' even then, while my heart was far from him. I was at ease, satisfied with husks; for husks my pleasures were, if not poison to the spiritual life. But I had, by grace given at the time, taken hold of God's covenant, particularly of its discipline. I did at times repeat the grasp, but held not fast. My goodness "was as the morning dew, which soon drieth up, and is gone."

Satan his purpose did pursue,
  Detain'd me far abroad,
Feeding on husks, although I knew
  My Father's house and God.

But Jesus, stronger far than he,
  In his appointed hour,
The wand'rer sought, and set her free,
  By purchase, and by power.

April, Sabbath.

1 PETER, chap. ii., 1st and 2d verses. "Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guilt, and hypocrisies, and envyings, and all evil-speaking, as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby."

Blessed Spirit, thou hast convinced me of the indwelling of every one of these, and also of mine inability to make succesful war against them. But hast thou not led me to the Captain of Salvation for armour, for strength, for wisdom, for power; and is not my dependence for success on thy promise, that "sin shall not have dominion over me;" that thy grace is sufficient for me; "that as my day is, so shall my strength be?"

May 5.

ROM. v. 1. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Blessed, blessed, blessed doctrine! By no other doctrine can I be justified and saved. Christ the gift of God, and faith the gift of God. *All, all* is of grace.

I have shut my door, desiring to commune with God; but, feeling dull and lifeless, ask, What shall I read? My Bible lies just at hand; where shall I read? Every part is good. I open, and find it marked, Psalm lxix. 13. "My prayer is unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time; O God, in the multitude of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation, in an acceptable time. I am continually with thee; thou holdest me by thy right hand, and" in the time of need especially. "In the multitude of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation." What is the truth of God's salvation? To be the pro-

perty of Christ by purchase, to have Christ made our property by the Father's gift. To have the Holy Spirit sent into our hearts, to enlighten our understandings, to govern our wills, to regulate our affections and tempers, and to be in us "a well of water springing up into eternal life." Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, ours by gift and by power! This, this contains all my asking, for myself, for my children, and my children's children, for my friends, and for all dear to me. Take us, O Lord; and, in "the truth of thy salvation," give thyself to us; to do all that is needful for us; and glorify thy name.

Sabbath.

Luke xiv. 16. "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servants at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are ready. And they all, with one consent, began to make excuse."

Such are our hearts, that we make idols even of the blessings and bounties of Providence; no room is left for Christ, though without him every temporal good is under a curse, and our own person also.

O Lord, bless the gracious invitation given to perishing sinners this day; the pathetic and tender remonstrances of thy faithful servant. May many of the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, from the streets and lanes of the city, and may many from the highways and hedges be compelled to come, that thy house may be filled. And, O my gracious Father, let these careless ones, who are my flesh and blood, be among the number! Hear, O hear the prayers offered this day, for poor self-deluded, self-destroying sinners: awaken them, O Lord, and sweep away all lying refuges; and, gracious God, settle and

establish these halters; give life, and love, and zeal, to make a full profession, to the glory of thy powerful grace, and to the joy and comfort of fellow-members. Let "thy kingdom come."

February, 1812.

Dr. M—. John i. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

He dwelt chiefly on the substitution of the victim in the room of the transgressor; and proved, from the Levitical law, that the substitution was particular. When a victim was offered for an individual, he was to lay his hand on the head of the animal, (by the appointment of God,) as a token of his faith, that his sins should be transferred to the victim which suffered death, in his stead, and that his sins were forgiven, and his person accepted. If the victim was for the whole congregation, then the elders, as their representatives, were to lay their hands upon the head of the victim, signifying the same faith. Great was the subject of the plan of redemption. The Son of God was clothed with our nature, given and set apart as a propitiatory Sacrifice, the Victim upon whom the sins of his elect were laid, while he was sacrificed in their stead.

He is the Lamb of God, which took away the sins not only of the Jewish transgressors, but the sins of the elect out of every nation, kindred, and tongue, throughout the world. On this Lamb of God rests my own individual hope for pardon, and for acceptance. I lay my own individual hand of faith on his dear head, confess my sin, and rely upon his sacrifice for pardon and acceptance, through the atonement made by himself, God's anointed Priest.

March, 1812. *Sabbath.*

Dr. R—. Jer. xxxi. 8. "And they shall come with weeping, and with supplication will I lead them."

This may refer, chiefly, to the latter day. But the Lord leads every sinner to the Saviour with weeping; and through after-life, when reconciled, by supplication. What testimony do my heart and conscience give? He found me about the age of seventeen; with weeping and supplication he led me to the Saviour, gave me lively faith, and much joy and peace in believing; but, alas! no claim can I lay to the description in after-life. The subjugation of the will, devotedness of heart, deliverance from the love of the world, peace with God, and with conscience, delight, calm, serene, and steady, in communion with God;—these I see in others; a lovely group of my own intimate friends now surround the throne, who answered to this description, and some are now on the way, abstracted from the world, God's people their chosen companions: his ordinances, public and private, their delight: they walk with God. But far different is the race I ran for many years; I became careless and remiss; the world again got hold of my heart; love waxed cold, creatures became idols; early instructions deeply laid in, and recollection of former experiences, dread of self-deception, and touches of the rod, were the means by which the Lord again led me with weeping and supplication. But no sooner was pardon manifested, and the rod removed, than my vile, abominable, unstable, guilty heart, was again caught in pleasure's net, seeking to reconcile God and mammon, ever forsaking "the fountain of living waters, and hewing out broken cisterns; now drinking the waters of Sihor, then the rivers of Syria." Yet never—amazing! O how amazing! never altogether forsaken! Repenting and sinning, sinning and repenting was my business; the Lord God still manifesting

as many pardons. And how is it now? The Lord leads me again with weeping. He has pardoned; he has freely pardoned all, and he has manifested, and does manifest, that pardon so fully, that I scarcely ever feel a doubt: but shame and confusion, self-loathing, painful remembrance and self-reproach, mar my comfort. I have communion with God. He is my reconciled Father. He has given me eternal life in the gift of his Son. I am a saved sinner, by the amazing plan of redemption, which comprehends even me. God's covenant stands fast; the covenant which he gave me in my youth, by which Jesus was Surety to God for righteousness, and Surety to me for covenant grace, the one only Mediator between God and man.

April. Sabbath.

Dr. R—. 2 Timothy iii. 12. "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." The subject came home to my heart. I have not suffered persecution; and why? Because my life has not testified sufficiently against a sinful world. Alas! alas! the world loves its own, and I have been so accommodating (to say the least) as not to disturb it. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be:" but the world saw little in me of that image which they hate, and enough of assimilation to balance that little. O my God, my long-suffering, sin-pardoning God: thou knowest my vile cowardice; with professors a professor of thy name, with worldlings a seeming worldling. And now the season is past, the opportunity lost; the time of life is arrived, when the world itself expects to be abandoned. No line of conduct in me will now reprove them; they account it wise to defer looking out for a better portion, till the world

can no longer be enjoyed; and thus through the deceitfulness of their own hearts, and the suggestions of the ever vigilant enemy of souls, they may be hardened in sin, by hoping to become religious in old age. Oh! let thy grace prevent it.

The sinfulness, and especially the ingratitude of my past life, rise in magnitude at every review I take of it! And what can I say? Father, forgive! Yes, I dare say, Father, forgive! I dare say more; Thou hast forgiven! This grief of heart proves that thou hast not sealed me up under impenitence. Thou rememberest thy covenant with me in the days of my youth, when thou didst draw me "with the cords of love, and with the bands of a man;" and though no language can express my baseness and my ingratitude, through all my backsliding life, thy covenant stands fast.

"I remember and am confounded, and will never open my mouth any more, because of my shame, now that thou art pacified toward me for all that I have done." And I know, that thou art the Lord.

Contrition dwell within this breast,
That God within this heart may rest;
Shame and confusion flush this face,
And magnify this glorious grace.
Grace be my theme while I have breath,
And on my quivering lips in death.
Angels and fellow-sinners, say,
Will you not join me in the lay,
Now, and through Heaven's eternal day?

Blessed Comforter, thou seest old age upon me, loss of memory, and a desultory mind; I cannot retain even the substance of my dear pastor's sermons. I thank thee for the food and refreshment at the time, and often for refreshing meditations on the same subjects. I commit all

to thee; keep them for me, and feed me with these truths as thou seest I need. Be to me memory, judgment, presence of mind; for order and regularity, and the vigour of my natural powers, are gone. I rejoice in my dear Saviour, "who of God is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption." He shall perfect that which concerneth me, and finish the work he has begun. Therefore I say, All is well.

Sabbath, November 22.

Dr. R—. Zech. ix. 12. "Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto you."

Since our first parents' transgression, all men are prisoners; every faculty of their minds in bondage to sin, Satan, and the world. They are also prisoners under the curse of the broken law, the penalty of which hangs over their heads, suspended by the thread of life. They are unconscious of their situation, and satisfied with their slavery; yet, certainly, far from being happy. Conscience often disturbs their quiet, and creates an awful foreboding. These prisoners cannot help themselves; but God proclaims mercy; help must come from him. There is a hope set before them; yea, a strong hold, to which they are called to flee and be safe. Jesus is my hope, my strong hold, my safety, my Saviour, my portion, my life, my happiness—yea, my happiness; for safe I am, and happy, though sometimes in heaviness, for yet sin dwelleth in me, and in others, dear as my own soul; and though I know it is pardoned, and provision made for pardon to the end, yet it is bitter; and bitter let it be—I would not have it otherwise. Heal my depravity, O God! Take sin out of this

heart; fill it with love to thee, and to all my fellow-sinners. My dear High Priest, it can be but a little further to Jordan. My seventy years are run. Does not the Ark of the covenant appear going before me? Am I not called to decamp and follow after? O my blessed, blessed High Priest, keep mine eye fixed on thy person, and let me follow thee step by step, foot after foot, without losing one mark all the way to Jordan; and there let me see thee. Blessed Ark of the covenant, roll back the waters of terror, stand firm in Jordan, and bid me come unto thee; and set up the stones of memorial, in a song of praise, in the midst of Jordan.

O then thy glory let me see,
Then cause thy face to shine on me:
And tune my heart, and tune my voice,
And language furnish to rejoice,
That all around may lend their tongue,
And sweetly join my dying song.

February 4, 1813.

My dear grand-children, J. and I. B., waited on their beloved pastor Dr. R—, and professed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and their Saviour; signifying also their desire to give themselves to the Lord, and to his church, and to be in all things governed by it; to receive the seal of the covenant of grace, commemorate the dying love of their Redeemer the next opportunity, and swear allegiance to him over the symbols of his body and blood.

Glory to God for this fresh manifestation of his mercy and grace to sinners! Not unto us, O Lord God, but to thy name be the glory. Thou hast made a covenant with thy chosen, and with believers in him; and thou hast, by thy Holy

Spirit, drawn them to take hold of this thine own covenant, and to give themselves to thee, to be made the subjects of it. And now, O Lord, remember thine own covenant, and do as thou hast said. "Put thy laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts, and be unto them a God, and they shall be unto thee a people; be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities remember no more." Give them understanding, to know and believe thy laws, memories to retain them, hearts to love them, consciences to recognise them, courage to profess them, and power to put them in practice. O grant that the whole habit and frame of their souls may be a table and transcript of thy law. Blessed Redeemer, gather these lambs in thine arms, and carry them in thy bosom. O seal them with the Holy Spirit of promise. They look forward to that feast of love which thou didst institute in that same night in which thou wast betrayed into the hands of sinners. If it may please thee, "manifest thyself to them as thou dost not unto the world." Blessed Shepherd, call these lambs by name; may they know thy voice, rejoice to hear it, and follow thee. In all the preparatory exercises, speak to their hearts, and commune with them in secret. O give them some love-tokens which they may never forget; and make thyself "known to them in the breaking of bread." Exercise their parents with thankfulness and gratitude, and thine aged servant, to whom, in an especial manner, belong "shame and confusion of face," while she stands amazed at the stately steps of thy free, sovereign mercy and grace to her, and to her seed according to the flesh. "Husband of the widow, Father of the fatherless, Shield of the stranger," (all these thou hast been to me,) glorify thy name, magnify thy grace. Exercise these parents with deep humility: if they have received grace

given, on the behalf of Christ to believe in him. Philippians, i. 29. Therefore I have everlasting life. Him who was slain, and hanged on a tree, "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins:" from this exalted Prince I have repentance and forgiveness of sin, and, therefore, I dare look at my sins: I look with grief, but not with terror. Though forgiven, and though provision is made for forgiveness, I still find sin to be an evil and a bitter thing.

This day is set apart for mourning. I desire to search, to know more of my vileness, that I may mourn yet more; that while my heart is wrung for mine ingratitude, the Lord may make it the means of crucifying my sins, especially that which "so easily besets me;" I would pour forth the prayer of faith, that they may be forgiven, and also that I may be delivered from their power in my heart; that I may be clothed with humility, being made so humble, that nothing can hurt me, wearing my Redeemer's yoke, leaning upon him who was "meek and lowly," that I may find rest to my soul. Now, Lord, exercise me for the rest of the day, and let to-morrow be the beginning of days.

Ten o'clock at night.

THE day is spent, and I look for the blessing. It has not been spent so much in my usual way of retracing, confessing, and bewailing, but with Owen, on the subject of depravity, of purification, and the means appointed by God. The blood of Christ is the only effectual mean, not only as atonement for sin, setting us free from condemnation: but also for cleansing, as sprinkled on the

conscience by the Holy Ghost, and purging it from dead works. There are means in which we are to exercise ourselves, depending on the Spirit for benefit. We are to work in the faith that God works in us. Mortification is one mean: and, though the mortification of the body is, perhaps, one of the lowest, I think it is of divine appointment, therefore, not to be neglected. I have been also studying the death of Christ, and his previous sufferings; the unbelief, the opposition, contradiction, contempt, and cruel mocking, which he endured; and his meekness, patience, and submission, under them; healing Malchus's ear, praying for his murderers; my desire being, that as the children of Israel were healed by looking to the brazen serpent, I may be healed by looking to thee, uplifted Jesus; the Spirit producing the effect; and as the woman with the bloody issue was healed by a touch, exercising faith in the power of Christ, so I may be healed by a look, exercising the same faith: the Spirit producing the effect of conformity to his example: working in me that meek and lowly spirit for which I have been praying. And now, by grace communicated, I hope to watch over my spirit with more success than formerly.

I wait for thy salvation.

1814.

JOEL ii. 2. "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains."

Not in temporals, nor in the means of grace; every thing that earth can afford is gathered into my present

cup: it is full, and runs over with earthly good, and a large measure of health to enjoy it: moral temporals are also mine in no common degree; friendship, society at my choice, and respectability in it: rich means of grace within my reach; my Bible, and books of every kind, and great variety, at my hand, of instruction and of devotion. Mine eyes see my teachers, and my judgment approves of their doctrine, as corresponding with that sure word of testimony, 'given me as the test of all human writings.' Yet it is a day of darkness and of gloom.

Isaiah i. 10. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God."

To trust in the name of the Lord, and to stay myself upon my God, is still my privilege, and (though with little life and little comfort) my experience; my mind is so desultory, that my Bible, and the helps derived from men's deductions and experiences, seem useless; they are not blessed as means to fix my heart; trifles of every sort pass and repass often; while mine eyes read the words, my mind is gone in a dream on some other subject; my heart remains unimpressed, my mind uninformed; the same in prayer, especially in secret, and in the family; less so in the sanctuary.

I seem, as to apprehension, left to my own dark, dismal, carnal life; naked faith on the finished work of my Redeemer is all that supports me; and that this is a bare preventive of fear, and source of a hope that "I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God." I know that his covenant stands fast, I have taken hold of it; I do, at this cold and stupid moment, place my confidence in it. Christ is God's

Covenant; God's gift to sinners; I believe it; he is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the the world; I believe it; I believe on the Son for all the purposes for which God has sent him into the world; therefore I have everlasting life: I believe the record that God gave of his Son—that God hath given to me eternal life, and this life is in his Son, not in me, but in union with him. "He that hath the Son, hath life; he that hath not the Son, hath not life." John v.

I thank thee, my God, that thou hast not left me to cast away my confidence in Christ. I have life in him, and no life but as I have it from him. Thou seest how it is with me; thou art my reconciled Father in Christ, but thou hast shut me out from thy presence. I do not enjoy thee; my poor heart is tossed from trifle to trifle. It has been my way through life to destroy myself, and thy way to deliver me. Thou hast been very gracious to me in my old age. I have enjoyed much of thy presence in thy sanctuary, and in my private hours; and although sin has dwelt, and does dwell, in me, I have enjoyed thy forgiving grace, and have tasted thy love, far beyond what I have for weeks past. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Am I living in the indulgence of any known wilful sin, or in the habitual neglect of any known duty? Lord, "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." I know I have been unthankful, unwatchful, idle; alas! this is my ordinary course; meanwhile, my Lord God continues merciful and gracious, not marking iniquity against me, but forgiving me daily, leading me to the blood of sprink-

ling, giving me contrition, and restoring me to his favour, by giving me "joy and peace in believing." Help, Lord, give me heart-searching exercises. I read thy word; I set about that to which thou callest me. I set apart this day for fasting, but the gracious exercises are not in me. Come, O come, and exercise me. Exalted Prince! give repentance and remission: in thy light let me see light.

Joel ii. 12. "Therefore now turn ye unto me with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping, and mourning; rend your heart and not your garments; turn unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." Do I not know thee by this name? Has it not been thy name to me throughout this wide wilderness, "pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin." Thou hast prepared a prayer for me—"Turn me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord my God." Jer. xxxi. 18. I look to thy new covenant in the same chapter; it is all promise, I can do nothing in it. Christ, by thine own appointment, answers for my part, or rather, I have no part. I can render nothing to the Lord for all his benefits to me. I will put forth the withered hand, to "take the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord."

Ten o'clock. The day is spent—I have confessed, and endeavoured to turn to the Lord with mourning, but with little sensibility.

I attended meeting in the evening, heard two excellent discourses on the priesthood of Christ, and joined in two prayers and three hymns, with more fixed attention than has been my attainment lately; for this, I thank thee, my God. Many have been the beginnings

of days, and of months, which thou hast afforded after backsliding. Add this to the number! Psalm cxliii. "Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear to my supplication; in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified.

"My spirit is overwhelmed within me, my heart within me is desolate. I stretch out my hands unto thee; my soul thirsteth after thee, in a thirsty land. Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth; hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto those that go down into the pit. Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto thee. Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me. Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God. Thy Spirit is good, lead me into the land of uprightness. Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake; for thy righteousness' sake, bring my soul out of trouble."

I wait for thy salvation.

This heart my Jesus bought with blood,
It is his honest claim;
O seize it, fix it, Saviour God;
To give it is my aim.

Take full possession of this heart,
And here set up thy throne;
Command each idol to depart,
And make it all thine own.

O dare I not to thee appeal,
That 'tis my first desire,
That on this heart thou stamp thy seal,
And grave it with love's fire?

To fix this heart to stray no more,
  I ev'n would quit the clay:
Would hasten on to Jordan's shore,
  And plough the wat'ry way.

No chilling fear my soul should move,
  With Jesus in my heart;
Each passion swallowed up in love,
  I'd court the friendly dart.

The resurrection and the life,
  In death itself he'll prove;
And, while he closes mortal strife,
  Breathe his own life of love.

Then boast not, monster, of thy sting,
  Nor of thy vict'ry, grave,
In th' arms of God's anointed King,
  I dare thy fiercest brave.

July 17, 1814.

SACRAMENT Sabbath. Mr. R. preached from 1 Peter, i. 8, 9. "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

I had requested to be brought into my Lord's banquetting-house, and to be feasted with love this day. I ate the bread and drank the wine, in the faith that I ate the flesh and drank the blood of the Son of man, and dwelt in him and he in me. I took a close view of my familiar friend Death, accompanied with the presence of my Saviour, "his sensible presence." I cannot look at it without this: it is my only petition concerning

it. I have had desires relative to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is my sincere desire that God may be glorified, and he knows best how and by what circumstances. I retain my one petition,

> "Only to me thy count'nance shew,
> I ask no more the Jordan through."

PROVISION

FOR

My last Journey through the Wilderness,

AND

PASSAGE OVER JORDAN.*

JOSHUA i. 11., and chap. iii. "Prepare your victuals; for within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan, to go in to possess the land which the Lord your God giveth you to possess it. When ye see the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests bearing it, then ye shall remove, and go after it: that ye may know the way by which ye must go, for ye have not passed this way heretofore.

"Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you.

"Behold, the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth, passeth over before you into Jordan; and it shall come to pass, that as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the Lord,—the Lord of all the earth,—shall rest in the waters, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off from the waters that come down from above: and they shall stand upon a heap.

"And it came to pass, when the people removed from

* Found in Mrs. Graham's pocket after her decease.

their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the Ark of the Covenant before the people, that, as they that bare the Ark were come into Jordan, and the feet of the priests were dipped in the brim of the water, that the waters that came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap; and the priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground.

"And Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of Jordan. in the place where the feet of the priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord stood: and they are there unto this day.

"When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean these stones? Ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan, on dry land: for the Lord your God dried up the waters from before you until ye were passed over, as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea, which he dried up until we were passed over. That all people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty: that ye might fear the Lord your God for ever. Amen."

Oh! Thou Jehovah! Israel's God, and, by thy new covenant, my God; thus far hast thou brought me through the wilderness; bearing, chastising, forgiving, restoring. Well hast thou made out thy wilderness name to me, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." Great have been my provocations, but greater still thy covenant mercy. I have not perished with them that believed not; sore bitten I am, but thou hast fixed mine eyes on the lifted up Healer, and I am in his hand for further cure. My journey has been long, and my way

devious; but my blessed Joshua is still in view. I must be near to Jordan's flood; I have been preparing victuals from thine own repository of truth. And now, my blessed High Priest, and Ark of the Covenant, lead on my staggering steps a little further. I have not gone this way heretofore, but thou hast measured these waters while they overflowed all their banks. Thou hast passed through, and made the passage safe for thy people. At thy command, the waters stand up upon a heap, and they pass through, in thy presence, on Faith's firm ground. Keep then mine eye upon thee, and I shall fear no evil. And, oh, my blessed Leader, if it might please thee, I would ask a *boon*, yet with submission, that thy sensible presence might be with me all the way through; and that thou wouldst bring from my quivering lips a testimony to the glory of thy grace, that my children may know that thou hast pardoned, restored, and perfected me; that thou hast dried up the waters of terror, carried me triumphantly through, and put me in possession of the purchased inheritance. Amen.

1 Timothy i. 15. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

I have often inquired, What is there within us, or without us, on which a sinner can rest in peace in a dying hour? If it be a holy life, there can be no peace for me —taking the law of God for my standard; backslider is my name; yet I think in this sacred volume I find a hope even for me, the chief of sinners.

John iii. 14. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, what whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that

he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God sent not his Son into the world, to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. Verse 31. He that cometh from heaven is above all, and what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth. Verse 33. He that receiveth his testimony, hath set to his seal, that is true. Verse 35. The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand: he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Here is a hope for me; the world is made up of sinners, I am one of them: and though the chief, am not excluded. Matthew xviii. 11. "The Son of man came to save that which was lost:" I am of that description. Matthew ix. 13. "The Pharisees said, Why eateth your master with publicans and sinners? Jesus said, The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." I am a sinner and sick.—"I will have mercy and not sacrifice, for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I am a sinner, and need repentance.—"Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins to Israel." Acts iii. 31. 2 Peter iii. 9. "The Lord is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish; but that all should come to repentance."

Christ said to the woman of Samaria, a notorious sinner, John iv. 10, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Yes, my Redeemer, a draught of this

water, received in faith from the hand of the Spirit, will give life in death. O pour it into my thirsty soul, in that searching hour! Jesus said to a mixed multitude, of sinners like me, John vi. 27, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed." These sinners said unto him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? He replied, Believe on him whom he hath sent. My Father giveth you the true Bread from heaven, for the Bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. I am the Bread of life; he that cometh unto me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. I am the living Bread whith came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever. And the Bread which I shall give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Jesus said unto them, Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you: whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." The Father giveth this Bread, the Son giveth this Bread: whosoever will, may take of this Bread, and the promise with it. Father, I take this Bread; I take, and believe that I have in thee eternal life, according to thy word. O holy and blessed Comforter, Spirit of the Father, and of the Son, whose office it is to take of the things of Christ, and show them unto his redeemed; when the bread and the water that perish, can no longer refresh this dying body, apply this living Bread and living Water to my soul, that life may spring up in the

midst of death; and in that trying hour, bear witness with my spirit that I dwell in Christ, and Christ in me, and that I shall never die.

John vii. 37. "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink: he that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake he of the Spirit that they who believe on him should receive." This he proclaimed to a mixed multitude of sinners like myself. Lord, I believe, and am sure, that thou art that Christ the Son of the living God. Be unto me according to thy word. John xi. 25. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believest thou this?" I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God, which should come into the world: the promised Messiah: the Gift of the Father: the Covenant given to the people: the anointed Prophet and King, and consecrated High Priest; who, through the eternal Spirit, offeredst thyself, without spot, unto God: who camest to do that most perfect will of God, by which we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ once for all. Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the world, on thee I lay my precious never-dying soul; wash me in thy blood; clothe me in thy righteousness; sanctify me, soul, spirit, and body, to thy service. I have no other foundation of hope, nothing within me; nothing without me; my entire dependence is on thy finished work; into thy hands I commit my spirit.

Let me hear thy consoling voice, compassionate Saviour. John xiv. 1. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye be-

lieve in God, believe also in me; in my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Seal this upon my heart and it is enough. To be where thou art, is heaven enough for me. To be where thou art, to see thee as thou art, and to be made like thee, the last sinful motion for ever past: no more opposition, no more weariness, listlessness, dryness, deadness; but conformed to my Blessed Head, every way capacitated to serve him and to enjoy him—this is heaven. "Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." Blessed Comforter, do thine office; take these things of Christ, and show them unto me; lead me in this way, feed me with this truth, and animate me with this life: "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it." Blessed Comforter, here also do thine office; I know not what to ask for as I ought; help mine infirmities, as thou hast said: suggest the prayer, be in me the Spirit of prayer and supplication, and especially in that hour of need, when sickness saps the clayey tabernacle, discomposing the spirit, and confusing perhaps the ideas; still, still, let my thoughts rise to my God. Let no unhallowed subject get hold of me in that hour; but keep my Saviour's name in my heart and on my lips. Is not this according to thy will? Watch over it then; and keep the avenues of my soul from every vain idea. "If ye love me keep my commandments; snd I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever: even the Spirit of truth, whom the world can-

not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him: and we will come and make our abode with him. The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you: let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." In that last warfare, when nothing on earth can give peace; when the world recedes and disappears; when friends must stand aloof, and leave me to the combat alone: O blessed and promised Comforter, bring to my remembrance, and impress on my weary spirit, these sweet words of my Saviour. But it has often occurred to me, and may in that hour, though Jesus received sinners, they were ignorant sinners. The Jews understood not the Gospel contained in their types and sacrifices; they were unenlightened and unconverted. The Gentiles were totally blind, serving dumb idols; neither had known the Gospel; neither had tasted the grace of God; neither backslided like me. I have known the truth, been enlightened, have tasted of the heavenly gift, been made a partaker of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, and of the power of the world to come.

Fifty years ago, the Lord convinced me of my sin, my misery, and my total helplessness. I was also, I think, enabled to lay hold on the hope set before me.

I have, in numerous exercises and acts, accepted of

God's gift of Jesus Christ to me a condemned sinner; taking hold of the Scripture words of invitation and promise held out for my acceptance. I have pleaded his own covenant provision, in the substitution of his own Son in my room and stead, "making him to be sin, who knew no sin, that sinners might be made the righteousness of God in him." I put in my claim as a sinner, among the ungodly for whom Christ died. I believed his testimony, and set to my seal that God is true. I rested on this foundation—I yet have no other—I know there is no other.—The foundation standeth sure. But what am I to think of the fruits? I have again and again turned back into the world: grieved the Spirit, crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame. No wonder that I stand alarmed at the Apostle's assertion; my conscience testifies that my character is nearly, if not altogether, such as the Apostle, by the Holy Spirit, says: "it is impossible to renew it to repentance." Hebrews vi. 4, 5. But thou hast renewed to repentance! Thy name is "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. Thou wilt by no means clear the guilty;" but thou hast provided a substitute, and laid my guilt, and guilty person, on thine own Son.

By this gracious name thou wast known to thy backsliding Israel in the wilderness; whose heart, like mine, was not right with God: neither were they steadfast in his covenant: but he, "being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not." Many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. They forgot God their Saviour, who had done great things for them; they transgressed his command-

ment, and in their heart turned back again to Egypt; they brought upon themselves many afflictions, and many times did he deliver them; they provoked him with their counsel; and were brought low for their iniquity; *nevertheless*, he heard their cry, and repented, according to the multitude of his mercies; while the blood of bulls and of goats typified the great propitiatory Sacrifice, by which "God can be just, and justify the ungodly." By this name (merciful and gracious) was the Lord known in the pleasant land: and by the same sacrifice, the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, was typified, Psalms ciii. and li. The prophets prophesied in his name. "All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was laid on him, and by his stripes we are healed. Deliver them from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." Even backsliders (among whom I stand chief) have been recalled. Jeremiah ii. "My people have committed two great evils; they have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. Is Israel a servant? is he a home-born slave? wherefore is he spoiled? Hast thou not procured this to thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way? And now, what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? What hast thou to do in the way of Syria, to drink the waters of the river? Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. Know therefore, and see, that it is an evil and bitter thing that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God; and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts. For of old, I

have broken thy yoke, and burst thy bands; and thou saidst, I will not transgress; when upon every high hill, and under every green tree, thou wanderest, playing the harlot. Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed; how art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me? Why gaddest thou about so much, to change thy way? Thou also shalt be ashamed of Egypt, as thou wast ashamed of Assyria. Have I been a barren wilderness, or a land of darkness unto thee? Wherefore say my people, We are lords, and will come no more unto thee? Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? Yet my people have forgotten me, days without number." Jeremiah iii. "They say, if a man put away his wife, and she go from him, and become another man's, shall he return to her again? Shall not that land be greatly polluted? But thou hast played the harlot with many lovers; yet return again unto me, saith the Lord; wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?" What can I say to such grace? Thou art infinite in thy mercy to pardon and in thy power to save! Sinful indeed has been my character, and amazing the mercy of my offended God! Often, often has he pardoned, restored, blessed, and made me happy. But, just is the renewed charge against me. "For the house of Israel, and the house of Judah have dealt very treacherously with me, saith the Lord. They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he, neither shall evil come upon us." Verse 12. "Go, and proclaim these words, and say, Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, saith the Lord, I will not keep anger for ever. Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God;

and ye have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord. Turn, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you." What can I say to such grace? Truly, "thy ways are not as our ways, nor thy thoughts as our thoughts! For, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are thy ways higher than our ways, and thy thoughts than our thoughts!" How is my guilt aggravated by all this grace? And yet thou callest, "Return!" And thou thyself turnest me: I do, O Lord God, merciful and gracious, I do acknowledge mine iniquity; every time I turn back mine eyes upon my past life, my sins rise in magnitude, heightened by more enlarged views of thy goodness. At every age, in every place, in whatever situation and circumstances, my conscience testifies to this spiritual adultery. "Surely, as a wife treacherously departeth from her husband, so have ye dealt treacherously with me, saith the Lord." I acknowledge the justice of the charge: and it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed: because his compassions fail not. "A voice was heard upon the high places, weeping and supplication of the children of Israel, for they have perverted their ways, and they have forgotten the Lord their God." Yes, thou hast, my gracious God, granted repentance. Thine eye has seen the tears I have shed; thou hast given me a contrite heart. I have looked upon him whom I have pierced, and been in bitterness, as for a first-born. I feel it now, and must feel it, while the body of sin exists. But, O Lord God, merciful and gracious, the cause is in thyself, that I hear thy voice, and that I answer. "Return! ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Behold, I come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God! Truly, in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and the multitude of mountains. Truly, in the Lord God is

the salvation of Israel; we lie down in our shame, our confusion covereth us: for we have sinned against the Lord our God; we and our fathers, even from our youth; and have not obeyed the voice of the Lord God. Thus saith the Lord God, I will even deal with thee as thou hast done, who hast despised the oath, in breaking the covenant. Nevertheless, I will remember my covenant with thee in the days of thy youth; and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord: that thou mayest remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee, saith the Lord God." Amen, Lord God, merciful and gracious! Be it so.—It is so *now*, it *must*, it will be so, until death shall open mine eyes on that mystery—the glory of God arising out of the abounding of sin, through the superabounding of grace, and grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord! Till then, while sin dwelleth in me, let me enjoy the blessedness of a contrite heart; yea, even "shame and confusion," since it is the sign that thou art pacified with me. Thou hast dealt with me, thou hast chastened; and, in some instances, taken vengeance on my inventions. But thou art pacified with me, and I dare look again to thy holy temple; to the temple not made with hands; to the Minister of the sanctuary, and the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man; to the blessed High Priest, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself a sacrifice, without spot, unto God; and by his own blood, entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us: and, when he had purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. I dare look to the blessed Mediator of the new and better cove-

nant established on better promises; to the Surety of the New Testament which is sealed with his own blood. I will look unto Jesus, the Object, the Author and the Finisher of that Faith which interests in himself, and the whole of his purchase. He bids me look unto him and be saved. I do look unto him, and I am saved. Who dares condemn the sinner whom Christ acquits? Who shall lay any thing to his charge? "It is Christ that died; yea, rather who is risen again: who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us!"

ISAIAH xliv. 22. *Return unto me, &c.*

(A Scripture Paraphrase by D. B.)

RETURN to thee, my God! Dost thou
The invitation yet renew?
Return to thee! my chiefest joy,
Till sin did all my peace destroy.

And yet to hear thy pard'ning voice,
Must make my trembling heart rejoice:
Though sin is there, thou well dost know,
It is my burden and my foe.

O let me hear those gracious words;
Be still, my soul, they are the Lord's:
That God, who once on thee did shine,
And fill'd thee with a hope divine.

'Thy black transgressions, trembling soul,
Thy sin so heinous and so foul,
Which, like a cloud, obscure thy day,
I've blotted out, I've wash'd away.

'Return to me, thou'rt mine; I own
Thee for my servant, and my son;
I have redeem'd thy precious soul;
And none my purchase shall control.'

I hear, I come, my cov'nant God!
Thy love's my life, my raiment, food;
Thy favour, through my Jesus given,
Is to my soul the bliss of heaven.

I come, my Jesus, hold me fast,
Till life and Jordan's journey past;
My faith to vision yield her place,
And I shall see thy unveil'd face.

Then, with the loudest of the throng,
Of sins forgiv'n I'll raise the song;
Of Pardon bought with Jesus' blood,
Sinners made Kings and Priests to God.

PSALM ciii. *Fifty years ago.*

'OH! thou my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be stirred up, his holy name
To magnify and bless.'

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be,
Of all his gracious benefits,
He hath bestow'd on thee.

All mine iniquities, who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains,
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
  To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
  And tender mercies crown.

Who, with abundance of good things,
  Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, even as the eagle's age,
  Renewed is thy youth.

God righteous judgment executes
  For all oppressed ones;
His way to Moses, he his acts
  Made known to Israel's sons.

The Lord our God is merciful,
  And he is gracious;
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath;
  In mercy plenteous.

He will not chide continually,
  Nor keep his anger still;
With us he dealt not as we sinn'd,
  Nor did requite our ill.

For as the heaven in its height
  The earth surmounteth far;
So great to those that do him fear,
  His tender mercies are.

As far as east is distant from
  The west, so far hath he
From us removed in his love
  All our iniquity.

Such pity as a father hath
  Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
  As worship him in fear.

For he remembers we are dust,
  And he our frame well knows:
Frail man! his days are like the grass,
  As flow'r in field he grows.

For over it the wind doth pass
  And it away is gone;
And, of the place where once it was,
  It shall no more be known.

But unto them that do him fear,
  God's mercy never ends;
And to his children's children still
  His righteousness extends.

To such as keep his covenant,
  And mindful are alway
Of his most just commandments,
  That they may them obey;

The Lord prepared hath his throne
  In heaven firm to stand;
And ev'ry thing that being hath,
  His kingdom doth command.

O ye his angels, that excel
  In strength, bless ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what he commands,
  And hearken to his word.

O bless and magnify the Lord,
  Ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
  Whate'er his pleasure is.

O bless the Lord, all ye his works
  Wherewith the world is stor'd,
In his dominions every-where,
  My soul, bless thou the Lord.

John xiv. "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you; yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you! Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father. Howbeit, when the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth. He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you." John xvii. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word: that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me; and the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; that the world may know that thou hast sent me: and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me: Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." 1 Cor. iii. 22. "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Col. iii. 3. "Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ who is our Life, shall appear, then shall we appear with him in glory." Col. ii. 9. "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him, who is the Head of all principality and power." Eph. iv. 4. "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord, one faith, one baptism,

one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all: and unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

Gal. ii. 20. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

John i. 20. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. And looking upon Jesus as he walked, John said, Behold the Lamb of God."

1 Cor. iii. 21. "Therefore let no man glory in man, for all things are yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!"

Lam. iii. 27. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth; he sitteth alone, and keepeth silence; he putteth his mouth in the dust, if so there may be hope; he giveth his cheek to them that smite him; he is filled with reproach."

Ezek. xvi. 63. "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord. Amen."

Joel ii. 2. "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. Therefore, also now, saith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping, and with mourning. Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil."

Hosea ii. "I will visit upon her the days of Baalim; she went after her lovers, and forgat me, saith the Lord.

I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will betroth thee unto me for ever: yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord."

Hosea xiii. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help." Chap. xiv. "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquities. Take with you words and return to the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. Asshur shall not save us, we will not ride upon horses, neither will we say any more to the works of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.

"I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him, and observed him. I am like a green fir-tree, from me is thy fruit found."

Daniel ix. "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, because we have sinned against thee. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him."

Isaiah xl. 11. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel: My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary?

There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

Isaiah xlii. 24. "Who gave Jacob for a spoil and Israel to the robbers? Did not the Lord? He, against whom we have sinned? For they would not walk in his way, neither were they obedient to his law; therefore he hath poured upon him the fury of his anger, and the strength of battle: and it hath set him on fire round about, and he knew it not; and it burned him, yet he laid it not to heart. But now, thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable; and I have loved thee. Yes, my God! I remember, and am confounded; amazed at my ingratitude, amazed at thy grace! What can I say? Thou hast wrought with me for thy name's sake. I am dumb before thee. I am vile—and yet I am thine. Thou hast redeemed me. It is thy good pleasure to save me. Glorify thy name. "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it. Shout, ye lower parts of the earth.

Break forth into singing, ye mountains: O forest, and every green tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."

"For if, by one man's offence, death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Christ Jesus. Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."

Isaiah xlv. 22. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return; that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear. Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength; even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the house of Israel be justified, and shall glory." Chap. xlvi. 3. "Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel. Even to your old age, I am he: and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry, and I will deliver, you."

Ezek. xxxiv. 11. "Thus saith the Lord God, I, even I will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel, by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country.

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And I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be; there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away; and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." He hath done it, I am his witness; I, the poor wanderer, the happy subject of this grace. "And I will raise up for them a plant of renown, and they shall be no more consumed with hunger in the land: neither bear the shame of the heathen any more. Thus shall they know, that I, the Lord their God, am with them; and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God, and ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men: and I am your God, saith the Lord God. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, and for ever." Psalm cxxv.

Ezek. xxxvi. "When the house of Israel dwelt in their own land, they defiled it by their own way, and by their doings. And I scattered them among the heathen, and they were dispersed through the countries; according to their ways, and according to their doings, I judged them. And when they entered unto the heathen, whither they went, they profaned my holy name, when they said to them, These are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land. But I had pity for my holy name, which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen whither they went. Therefore say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God, I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for my holy name's sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen whither ye went. And I will

sanctify my great name, which was profaned among the heathen, which ye had profaned in the midst of them. And the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes. For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them. I will also save you from all your uncleannesses, and I will call for the corn, and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you; and I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more reproach of famine among the heathen. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings, which were not good; and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God: be it known unto you. Be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel."

Ezekiel xvi. 63, and xxxvi. 32.

(A Scripture Paraphrase, by D. B———.)

"Not for your sakes;" for, born unclean,
The slaves of Satan and of sin;
I saw no comeliness in you,
To bid my grace such wonders do.

"Not for your sakes;" for when my love
And grace should your affections move,
The workings of an evil heart
Still make you from my truth depart.

"Not for your sakes;" for, bold and blind,
To lust and avarice inclin'd;
Each shadowy idol you obey,
Disowning my paternal sway.

"Not for your sakes;" with heav'n in view,
For sin you sell your souls anew;
You barter for a gilded bait
The joys of an eternal state.

"Not for your sakes;" for though you ey'd
The cross of Christ, on which he died;
You scorn his love for worldly ends,
And wound him in the house of friends.

"Not for your sakes;" with Jesus' name,
You put him to an open shame;
And, by your sins, consent again
To have the dear Redeemer slain.

"Not for your sakes;" 'tis my free grace
That grants you pardon, life, and peace;
And works a change on all your frame,
And binds you to adore my name.

Not for my sake!—I hail the sound!
And fain would publish it around;
Salvation is a work divine;
Confusion, and the shame be mine.

Not for my sake!—Did I but trust
To weakness, vanity, and dust,
I ne'er could reach the heavenly prize,
Nor hope a mansion in the skies.

Not for my sake!—Yet save and call;
Let Jesus be my all in all:
When glory comes, I'll self disown,
And grace, free grace, shall wear the crown.

Psalm civ. "Praise ye the Lord; O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever."

Psalm cvi. "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people: O visit me with thy salvation: that I may see the good of thy chosen; that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation; that I may glory with thine inheritance."

Eph. ii. "At that time, ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenant of promise; having no hope, and without God in the world; but now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of his cross."

Psalm x. 17. "Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble; thou wilt prepare their heart: thou wilt cause thine ear to hear; to judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress."

Deut. viii. "Thou shalt remember all the way that

the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart: whether thou wouldst keep my commandments or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did your fathers now, that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live. Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty years."

"Thou shalt also consider in thy heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee. Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him."

"Thou, God, seest me."

Eph. i. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love: having predestinated us to the adoption of sons by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved; in whom we have redemption, through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace, wherein he hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence: having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he purposed in himself, that in the dispensation of the fulness of time, he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him in whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to

the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, that we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ."

Chap. ii. and iv. "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace are ye saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, that, in the ages to come, he might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness towards us, through Christ Jesus: for, by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast; for we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them. Now therefore, ye Gentiles, are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone: in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God, through the Spirit." Chap. iii. "I, Paul, bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man: that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now

unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us; unto him be glory in the church by Jesus Christ, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

Chapter iv. "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called: with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. But unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ: —that we may grow up into him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ; from whom the whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth,—(ministers and people in the use of all appointed means),—according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, to the edifying of itself in love."

John xv. "I am the Vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing."

Exodus xvi. "And Moses said, The Lord heareth your murmurings that ye murmur against him; and what are we? Your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord. And Moses said, This is the bread which the Lord giveth you to eat. And the children of Israel did eat manna until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan."

John vi. "I am the living Bread, which came down

from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

1 Cor. i. "For of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us Wisdom and Righteousness, and Sanctification and Redemption."

Heb. iv. "Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, who is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Chapter viii. "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them on their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: and they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest; for I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. In that, he said, a new covenant, he hath made the first old: now that which decayeth, and waxeth old, is ready to vanish away."

1 John v. "This is the record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

Psalm lxii. "Truly my soul waiteth upon God, from him cometh my salvation; he is my Defence, I shall not be greatly moved. My soul, wait thou only upon God, my expectation is from him; he only is my Rock and my Salvation: he is my Defence, I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge is in my God."

REST.

Genesis ii. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made; and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because, that in it he had rested from all his work that he had created and made."

Exodus xvi. "And Moses said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord. So the people rested on the seventh day."

Luke xxiii. "And the women followed after and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid; and they returned, and prepared spices and ointments, and rested the Sabbath-day according to the commandment."

Christ rested in the tomb of Joseph, the last Sabbath under the law; but the evening and the morning were the first day. On that morning, he closed his work of humiliation, manifested his victory over death—the curse denounced—by rising from the tomb, and rested on the first day of the week from all his humiliation work; his death, burial, and rest in the grave on the seventh day, being the last part of that work.

'My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why is this feeble life preserv'd,
But to repeat thy praise?

'Thine arms of everlasting love
Do this weak frame sustain;
While life is hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sinks with pain.

'Thou, when the pains of death assail,
Wilt chase the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

'Calmly I'll lay my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

'Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Do I my soul resign,
In firm dependance on that truth
That made salvation mine.'

THE INWARD WARFARE.

'STRANGE and mysterious is my life!
What opposites I feel within:
A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the power of sin!
Too often I am captive led,
But daily triumph in my Head.

'I prize the privilege of prayer!
But oh! what backwardness to pray!
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day.
I seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

'I call the promises mine own,
And prize them more than mines of gold:
Yet, though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold.
One hour upon the truth I feed;
The next, I know not what I read.

'I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints—
Sweet day, of all the week the best,
For its return my spirit pants.
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

'While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim;
And therefore dare their power defy,
Assur'd of conquest through his name.
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

'Thus different powers within me strive,
And death, and sin, by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale.
But Jesus has his promise past,
That grace shall overcome at last.

FLESH AND SPIRIT.

'WHAT diff'rent powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within;
Yet do the works I hate.

'Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

'So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

'Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.'

'JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Emmanuel's glory forth.

'But oh! what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes, with joy and wonder, see
What forms of love he bears to me.

'The Angel of the Covenant stands,
With his commission in his hands;
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.

'Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd and sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

'My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking by thy side,
Oh! let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.

'I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul among his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he tells their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

'My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set—
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

'Jesus, my great High Priest, has died:
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

'My Advocate appears on high;
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

'My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing:
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

'Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds—
The Captain of salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct thy way.

'Though death, and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.'

'Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

'Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with thee above;

Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
  And everlasting love.'

'Hush, my distrustful heart,
  And cease to flow, my tears;
For greater, Lord, thou art
  Than all my doubts and fears.
    Did Jesus once upon me shine?
    Then Jesus is for ever mine.

'Unchangeable his will,
  Whatever be my frame;
My Saviour's heart is still
  Eternally the same.
    My soul through many changes goes;
    His love no variation knows.

'Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
  And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
  In me, vile sinful worm.
    Mine own self-will brings guilt and woe;
    But Jesus will not let me go.

'The bowels of thy grace
  At first did freely move:
And still I see thy face,
  And feel that God is love.
    Into thine arms my soul I cast;
    By sov'reign mercy sav'd at last.

'The Priest and Ark now move
  To Jordan's gulphy strand;
Come now thy covenant love
  Take firm thy promis'd stand;
    Only to me thy count'nance show,
    I ask no more the Jordan through.'

'COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our souls reply,
For he was slain for us.

'Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

'The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.'

'GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

'Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

'I ask them, whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

'They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And following the incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

'Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.'

'With heart, and hands, and lifted eyes,
I'll praise thee while I've life and breath;
And, while my loosen'd spirit flies,
I'll gasp thy praise in very death.

'Faith fain would say, in cheerful mood,
Thy name be glorified;
By leading through the swelling flood,
Or through the channel dried.

'If grace in time of need I have,
And strength as is my day;
I'll triumph through the foaming wave,
As through the side-walled way.'

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my noblest powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and breath and being last,
And immortality endures.'

'My God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

'Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy child, thy servant, bought with blood.

'With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.'

'Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give grace thy sov'reign will to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With holy love, and lowly fear.

'Thankful, I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
It has a sov'reign power to heal.

'Be thou a Rock of ages nigh;
My saved soul on thee alone
Shall safely rest, and fears shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

'Speak to my troubled conscience peace,
Say to my trembling heart, Be still:
My power thy strength and fortress is:
Amen! to all thy sov'reign will.

'O death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Condemn whom he delights to save?'

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

'It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
Tis manna to the hungry soul;
And to the weary, rest.

'Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-Place;
My never-failing Treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace.

'Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

'Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.'

'AMAZING grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

''Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

'Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
Already I have come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

'Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

'A swelling Jordan rolls between,
A timid pilgrim I;
But grace shall order all the scene,
And Christ himself be nigh.

'He shall roll back the foaming wave,
Command the channel dry;
No sting has death, no vict'ry grave,
With Jesus in my eye.'

'COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of endless praise.

'Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

'Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arive at home.

'Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

'Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

'Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.'

'ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

'I, 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by thy gracious hand;
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of grace.

'Thus far thine arm has led me on,
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

'My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.'

'No works to rest upon have I,
No boast of moral dignity:
If e'er I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
'Twas grace my soul to Jesus led,
Grace brings me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

'Thus, 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis alone in grace I trust;
For all that's past, grace is my theme,
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.'

'And when I come to Jordan's shore,
I'll raise one Ebenezer more;
Th' Ark of the Covenant in my view,
I'll sing of grace the Jordan through.'

'Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

'To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

'Turn us again, O God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

'Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.'

'O THE sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ my Saviour lov'd and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.'

'I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

'JESUS, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.'

'O GLORIOUS hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.'

'WHEN in death's gloomy vale I tread,
With joy ev'n there I'll lift my head;
From fear and dread he'll keep me free,
His rod and staff shall comfort me.'

'JESUS, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
My flesh but waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.'

'BEFORE we quite forsake our clay
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.'

'O MAKE it true, my Saviour God;
Raise me all fears above;
And, when I think on Jesu's blood,
Let my last pulse beat love.'

'O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

'Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing:
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave,
And where the monster's sting?

'If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure
Death hath no sting beside;

The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died.

'Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.'

'ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt mine eyes, nor tire mine ears;
Behold! amidst the eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

'All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb;
And in new songs of Gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

'Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Our blessed Prophet, Priest, and King.

'Thou hast redeem'd our sons from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

'Worthy, for ever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be adored,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.'

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

'THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd it with his blood.

'To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement of the Lord,
And make my humble claim.

'The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

'I call that legacy mine own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

'Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will;
And, to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

'To Him that wash'd me in his blood,
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.'

'BLEST be the Father, and his love,
To which celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

'Glory to the great Son of God;
From his dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

'We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

'Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
The Sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.'

'LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

'I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

'I can do all things or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his strong hand my head sustains.

'Faith hath an overcoming power,
Can triumph in the dying hour;
Christ is my Life, my Joy, my Hope,
I cannot sink with such a prop.'

'JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth should hear.

'Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
My Saviour, Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
No other good I boast.

'All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee do richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

'Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
And cordial of my care.

'I'll speak the honour of thy name,
With my last falt'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.'

'GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

'Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

'Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

'Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.'

'MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;

'In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And thou my Rising Sun.

'The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

'My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

'Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.'

'BACKWARD, with humble shame, I look
On my original—
How is my nature dash'd and broke,
In our first father's fall.

'To all that's good, averse, and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils my mind!
How obstinate my will!

'Conceiv'd in sin! O wretched state;
Before I drew my breath,
My first young pulse began to beat
Iniquity and death.

'How strong in my degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns!
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all my veins.

'Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make my nature clean:
While Christ and grace prevail above
The temper, death, and sin.

'The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign power
That new creates our dust.'

POETRY.

The three following Poems were not found till after Mrs. Graham's Funeral Sermon was preached.

JORDAN.

Joshua, chap. i. 11, and chap. iii. Psalm xxiii. 4, lxxiii. 24.

THE solemn hour, my soul, draws near,
The holy Ark and Priests appear;
They forward move to Jordan's flood,
The type, thou know'st, thy cov'nant God.

The signal, too, to thee is known,
Obey, remove, and follow on;
The Ark appears, thy hallow'd guide;
Shrink not, but face the rolling tide.

The waves toss high their foaming heads;
But canst thou perish? Jesus leads.
This way before I ne'er did pass,
But Jesus, thy Forerunner, has.

When all its banks it overflow'd,
All nature wrapt in midnight cloud;
While darkness held its awful power,
And all God's billows pass'd him o'er.

The waves for him must not divide,
Deep calls to deep on every side;
Around his head the surges roll,
And rush into his inmost soul.

HE was the suff'rer in my stead,
The curse for sin lay on his head;
The law's demands came like a flood,
My Surety met them with his blood!

Till ev'ry tittle had been paid,
Till due atonement had been made,
No beam appear'd of heavenly grace,
A cloud conceal'd his Father's face.

From brim to bottom he drank up
Of wrath the deep mysterious cup;
This Jordan pass'd, then rose on high,
And captive led captivity.

Justice now fully satisfied,
The law, now honour'd, magnified;
At God's right hand he takes his place,
Executor of cov'nant Grace.

Crown'd by Jehovah's firm decree,
With universal sov'reignty;
All nature owns his powerful sway,
He speaks, the elements obey.

The emblem, then, thou may'st pursue,
And safely pass this Jordan through;
The priests but touch the watery space,
When, lo! the floods desert their place.

They gather up upon a heap,
Leave dry the channel of the deep;
The Ark and priests there take their stand,
And beckon thee to leave the land.

I come, my best Belov'd, I come;
Now lead me to our Father's home!
On thy dear person fix mine eye,
And faith firm footing shall supply.

I fear no ill while thou art near,
But let thy voice salute my ear,
(Should spirits faint, and 'scape the sigh,)
With these sweet words, 'Fear not, 'tis I.'

With courage fresh my soul shall tread
On faith's firm ground where thou dost lead;
While still upon thy gracious face
My steady eye maintains its place.

And now, my Joshua, choose, and lay,
The stones in Jordan's middle way;
Let them o'ertop the flowing wave,
Memorial of thy power to save.

For, once a suit I did prefer,
With feeble hope, and trembling fear;
That I might have a Pisgah view,
In Jordan's swells, of Canaan new.

Thy soften'd glory let me see,
Then cause thy face to shine on me;
And tune my heart, and tune my voice,
And language furnish to rejoice.

That all around may lend their tongue,
And sweetly join my dying song;
Then, Newton, sav'd by grace, like me,
We'll sing of sov'reign grace with thee.

NEWTON.*

'Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name;
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame.
He has wash'd us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

'Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us;
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.
He has wash'd us in his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

* It is remarkable that this hymn was selected by Dr. Mason, and sung after Mrs. Graham's Funeral Sermon.

'Let us sing, though strong temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For, the Lord our strong Salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown.
He who wash'd us in his blood,
Soon shall bring us home to God.

'Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join the point to mercy's store;
When, through grace, in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more.
He who wash'd us in his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

'Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky.
Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God.

'Hark! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above;
On that Rock our hopes are founded:
'Sov'reign grace, and sov'reign love.
We shall conquer through his blood,
Kings and Priests be made to God.'

HEAVEN.

To be where thou, my Saviour, art,
To see and be conform'd to thee;
Perfect in holiness this heart,
This—this, is heaven itself to me.

To see thee in thy glory, Lord,
Thy Father's glory and thy own;
Th' eternal, the incarnate Word,
Ador'd upon his Father's throne.

To see as seen, to know as known,
  My Saviour in my flesh and blood;
To be made like him, with him one,
  I in him, and he in God.

The holy, holy, holy One,
  Who was, and is, and is to come,
The earth his footstool, Heaven his throne,
  The Church his Bride, he her Bridegroom.

Angels and Elders, earth and heav'n,
  Are summon'd to unseal the book;
But silent all, no answer giv'n,
  None worthy found therein to look.

But Judah's Lion, David's Son,
  And David's Root, the great I AM,
Appears upon his Father's throne,
  As slain for sacrifice, the Lamb.

He takes the book, he can unseal;
  He worthy is, and he has power
God's secret counsels to reveal,
  And to fulfil each in its hour.

The heavenly host united fall
  In humble worship at his feet,
One glorious theme inspires them all,
  The joy is full, the concert sweet.

New odours to the throne ascend,
  In accents new their praises soar;
Each finds in each a glowing friend,
  And all the God of all adore.

And shall I join that prostrate throng,
  In love's ecstatic heav'n-taught lays,
With pow'rs expanded, that new song,
  Hymn to the Lamb's exalted praise!

Worthy art thou to take the book,
  And loose the seals, and read therein,
God's holy mysteries to unlock;
  Worthy art thou, for thou wast slain.

Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
  From ev'ry nation of the earth;
And made us Kings and Priests to God,
  And sharers of a heavenly birth.

Myriads of angels stand around,
  Uniting in the loud acclaim;
And fill the temple with the sound
  Of our Redeemer's gentle name.

Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
  A sacrifice for ev'ry sin,
All pow'r and glory to obtain,
  And universal empire win.

Heav'n, earth and sea, shall swell the tone
  Of fervent universal praise;
And grateful joy around the throne,
  Its voice from age to age shall raise.

In all these myriads is there one
  Who had on earth so much forgiv'n?
And shall I reach their highest tone
  Of love to Jesus? THIS IS HEAVEN!!!

AND when this breast to heave shall cease,
And heart and lungs are hush'd to peace,
Some friendly hand the eye-lids close,
And leave the clay to short repose;*

Still on your knees be thanks exprest,
Acco ding as the Lord has blest;
This tongue, then mute, can now foretel
Jesus shall have done all things well.

Should the great Sov'reign will it so,
That I in secret with him go,
'Twill be enough that he stands by,
He all my wants will well supply.

* These circumstances took place as here described, although surviving friends had not then any knowledge of this poem.

Upon his dear, his faithful breast,
My heart and head shall safely rest;
The flutt'ring pulse, and bursting sigh,
He'll soothe with, 'Fear not, it is I.'

Into his hands my sp'rit I'll breathe,
Inhaling life from him, in death:
Though none should see, faith can foretel
My Jesus shall do all things well.

Though he deny my half-form'd pray'r,
Well may I cast on him my care;
All things are mine, or life, or death,
In praise of Him I'll spend my breath.

Be this my only wish beside,
That God's great name be glorified.
What me concerns faith can foretel,
My Jesus shall do all things well.

The following Poems were found among some old papers, and are supposed to be original—they were written in the Island of Antigua, shortly after Dr. Graham's death.

PART I.

HAIL! thou state of widowhood,
State of those that mourn to God;
Who, from earthly comforts torn,
Only live to pray and mourn.

Meanest of the number, I
For my dear companion sigh:
Patiently my loss deplore,
Mourn for one that mourns no more.

Me my consort hath out-run,
Out of sight he quite is gone;
He his course has finish'd here,
First come to the sepulchre.

Following on with earnest haste,
Till my mourning days are past,
I my partner's steps pursue,
I shall soon be happy too;

Find the ease for which I pant,
Gain the only good I want;
Quietly lay down my head,
Sink into my earthly bed.

There my flesh shall rest in hope,
Till the quicken'd dust mount up;
When to glorious life I'll rise,
To meet my husband in the skies.

PART II.

Happy they who trust in Jesus;
  Jesus turns our loss to gain;
Still his balmy mercies ease us,
  Sweeten all our grief and pain.

When he calls our friends t' inherit
  All the glories of the blest,
He assures the widow'd spirit,
  'Thou shalt quickly be at rest.'

Though my flesh and spirit languish
  Let me not too much complain;
Sure at last t' outlive my anguish,
  Sure to find my friend again.

Ransom'd from a world of sorrow,
  He to-day is taken home;
I shall be releas'd to-morrow:
  Come, my dear Redeemer, come.

From my sanctified distresses,
  Now, or when thou wilt, receive;
Grant with him in thine embraces,
  After all my deaths, to live.

PART III.

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
  Mysterious Three in One;
For ever be thy name ador'd,
  Thy will for ever done.

For this alone on earth I wait,
  To glorify my God;
And suffer, since thou will'st, the state
  Of sacred widowhood.

And may I, in thy strength, fulfil
  My awful character;
And prove thine acceptable will,
  And do thy pleasure here.

The children to thyself restore,
  Whom thou to me hast giv'n;
And rule my house with all my pow'r,
  And train them up for heav'n.

Be this my hospitable care,
  The stranger to receive,
The burden of thy Church to bear,
  And all their wants relieve.

My labour of unwearied love
  With pleasure to repeat;
My faith unto thy saints to prove,
  And gladly wash their feet.

The servant of thy servants bless,
  With active earnest zeal;
And every work of righteousness
  I shall with joy fulfil.

WOND'RING, I ask, where is the breast,
  Struggling so late, and rack'd with pain;
The eyes that upward look'd for rest,
  And dropt their weary lids again?

The recent horrors still appear;
  O may they never cease to awe!
Still is the king of terrors near,
  Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

Torture and sin prepar'd his way,
  And pointed to the yawning grave;
Darkness was spread o'er all the day,
  No hand was seen stretch'd forth to save.

'Twas not the searching pain within,
  That fill'd the coward flesh with fear;
Nor consciousness of outward sin,
  Nor sense of dissolution near.

In vain for hope he sought around,
  (The fruit of righteousness alone,)
His soul afar from Christ was found,
  And started from a God unknown.

His feeble flesh refus'd to bear
  Its strong redoubled agonies;
When mercy heard his feeble prayer,
  And saw him faintly gasp for ease.

'Father! if I may call thee mine,
  From heav'n and thee remov'd so far,
Draw near,—thy pitying eye incline,
  And cast not out my languid prayer.

'How shall I lift my guilty eyes,
  Or dare appear before thy face?
When, deaf to mercy's loudest cries,
  I long have wearied out thy grace.

'Loos'd from my God, and far remov'd,
  Long have I wander'd to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles rov'd,
  And sought a place of rest below.

'In darkness willingly I stray'd,
  I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
For wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
  Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd.

'Corrupt my will, nor half subdu'd;
Can I the purer presence bear!
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrenew'd,
Dare I before thy face appear?

'Father of mercies, hear my call,
Ere yet arrive the fatal hour;
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by thy quick'ning power.

'My nature re-exchange for thine,
Be thou my Life, my Hope, my Gain;
Clothe me with righteousness divine,
And death shall shake his dart in vain.

'Could I the Saviour's voice but hear,
And clasp him in my soul's embrace,
Soon I'd dismiss my gloomy fear,
And rest on his supporting grace.

'I nothing have wherein to trust,
I nothing am—from nothing came;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

'Guilty I stand before thy face;
Thy wrath on me might well abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just,—but, oh! thy Son has died!

'Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bare our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head,
'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me.

'Lo! now before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

'He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen, to what my Lord doth say,
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

'A stranger long to thee and rest,
Behold the prodigal is come:
Open for me thine arms and breast,
And take the weary wanderer home!

'O draw me, Saviour, after thee!
So shall I run, and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me,
My Life, my Hope, my sole Desire!

'Fain would I leave this earth below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God.

'Whither should now my soul aspire,
But heav'nward to my Saviour's breast;
Wafted on wings of warm desire,
To gain her everlasting rest!

'Where thou, and only thou, art love;
Far from the world's insidious art;
Beyond the rage of fiends remov'd,
And safe from my deceitful heart.

'There let me rest, and sin no more;
Come quickly, Lord, and end the strife;
Hasten my last, my mortal hour,
Swallow me up in endless life.

'Thankful, I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
It has a sov'reign power to heal.

'When pains o'er my weak flesh prevail,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
If fear my wounded soul assail,
O cheer me by thy promis'd rest!

'Speak to the fears that in me rise,
Say to my trembling heart, Be still;
O guide my hope beyond the skies,
And fix my feet on Zion's hill.

'Tis done; life's struggle now is o'er,
Close to my Saviour now I cling;
He saves me by redeeming power,
Disarms the monster of his sting:
The Saviour's kind, he takes me home!
Amen! sweet Jesus, come, Lord, come!'

Peace, fluttering soul, the storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtful strife;
He flies to heav'n, returns no more;
A widow thou, no more a wife.

And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
Lift up a helpless heart.

Thou seest my tortur'd breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The griefs that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known:
'Tis worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone.

Immoderate sorrow chide,
Who only canst control;
Canst turn the stream of nature's tide,
And calm my troubled soul.

Oh! my much-injur'd Lord,
Restore mine inward peace;
I know, thou canst pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

When shall thy love constrain,
  And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
  To her eternal rest?

Thy condescending grace
  To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
  And stoops to ask my love.

Ah! what avails my strife,
  Distraction, grief, and woe!
Thou hast the words of endless life:
  To thee then let me go.

Lord, at thy feet I fall,
  I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey thy call,
  And give up all for thee.

To rescue me from woe,
  Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a life of grief below,
  To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
  The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
  And died a cursed death.

Take, then, O Saviour, take,
  And keep me ever thine;
Though late, I all for thee forsake,
  And more than life resign.

Come, and possess me whole,
  Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
  With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
  Thy love alone to know,
To seek, and taste no other bliss,
  No other good below.

My Life, my Portion, thou,
  Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heav'nly Treasure, now
  Enter, and keep my heart.

Rather than let it burn
  For earth, O quench its heat;
And when it would to earth return,
  O let it cease to beat.

Snatch me from ill to come,
  When I from thee would fly;
O take my wand'ring spirit home,
  And grant me then to die.

SINKING underneath my load,
  Darkly feeling after thee,
Let me ask, 'My God, my God,
  Why hast thou forsaken me?'
    Why, O why, am I forgot?
    Lord, I seek, but find thee not.

Still I ask, nor yet receive,
  Knock at the unopen'd door;
Still I struggle to believe,
  Hope, though urg'd to hope no more,
    Bearing what I cannot bear,
    Yielding, fighting with despair.

Hear, in mercy, my complaint,
  Hear, and hasten to my aid;
Help, or utterly I faint;
  Fails the spirit thou hast made:
    Still I at thy footstool keep,
    Pray and hope, despair and weep.

Struggling in temptation's snare,
  Lo! I ever look to thee;
Tempted more than I can bear!
  No, my soul, it cannot be:
    True and faithful is his word,
    And thy sure Support the Lord.

Come, then, O my Saviour, come!
God of truth, no longer stay;
God of love, dispel the gloom,
Point me out the promis'd way;
Let me from the trial fly,
Sink into thy arms, and die.

Waft me to that happy shore,
Port of ease, and end of care;
All my storms shall there be o'er,
Grief shall never reach me there:
Surely of my God possest,
Safe in my Redeemer's breast.

Rise, my soul, the dawn appears
Of that eternal day:
Quit, in hope, the vale of tears,
And mount and soar away.

Darting through this lower sphere,
Quick as a seraphic flame;
Rise, the marriage feast to share
Of Moses and the Lamb.

In the wedding garb of love,
By heav'nly pity drest;
I shall soon sit down above,
At the celestial feast.

To mine elder Brother join'd,
I shall there my partner see;
In the arms of Jesus find
The soul that twin'd with me.

There we shall with transport meet,
And see our Saviour's face;
There the heav'nly song repeat,
In ecstacy of praise.

Bright as his, our bodies are;
  Like the Head, the members shine;
All our open foreheads bear
  The glorious stamp divine.

With the high and lofty One
  We dwell in bliss supreme;
Share the pleasures of his throne,
  And taste the crystal stream;

Banquet on angelic food,
  Father, Son, and Spirit know;
Drink the joys that flow from God,
  And shall for ever flow.

A FRAGMENT.

Mixt with the guardian angels, bend
  The heirs of glorious grace;
And still, like them, to heaven ascend,
  And still behold thy face.

Happy, might I the grace receive,
  Which thy true widows share;
With God in close communion live
  A life of faith and prayer.

In thee, my only friend, confide
  Delightfully alone;
And desolate with thee abide,
  Till all my course be run.

Surely, I now rely on thee,
  Within thine arms I am;
And trust the glorious face to see
  Of my triumphant Lamb.

I know the prayer of faith is heard,
  I feel the answer given;
And haste, by holiness prepar'd,
  To meet my Lord in heaven.

LETTERS.

TO MRS. GRANDIDIER.

St. John's, Antigua, 1775.

My dear Mrs. G———,

The long and steady friendship which has subsisted between us in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, ever the same, without change or diminution, leaves me no room to doubt that it will extend to my little family, and that you will be as ready, to the utmost of your power, to befriend them, as you have been the dear father already gone, and your friend, who is, perhaps, about to follow.

If it should please God to take me away in my approaching confinement, I leave you and Captain G. full power to dispose of every thing in this house, and belonging to me in this island, as you shall think most for the advantage of my little family. You know that my extreme tenderness for their dear father, made me unable to part with any of his clothes; but these can be of no consequence to me when I shall again have joined him for whose sake I kept them; you may therefore dispose of them, and also of my own, if you think that what they will fetch will be of more service to the children. But I do not choose to leave any particular directions about my trifling effects; you will consult with other friends; and I am certain that you will act for them to the best of your judgment. It is

a great relief to my mind, that I have such steady and tried friends to leave the charge of them upon. Miss G. B. has promised to take J—, and it is my desire, that the others, and the infant yet unborn, if it survive, be sent to my father, where I will leave them to be disposed of, and provided for, by that God who has fed me all my life; their heavenly Father, who has commanded me to leave my fatherless children upon him, who will preserve them alive, and whose promise I have, that he will never leave them, nor forsake them.

Mr. Reid will not be less kind to the offspring of his friend, when they have lost, than when they were under, a mother's protection. May the blessing of the widow and the fatherless follow him wherever he goes, and may God recompense him a thousand fold in blessings spiritual and temporal. Let Diana* be sent with my children; if there be an infant you know a nurse must be found for it, whatever it cost. As for Susan,* I am at a loss what to do with her: my heart tells me that I have no right to entail slavery upon her and her offspring; I know that I shall be blamed, but I am about to be called to account by a higher power than any in this world for my conduct, and I dare not allow her to be sold. I therefore leave it to herself, either to remain here, or if it be her desire, to accompany the children. I beg Mr. Reid will be kind enough to allow her a passage with the rest.

And now, my dear friend, as the greatest happiness I can wish you, may that God whom I have chosen as my own portion, be yours also: may he, by his outward providence, and by the inward operations of his Spirit on your heart, lead you to himself, and convince you of the

* The two Indian girls mentioned in the Life of Mrs. Graham.

truth. But O, my dear friend, shut not your eyes and ears against conviction: you are not satisfied that the Bible is indeed the word of God. Is it not worth inquiring into? What would you think of a man, who had a large fortune, and the whole depending on proving some certain facts, who yet would not be at the pains to inform himself? Are the interests of this world of such importance, which in a few fleeting years we must leave, and have done with for ever? And is our final state in the next, which is to fix us in happiness or misery through the endless days of eternity, not worth a thought? Think, then, and seriously ask, What if it be so! What, if this be, indeed, the word of God, given by inspiration for the rule of both our faith and manners, by which we are to be judged! What, if this same God, who so kindly reveals his will to men, has with it given the clearest evidences and strongest proofs that it is his own word! Think, I say, my dear friend, if it should be so, what they deserve, who either reject or neglect it, without taking the trouble to inform themselves, so as to be convinced, that it either is, or is not, of divine authority! How many great, learned, and wise men, have sifted these evidences with the greatest care, and the deeper they entered into the search, the more clear they appeared. Even those whose lives are entirely contrary to it, and whose interest it is to wish it false, cannot deny. As to the various explanations of it—it is every one's duty to read for himself; and although there may be some parts of it too deep for our capacity, and many parts which cannot be understood without an exact knowledge of ancient history; yet the simple truths of the gospel, what we are to believe concerning God, and what duties he requires of us, and what he forbids, are equally plain and easy. If we can only once

be satisfied that it is indeed the word of God, set ourselves to study it with an unprejudiced mind, with a sincere desire to know the truth, and be led by it, with earnest prayer, that the same Spirit which inspired the writers, would make it plain to our hearts and understandings, that God himself would teach us its true meaning, and save us from error! we shall, I venture to say, be taught all necessary knowledge, and be led in the way to eternal life: we have God's promise that it shall be so. "If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

Forgive me, my dear friend; the subject appears to me so important, that I know not how to have done. I love you with a sincere friendship; I love your soul, and am deeply interested in its eternal happiness. Once more I commit you to that God who only can lead you to himself and to true happiness: and that you may know the truth of this from deep experience, to the eternal joy and peace and safety of your immortal soul, is the last prayer of your affectionate friend, who hopes to meet and rejoice with you in our Redeemer's kingdom.

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS TO P——.

Chiefly written when she was in Affliction.

February 10, 1797.

My ever dear Friend,

THE desire of writing you a long letter has occasioned a shameful delay on my part. One thing I

can assure you of—you have been much on my mind, and the subject of all our prayers.

Tears of joy ran down my cheeks, when J—— told me the state of your mind; and I thank our good and gracious God for opening your eyes to see the vanity of this world, the corruption of your own heart, your need of the atoning blood, and a better righteousness than your own. Hail, my sister in Jesus! Flesh and blood have not taught you this, but your Father who is in heaven: the work is his, evidently his; and being begun, he will carry it on, and finish it too. Commit your soul, then, into his hands: he "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" his errand to our world was to seek and to save the lost. Trusting in his mercy, through Christ, your soul is as safe as his word is true; for none perish that trust in him, "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding;" be not discouraged because of deadness, darkness, wandering, want of love, want of spirituality, want of any kind; who told you of these evils and wants? The Sun of Righteousness shining into your soul, has shown you many of the evils there; but the half you know not yet. The more you learn of the holiness and purity of the divine nature, and spirituality of the divine law, the more you will be dissatisfied with every thing yours. Even a holy Apostle said—"In me, (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing. The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; so that the things that I would I do not, and the things that I would not, that I do. Yet it is not I" (not my new nature) "but sin that dwelleth in me; for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not."

If this was the case with the Apostle, who sealed his testimony with his life, is it strange that you and I should have hearts full of all abominable things? These realities are cause of deep humility before God, but none of despair or doubt; all are guilty and vile alike, the whole head is sick, and the whole heart unsound; therefore we need Christ to atone for our sin, to cover our naked souls with his imputed righteousness, and to be Surety for us: to sanctify us by his Spirit, and prepare us for the purchased inheritance. O try to rest in him: believe it, you are complete in him: give over, my dear friend, poring and diving into your own heart and frames, and try to trust in an almighty Saviour, to save you from foes without, and foes within. Read Romaine's Walk and Life of Faith: he himself attained to a high degree of holiness, by getting out of himself, and trusting, resting, believing, from day to day, for grace, for every duty as it occurred. The promise runs, "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

I cannot, at this distance, and knowing nothing of the state of things in your neighbourhood, offer you any advice with respect to outward means; but, if you know any truly pious spiritual minister, I should think it your duty to lay open your mind to him. You may find in books matter as good as any man living can speak; but it is the Lord's appointed way, and he often honours his servants, his ministers, by making them messengers of peace and comfort to his children." "Are any sick? Let them call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over them." See how the Christians of old associated with one another!

I am, now, doubly yours, &c.

I. G.

March, 1799.

My ever dear Friend,

I HAVE just read your letter: you are now in heaviness; but the day will soon break, and the shadows flee away, and the dear Saviour whom ye seek will again comfort his returning prodigal.

I will do what you desire me; and though I have the highest opinion of our young Timothy I. M., I will pass by him in this case, and lay it before one of the aged Christians, Dr. R—rs, or Dr. L—n; at the same time, my friend, I am as sure of their answer, as if I were already in possession of it. Who told my friend that she was blind and miserable, and wretched, and naked? Flesh and blood never yet taught proud man or woman this lesson.

My dear friend, there is nothing new or strange, in all you have told me: there is scarcely one heaven-taught soul that has made any advances in the spiritual warfare, but could sympathize with you, from experience. What have you experienced more than the Scriptures tell us—that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" Only the Lord can search it, only he can cleanse it. He takes the prerogative to himself, and he calls it his covenant that he will make with sinners in gospel times. You may strive and fight, and resolve and vow—all will not do: you lie at his mercy for holiness, as well as pardon. He is exalted as a prince, to give repentance; and he is the Author and finisher of Faith. He works all our works in us, and without him we are not equal to one good thought. We are his workmanship, "created anew in Christ Jesus." My dear friend, put the work into his

hand, and try to wait in hope; hope in every situation; do more, "trust."

You entirely mistake the situation of others; none of us have our heaven here: no, sin dwelleth in us; the very best have their ups and downs. Do you think that your friend is always on the mount? Very far from it. I am at times so cold, so dead, so stupid, that I can neither pray, read, nor hear. I have begun the same chapter over and over, still trying to fix my thoughts; and, as often, they wander towards every trifle: but my peace lies where you will soon learn to place yours: in the merits of my almighty Saviour; my safety depends, not on my frames, but his promise; and I am equally safe when tossed and tempted; and when buffetted, like you with abominable thoughts, the fiery darts of Satan, as when basking in the sunshine of his love, and tasting what you have tasted; for you have tasted, and you shall yet taste, the joys of his salvation. I too, have proved false to his covenant, have gone off with the world, and been intoxicated with its vanities, and empty delights, and have laid up for myself seasons of deep remorse: my sins have often separated between my God and me, especially in my younger days. The Lord calls to watchfulness and diligence in the use of means, and he generally honours these means, of his own appointing, with his blessing. When we either trust to these means, and fancy merit in them, or neglect to use them as his appointment, he generally makes us to feel our error; but he does not cast us out of his family: he chastens us, and restores us.

I write hastily, just to say that you have my sympathy and my love; for, well I know, the almighty Lord alone can loose your bonds, and give you "joy and peace in believing." All my advice may be summed up in this—

Trust in the Lord with all your heart; at least aim at this: I say, aim at it, for this too must be given you. Roll yourself, your doubts, your fears, your sins, your duties, all, all on him; say, "Lord, I believe; help my unbelief." He is an almighty Saviour, to deliver sinners from sin as well as from punishment. I leave you on the Father of mercies, and will, when the Lord enables, pray for you.

Yours, &c.

At last, my dear friend, the Lord appears; appears the Bible God; "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin,"

When was it that the Lord proclaimed this, and took unto himself this name? After Israel, his chosen, had been guilty of that awful sin in the wilderness, of making the golden calf, and proclaiming, "These be thy Gods, O Israel." David takes it up in the 103d Psalm; "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."—Read on, my dear; then turn to the 130th: this God is your God, and has long been your God; his work was upon your heart, though you could not discern it. In bondage you have long been, but not a willing captive; unbelief kept you in bondage, long, long after your eyes were opened to see your bondage; and even to discern, in some feeble measure, your remedy. The Lord has wise reasons for all you have suffered: if not now, you shall, in some after time, "know and consider all the way by which he has led you, to prove you, to try you, and show you what was in your heart, that he might do you good in your latter end." You did not wait

patiently for the Lord your God; you did not, in general, say, "Though he slay me, I will trust in him."—No; my friend has been a great unbeliever, yet hath the Lord, the sovereign Lord, "whose ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts," brought you out of a "fearful pit, and out of the miry clay; set your feet upon a rock, and established your goings; put a new song into your mouth, even praise unto our God." Now you sing the 34th Psalm. I rejoice with my friend; I bless the Lord with her; let us exalt his name together. It is establishing to my own soul. I have long prayed and long looked for this: I lived in the faith of it, assured that he who had begun the good work would perfect it in his own time.

I cannot but regret your want of pastoral food; yet ought I to regret any thing? The Lord himself is your Shepherd; my Bible lies on my lap. I had turned to the 34th Psalm, to know if it contained what I would point out to you; on finishing the last verse, I unconsciously turned mine eye on the Bible; the words that met it were in the 33d Psalm, 8th verse: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." And so it shall be. Amen, my God, Amen. Do as thou hast said.

Perhaps, my friend, by this time, your notes are lowered. It has pleased the Lord to give you a strange sight—Mary Magdalene, a great sinner, at the feet of Jesus, pardoned, comforted, and highly honoured in after-life. This history, accompanied by the Spirit of God, has consoled, strengthened, and raised up many bowed down since that day; many now around the throne, who sing of pardoning love.

I now wish to say, Hold fast the beginning of your confidence. Your exercise is that of God's people. To

rejoice in the Lord at all times is your privilege, but will not be always your attainment. The Lord has done great things for you, whereof I am glad: but, my dear friend, the warfare is not over: you must endure trials as others; you must engage with "principalities and powers, and with spiritual wickedness in high places;" and, worst of all, a treacherous heart within; which, after all that it has seen and tasted, is yet corrupt and deceitful: the new life which Christ gives to the soul, evidences itself in the desires of the heart and affections. As certainly as the new-born babe desires the breast, as certainly, and as evidently, does the new-born soul desire union to God, communion with him, and conformity to him, in heart, life, and conversation. This principle is, in its own nature, perfectly pure: but the old nature, the law in the spiritual members, is as perfectly corrupt; "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing."

In the order of God's covenant, it has not pleased him to deliver even believers, all at once, from sinful inclinations and passions; he has provided for their final, complete deliverance, and sin shall not have dominion over them even here; but it is still in them while in the body, and a dying body; and the remains of sin in the soul make the believer's life a warfare, and this world a wilderness; soul and body are diseased; both are redeemed, and provision made for the entire deliverance of both; for the soul at death, for the body at the resurrection; but, while in the body (1 John i. 8.), "if any man say that he hath no sin, he deceiveth himself, and the truth is not in him." Look at Paul's experience—what does he say of the believer's state? He calls it a warfare, a fight, a captivity for a time: see 1 Tim. vi. 12. 1 Cor. ix. 26.

I write not thus to dishearten you, but as a friend, I warn you, lest you fall again into unbelief. Look not within for comfort, for consolation, for confidence. Christ is the End of the law for righteousness, his blood the atonement, and you are complete in him: his grace is sufficient for you, his strength shall be perfected in your weakness, and you shall go on. Grieve for sin you will, grieve you ought; but keep ever in your remembrance, 1 John ii. 1. v. 11.

Yours, &c.

December 22, 1801.

I DEDICATE the first of my temporal labours, on returning health, to my dear P. Our Father's rod has been upon your friend and her family. I suppose by this time, through Miss P., to whom I mentioned the circumstance, you have heard that it has pleased God to remove our dear I. S. The stroke has been severely felt: she was one of those fascinating children that lay hold of every heart, at first sight; and, having been long sickly, was become a woman in sense; pity and compassion for her sufferings, alternate hopes and fears for the issue, all tended to endear the little siren, and tighten the cord of affection. The stroke, after all, came unexpected. She had a gentle passage, and is now a member of that kingdom of little children, whom Christ pronounced blessed.

I was reading this day some of the first chapters of Matthew. John the Baptist made his appearance in the wilderness: he was clothed with skins: his meat was locusts and wild honey. When he had delivered his message for an appointed time, he was cast into prison, and

then beheaded. This led my mind to think how few, of all God's favourites, had any comfort on earth.

What a trying life Moses had! Aaron had little better; David, though a king, was a man of deep affliction. Jeremiah was cast into a dungeon; and for many days sunk deep in mire; his whole life, a life of contest. All Christ's Apostles were driven from city to city, often in want of the necessaries of life, and all but one were put to death for their testimony.

Jesus himself was a man of sorrows, his visage marred with grief. He, even He, was made perfect by suffering. We are apt to think that we could have suffered any thing but this. Of all crosses, this is the heaviest, for one of my temper, strength, and former habits of life. It may be so, and yet exactly that which is calculated to promote our best interest. O for faith in the wisdom and the love of God, and for patience to endure unto the end! To *suffer* the will of God, is yet more honourable than to *do* the will of God in prosperous circumstances.

When I was with my friend, she was wont to say, 'I must just lie at the fountain, I make no progress.' My dear, I must ever, ever, return to that fountain. I desire to be found there at the moment when his word shall command my soul into his presence. Every review I take of my past life, I find more and more to repent of; and every day furnishes fresh matter for that exercise. I feel, like Noah's dove, no rest for the sole of my foot, out of that ark. I have been blessed with thousands and ten thousands of mercies, which have been marked with as many millions of marks of ingratitude. I have backslidden, and been restored, times without number; and still my heart turns aside like a deceitful bow. Great and numerous have been my opportunities of serving my God in

my day and generation; but woeful has been my misimprovement! Many of my friends think I have done well; but they see not as God sees; they see not as God has made myself to see, and I see not the thousandth part of the heinousness and the aggravation of my transgressions; and yet, after all, I dare look up. I can be but "the chief of sinners," and for such Christ died. He died for the ungodly. All, without exception, are invited to take refuge in his atoning sacrifice and meritorious life. In all my life, I have not done one single deed that will bear being weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. But in God's gift, Christ Jesus, I have a complete righteousness; here is my whole dependence; in this dependence I dare face my Judge, and no other.

Here is the same dependence for you, my friend; and although your faith be but a trembling hope, if you have no other, it is a safe hope. I know it is your desire, as it is mine, to live to Him who died for us; to be delivered from indwelling sin and corruption; and to be conformed to the image of our dear Lord. This is done in part, it will go on, and in due time shall be perfected: but it is God's way, that, the more we advance in conformity to God's law, the more he enlightens us in the nature, extent, and spirituality of it; and the more he opens to view the deceitfulness of the heart, so as to keep his children humble and pressing forward.

I desire never to be satisfied with myself, but ever to see so much of God's law in my own heart, as to reckon myself the chief of sinners, and the least of saints; but I desire to be full of confidence in Christ; here I cannot err; all the promises are free to every one trusting in Christ. Eternal life is a free gift—comfort, stedfastness, and high degrees of sanctification, it hath pleased God to

make dependent on our faith, and diligence in the use of means. When I say *faith*, I mean faith in exercise, watchfulness, prayer, and reading; but the gift of eternal life is free, the sole purchase of another; and when we take hold of God's covenant, he will keep hold of us, by discipline, if need be.

January 14, 1800.

My dear friend says, 'O that I could have the society of some aged pious clergyman or Christian, who had gone through his warfare!' O that you could, in the Lord's hand! I hope it might do you good; yet, after all, the Lord himself must loose your bonds; and he will, and also appoint the means.

There are two kinds of rest awaiting you, the one in this life, the other will not be attained until mortal shall put on immortality. When was it that Paul, the great Apostle, could say, that he had fought the good fight? Not till he could also say, that he had finished his course, and was ready to be offered up; till then, he, like others, had to continue the warfare between grace and corruption; like others, he found a law in his members, warring against the law of his mind, so that the thing he would, he did not, and that which he would not, that he did. Notwithstanding, there is a blessed rest attainable here, rest from the fear of wrath and hell; a rest in Christ as our Atonement, our Surety, our complete Righteousness, our Title to eternal life, and all the grace necessary to fit us for it. This is the work of faith, or rather this is faith itself.

The soul, established in this, can rest in all possible circumstances; it depends not on its frames; in darkness,

when it is tossed, tempted, wandering, conscious of unhallowed tempers, perhaps of the actual commission of sin, though, at such times, the warfare between grace and corruption is so strong, as to make the Christian exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?" he can still say, "The Lord lives, blessed be my Rock;" see the 42d and 43d Psalms. The Christian can still say, My Lord and my God; he is sure that the conflict will end, and that his God will bring good out of it; he enjoys hope; he feels his state as safe as in the most enlarged frame of mind, when he can pray, praise, love, rejoice. This is a riddle which only Christians can understand; and even they require many lessons to comprehend it, many more to practise.

Have you Newton's letters? See his second letter in Cardiphonia. O try to fix your anchor of hope on that sure foundation which God has laid in Zion—Christ himself. Trust him to save you from every evil without you, and within you. When your own weakness sinks you, try to be strong in his strength; when guilt disturbs, wash in the open fountain. But hold fast the beginning of your confidence unto the end.

Be comforted, fight on, aim at trusting, and you shall in the Lord's time also cease from your own works, and rest with more advanced Christians on the faithfulness of your own God in Christ. See Hebrews, iv. 9., also chap. xii. throughout. I finish with chap. xiii. 20, 21, my earnest prayer, and sure hope, for you, my precious friend!

November 28, 1801.

My dear friend's letter is truly in the Pilgrim's style. O that slough of despond, to the end of which you have not got! It is hard for you to believe that your compassionate Saviour stands by, and sees, with power to relieve, but does not; and yet loves you better than you love yourself. Alas, poor pilgrim! Yet pilgrim you are, and shall have a pilgrim's portion. The Lord knows all your troubles and perplexities; you are bound to believe that "the very hairs of your head are numbered." Often, my dear, think on the suffering life your Redeemer led on earth, and all the apostles and prophets. You are not to have your portion in this world; and you are to be tried and purified in the school of affliction. Say, would you exchange with those who are at ease? I hope not.

Christian left a jovial company behind him, in the valley of destruction: but, oh, the difference in the end! And, my dear friend, the end will soon come. Try to cast your soul, your body, your temporal and your spiritual concerns, your husband, your children, your all, on a God of rich grace. It will soon be over, even at the worst. As to your children; it may be in great mercy, that the Lord keeps from them the means of being fitted for gay life; sure am I, happiness does not depend on any style of living. Ask for them the provision of the new covenant, and that lot in life which God sees to be most conducive to their eternal interest.

Gladly would I spend part of the winter with you; and could, with pleasure, and without suffering, sleep in a room without fire, and share in all your troubles; but I dare not leave my post: I desire to trudge along, by the King's high-way of duty, to the habitation which the Lord my God has provided for me. I am not my own. I too am

under trial; few days pass over my head, which do not witness many tears. I look not for comfort in this world, but I have comfort in the prospect of another.

I long to hear from you, if you enjoy health, if the children do: above all, if you attain to any measure of resignation, any measure of confidence and hope through faith in the Redeemer's righteousness. Aim at it, my dear friend; call him your Lord, and your God, your Husband, your Friend; pour all your complaints into his bosom; groan, sigh, on your knees, and plead for patience and resignation, strength and fortitude, under the cross, to carry it all the length he has appointed. Cast your burden on the Lord, and try to leave it there. Essay to go forth to the laborious duty he has been pleased to call you to, with cheerfulness and alacrity. Go, depending on strength being communicated from hour to hour? look for it, and go forward in the faith of it.

Greenwich, September 26, 1805.

My dear Friend,

I ARRIVED here on Monday. I found my children, in health, but much affected with the death of the amiable youth M—, and the melancholy situation of his bereaved parents.

The epidemic spreads over the city in every direction among the few remaining in it: all the public offices are here; crowds of the citizens; and houses and stores spring up in a day: all is bustle and confusion, and all seem *mad* on business.

Parting with my dear friend was most painful; so pain-

ful, that nothing could alleviate it, but the presence of my own children; who, could there have been room from deeper sorrows, would have shared it with me. O that I could put my God, in my place, in your heart! What are earthly friends? How few are steady against all change of circumstances? Of these, fewer still have it in their power to supply every link of friendship's chain; a thousand unforeseen incidents disappoint their wishes, and frustrate their hopes, rendering abortive their greatest exertions. But there is "a Friend," everywhere present, thoroughly acquainted with every circumstance of the heart, and of the life; all-powerful to relieve; whose life is invariable, and ever the most tender, when every other friend stands aloof; a Friend in adversity; "a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," whose "love surpasseth the love of women." This Friend receiveth sinners—casts out none who come to him. He was never known to disappoint the hopes of any poor sinner. He receives them into his heart; he takes all their burdens and cares on himself, pays all their debts, answers all demands against them, and is every way Surety for them: they become his own, no one has any thing to say to them, but himself. He knows them—how apt to err, to wander, yea, to forget him, and prove ungrateful: all this he knows, but he has made provision for all. He has a rod, and he will subdue their iniquities. He will heal their backslidings, he will bring back and restore his wanderers. He will in due time perfect what concerns them, and present them to his Father, purified, without spot or wrinkle.

In the mean time, he requires them to confide in him; to go up through this wilderness, leaning upon him; to tell him all their complaints and griefs, and to comfort themselves; and he will impress the comfort, by means of his

great and precious promises, scattered like so many pearls through his sacred Bible, tabled there, on purpose for us to ground our prayers upon, and delight ourselves in. This is your friend's Friend, and of ten thousand beside. This was Magdalene's Friend; this, the persecuting Paul's Friend; wicked Manasseh's Friend; the adulterous, murderous David's Friend. And he is your Friend, though your eyes are holden, that you see him not. He is leading you by a way that you know not. This is one of his characters, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not."

I was happy to find your niece was to return with Mr. P—; but, my dear, a painful dread has assaulted my peace, lest Satan get the advantage by means of a stranger in the family, and undo what has been begun. The world may have peace without God; but you shall not. You have, however feebly, taken hold of his covenant; and he will keep you to your choice. Psalm lxxix. 30.

November, 1805.

My dear Friend,

This is not our rest; through much tribulation all Christ's disciples must follow him. There is a rest prepared for the people of God, as far as tasted in this world; (and in this world it is tasted;) it consists in a mind resigned to the will of God, in proportion as it can say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Christ himself was made perfect through suffering, and all his followers shall be so in their appointed measure. What is our cup to his? O my dear friend, we are ransomed, we are redeemed; and we are fitting and preparing for

the purchased inheritance, that perfect rest for the people of God, when their warfare is finished. Let him do all his pleasure with us here; let him subdue our iniquities in his own way; let him glorify his name by our sufferings—his glory is connected with his people's best interests. We shall one day acknowledge that he has done all things well, and that not one word of all that he has promised has failed.

It has pleased the Lord to take from us our dear sweet Rebecca; young as she was, through much tribulation she entered in; I have scarcely seen severer suffering, or a harder dismission. It is well; the Lord will answer his own ends by it, for the good of all concerned, as well as for his own glory. Our dear G. was ill at the same time, and all hope was lost as to him also; for a whole week we looked upon him as dying. A bold measure was taken with him, which succeeded; the Lord had commanded life; it was not thought of for her. God had appointed to her an entrance into life eternal. It is all well. Blessed, blessed be his name; for her he has taken and him he has restored, both equally! I. G. S— was confined at the same time with a broken arm; N. B— with the fever and pleurisy. Deep have been the wounds in this aged heart, not yet weaned from earth, but tremblingly alive to every thing that concerns my children. Yet I do give up. I have asked but one thing with importunity, and by that I abide. I did not ask for temporal life, but the life which Christ died to purchase, and lives to bestow: let him answer my petition by means of his own appointing; by health or by sickness, by riches or by poverty, by long life or by early death—only let all mine, by the ties of nature, be his by regeneration of his Spirit.

August 24, 1810.

My dear Friend,

I BLESS and praise our gracious God for his late manifestations to you in the midst of so many tumultuating circumstances, calculated to stir up corruption, and prevent that rest which you so much needed. For this manifestation I have earnestly prayed; and I have expected it, not because I prayed for it, but because it is often the Lord's way, when his poor, erring, wandering creatures, are at their wit's end, saying, "There is no hope," to manifest himself a God at hand, the almighty Saviour, saying, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt? Ye have destroyed yourselves; but in me is your help; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

I will answer all your queries in one. Were you an "outcast," the Lord would never have dealt with you as he has done; not only now that you feel his love in some measure shed abroad in your heart, but years ago, when you felt only enmity there, the last feeling was as certain an evidence of the Lord's gracious dealings with you as the first. It is the Spirit that convinceth of sin. It was the Spirit that convinced you years ago, not only of your sin, but of your helplessness. It was the Spirit that produced that self-condemnation, self-loathing, which you experienced: it was the Spirit that opened your eyes, to discern the holiness, the spirituality, and the perfection of that law by which you stood condemned in yourself. O my friend, the dead in trespasses and sins have no such views. The same Spirit pointed out the Saviour many a time; and, however feebly, you did sigh after him; you did desire to love him and to serve him. But, my dear, there was a stumbling-block in your way, to present peace and rest. Your language was, 'O that I were worthy;

but I am such a sinner, so unworthy, my corruptions are so strong, my heart so hard, I cannot believe.' It was all true, it is true at this hour—but it appeared to me that you kept back—you did not lay hold on the hope set before you, so as to obtain peace and comfort: you did not account it "a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," even the chief; you did not realize the invitation, "Look unto me, all the ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else. And Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink—Whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely. Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Again, "This is the record, that God giveth to you eternal life, and this life is in his Son. The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Now, what is the plain simple meaning of all this? In the plan of redemption, in the counsels of Jehovah, Jesus Christ, the second person of the incomprehensible Trinity, is "sanctified, set apart, substituted" in the room of condemned sinners, to take their nature upon him, their sins upon him, their duties upon him; to become a complete Surety in every respect, to sustain the penalty in his own person: to yield a complete perfect obedience to every demand of the law in his own life and death: in a word, to work out a perfect, complete, justifying righteousness for us in his own person. It was not wrought in us, it is a finished work without us—to this nothing of ours is to be added; with this nothing of ours is to be mixt; it is the sinner's by pure imputation, and perfectly distinct from that holiness of heart and life which is wrought in us, in consequence of this imputed righteousness. The Holy Ghost says, by the mouth of the Apostle, "Christ is the

end of the law for righteousness, and ye are complete in him—He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." This is the righteousness, the clean linen, pure and white, the wedding-garment; all the types of the law of Moses pointed out this. In this "God beholds no iniquity of Jacob nor transgression in Israel." Christ himself, his *Person*, as well as his work, is the Gift of God to sinners, to be their Head, their Husband, their Life, as well as their Prophet, Priest, and King. By the same plan, all is put in the sinner's offer, and secured to him, simply upon his accepting. It is the divine appointment, "that to as many as receive him to them gives he power to become the sons of God." But the gift must first be received by the sinner, as a sinner—then the promise follows, or rather goes with it, 'power to become his child." It is in the first act of simple faith, that I think my friend has come short; not of eternal life—no—faith she has long had to be saved; but has not entered into present rest. He that hath entered into rest, hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his. You have kept looking for evidences in yourself, instead of crediting the invitation and the promise. It is not God's ordinary way to give such evidences. The man with the withered hand might as reasonably have said, 'Lord, let me first feel strength, and then I will believe that I shall be able to stretch it out.' The Lord hath dealt in great mercy with you. There is much faith expressed in your letter; but it is, through the great condescension of your merciful Father, accompanied and strengthened by a sensible manifestation. He has allowed you to see fruit, to feel his love as well as to believe; to be strong in faith for the time. These are evidences, undoubted evidences that you have passed from death unto

life, and are safe in his covenant mercy. They are certain evidences of the reality of your being in Christ; but, my dear friend, these feelings may not be evidences to your apprehension three days. Try now to rest on the promise; keep to it; "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and take the Gift of God for the foundation of your rest." 1 John v. 10—13. This record was as true, under all the tumult expressed in your last melancholy epistle, as during the consoling exercise of this. You change, but God never. Satan desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat: but Christ prayed for you. Temptation may return, but hold fast the promise. "God giveth to you eternal life." Be assured, the more firmly and steadily you can believe this, the more you will grow in love to God, and all holy obedience; watch against doubts, they come from the enemy; and listened to, they give him great advantage over you, for faith is your shield.

March, 1811.

I AM daily on the look-out: one year and three months will complete my threescore and ten. I do not know one individual alive, whom I knew in my school-days! it has been the case for many years. I do not long for my dismission, neither am I tired of life; but nothing in this world, unless closely connected with another, interests me; and I am tired of sin; still it cleaves to me; in all things I come short, and many duties I neglect altogether; for I still have a considerable share of health, and might do some good, had I

will equal to my opportunities: as to the power, it is not in me, but I know that I have it in my blessed Head, and for the asking. I cannot but long to be delivered from sin, and sinful apathy in particular: for really my heart must be wickedly fertile, to find out opportunities of moral transgression. Food and raiment are mine, without care: my children, under God, care for me. I have my dear little room: my Bible, and books founded on it. I have a dear pastor, and Christian friends, lively ordinances, and also much of the Lord's presence at times; my cup runs over with blessings, but my gratitude bears no proportion; my zeal for the glory of God, and the good of my fellow-sinners, seem buried under self-indulgence and apathy. O that the goodness of the Lord may lead me to repentance!

And now, my dear friend, let me know how it is with you and your dear family. The severe winter is past; how have you got along? With what temporal comfort? And how has the Lord dealt with your soul? Has the barrel of meal, or the cruse of oil failed? Does the opening spring cheer your spirits, and furnish a song of praise? Does it find you in a situation to dig your garden, sow your seeds, and make provision for future comfort? Has the Lord turned your captivity, and dried up the bitter waters that flowed against you? How are your eyes after all the briny tears that have steeped them? How are your poor nerves, after all the shocks that have agitated them? All these things have been on my mind; but from my long silence, you cannot believe it. What are we all, but broken reeds which pierce the hand when laid hold of for support? There is but one Friend to poor, fallen, miserable man, in the universe. He is mercy; He is Goodness; He is

Truth; He is Wisdom; He is unchangeable, and never will fail you; take him to your heart; give it all to him: he only is worthy, no other is.

June 27, 1811.

I RECEIVED my dear friend's letter this day week, and have been answering it ever since. Never was I in such a strait. It contains the effusion of disappointed hopes and anticipation of sore evils; indicates a soul deeply wounded, and taking in Christian principles, under temptation. Where shall I begin? I have laid it before our compassionate High Priest: I have requested direction. Assist me, O thou blessed Comforter, whose office it is to convince of sin, as well as to minister consolation! Do both from the heart, and by the pen of thine handmaid.

It appears to me salutary, to call your attention first to the sovereignty of God. The silver and the gold are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills; he giveth them to whomsoever he pleaseth: he setteth up one and putteth down another, doing whatsoever pleaseth him. "In the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" He attributes to himself all events; men, and other creatures are but instruments. Men's wicked hearts impel them to commit evil; but the events are of the Lord, which he overrules for his own glory, and for the good of his people. "Him being delivered by the foreknowledge and counsel of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified him." Joseph

said, "Ye meant it for evil, but God for good, to save much people alive, as at this day." The Lord does not often, at the time, give his people reasons for afflicting them, though they can often read them at an after period.

Job was an holy man: his afflictions from God's own hand were very deep; the teasing unkindness and injustice of his friends made great part of the temptation, and he spake unadvisedly with his lips. When God did appear, he did not answer his cavils, or give him one reason why he had dealt with him thus; but silenced him with views of his majesty, power, and wisdom; and of his own meanness and violence, though correct in his conduct beyond most others. I believe he spake truth, when he said, "I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause that I knew not, I searched out." God allowed the weight of the trial to be upon his spirit, with the conviction of his presumption, till he brought him to his feet. "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." These things were written for our example and profit.

This afflictive providence is now finished, at least so far. What you now possess is the allotment of your God. Set all instruments aside, and listen to the Holy Ghost—"Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, and he shall exalt you in due time." In order to this, I would recommend you to take a close retrospective view of your past life, with earnest prayer that God would search you and try you, and show you what wicked ways have been,

or now are, in you. Go back to the days of your youth: take a close view of the use you made of affluence and influence, not comparing yourself with others: but judging yourself by the law of God, the only standard of right and wrong, truth and error. Seek for humbling views of yourself in yourself. If the Holy Ghost enlighten, you will find sufficient grounds. Seek for consolation in the free promises of God, through Jesus Christ, of which there are also abundance, even to the chief of sinners. What I recommend to you has been my own practice, especially in times of trial. If health will admit of it, add fasting, because I think it is the Lord's ordinance. "The days shall come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, then shall they fast in those days."

Read the third chapter of Jeremiah's Lamentations: endeavour to come under the feelings of contrition on account of your sins, and derive consolation from faith in God's great mercy; ever keeping in view the only channel through which mercy can flow to sinners of Adam's race. Take also a view of God's dealings with his elect nation, in the wilderness: they had nothing but manna, and were punished for murmuring: while at that very time, the nations in Canaan, the Egyptians and Assyrians, were living in all manner of luxury. What was their whole history but backsliding, threatening upon threatening, then chastisement, turning, repenting, pardon, reconciliation, and the same round again, every chastisement severer than the last; while worldlings, in general, have their day to the end; "Then," says David, "they are cast down suddenly to destruction." I wish you to take a particular view of God's dealings with them before Nebuchadnezzar sacked the city of Jerusalem. The decree was passed after many warnings, and much long-suffering. How

many pauses, as it were, did the merciful Lord God make before he gave them finally up to their enemies; and when the decree was irrevocable, and the chastisement to take place, still he followed them with mercy. See Jeremiah xxvii. 12., and chap. xxix.; the letter which God commanded Jeremiah to write to those who had been carried away captive with Jehoiakim, advising them to build houses and plant vineyards, and to make the most of their situation. Those at Jerusalem were commanded to submit to the king of Babylon, as in that case he would not destroy the city; but no, they stood it out, and the threatened vengeance overtook them.

The poor were left to take care of the vineyards; Jeremiah remained with them in preference to going with the King of Babylon to be promoted to honour. God offered to take them under his protection, and be their God: but no, they would go to Egypt, and put themselves under the king of Egypt's protection. Jeremiah told them from the Lord, that Egypt itself should soon go into captivity. But to Egypt they went, and carried Jeremiah with them. See Isaiah's prophecy on this occasion, chap. xxxv. 31. Now look at chap. lxii.; there you see God's judgment and chastening; follow him in the beginning of the chapter lxiii. and view his mercy; in the end of the same chapter, again see his charge against them; yet it is followed with mercy, not judgment. Thus we learn the character of God. Thus we learn his dealings with his people. They are not called to earthly comfort and prosperity. They ever have been, and still are, a suffering people: they are all sinners—sin brings sufferings, and God overrules suffering, so as to make it profitable to them. Though redeemed by the life and death of Christ, "being justified by faith, they have peace with

God;" yet the Lord has not pleased all at once to qualify them for the purchased possession. They receive a new birth, a new life, and are called to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, with this consolation, that God worketh in them both to will, and to do, of his good pleasure. This is not their home, here they have no continuing city; they are travelling through the wilderness, to the city and mansions purchased and prepared for them by their Saviour, and must be made holy before they can enter. They have many corruptions to be mortified, and many errors, in their estimation of men and things, to be corrected. Their hearts require to be made more spiritual, humble, tender, resigned, and grateful. "Then shalt thou remember all the way by which I led thee; to prove thee, and try thee; to show thee what was in thy heart, that I might do thee good in thy latter end." Besides, all suffering is not the immediate punishment of sin in the individual sufferer, nor for his exclusive profit: it is evident from Scripture, that the suffering takes place for the benefit of the body of Christ—"his Church;" of which (I think) all have some share. God has wise ends to answer by all the suffering of his creatures, and especially of the members of his body. The apostles rejoiced in this, and so ought we. "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." Paul says, "I fill up, in my flesh, that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for his body's sake, which is the church." Now, my dear friend, let us take a look at your *real* individual situation, as a suffering member of a suffering body. Take a view of the saints of God in history, sacred or profane; compare your own individual suffering with theirs: I am apt to think that, great as it is, it will not rise to mediocrity. I could expatiate on this subject, from what comes every day

within my own knowledge. The Lord is working in this way all around me; but of that another time. In your own case, try for a moment to shut out of view, every thing without your own family; what you once were, what you once possessed and enjoyed; also, what your friends possess and enjoy at this present time; detach yourself from all. What was yours is gone; what you calculated upon, is also gone; set all aside, and consider yourself a sinner, saved from destruction by grace: in a state of purgation and preparation for happiness, on a pilgrimage with thousands of others, your fellow-saved sinners, through the wilderness, to that inheritance which was purchased for you at "such a price." Your Saviour is your Leader, Protector, Provider, also your Physician, and the Physician of the whole body, perfectly acquainted with the constitution, disposition, and temper of every individual. He has made provision for each, all the journey through; and given security that none shall suffer *real* want. Bread and water are promised; nothing beyond these, though, in general, he gives more; to each he gives a portion in hand, to some for a day, some for a week, some for a year; which they calculate upon with more or less probability; none with certainty. Your portion is—for a year; take a view of those whom you know, one with another; I am apt to think that the Lord has still given you your full share of privilege. Look at the ordinary provision he makes for the ministers of his Gospel; most of them with large families; many of those in the country have five hundred dollars, some four hundred, some three hundred, generally ill paid. The Lord puts a blessing in it, he makes it go far, they do what their hands find to do, and contrive to subsist with a measure of comfort; so will he do with you. He will put you upon methods of industry and economy:

your humble morsel, with the fruit of God's blessing on your industry in the garden, shall both taste sweet, and satisfy for the time. Try to be thankful; Moses said of the manna, "This is the bread which the Lord your God giveth you." Pray and watch against dwelling on the plentiful tables of others; and, when bidden to a feast, take your portion, and say, This is from the Lord for the time. Do not let a thought of *misery* or *wretchedness* dwell upon your mind. O no, God is good, you shall not want. O what sweet meals have I and my children made on mere potatoes and salt; there are peculiar pleasures in a life of that kind. You shall yet sing of it.

Now, my dear friend, I have done with what I had to say on this head. I have had great fears, lest you should reckon me among Job's friends; but you call me *mother;* and it is required of a mother to be faithful. I now leave it with the Lord. We are delighted to find you girding up the loins of your mind, and setting about active duty. Let us meet at a throne of grace, and look to the course the Lord marks out for us.

TO MRS. G——Y.

My dear Madam,

I HAVE just parted with my dear afflicted friend P.; she left it in charge to me that I should write to you in the time of your affliction. Surely, I would do any thing whatever, that I thought might alleviate either her, or your distress. But there are cases to which God alone can speak; afflictions under which he *alone* can give con-

solation. Such are those under which the sufferer is commanded to be "still, and know that he is God." He never leaves his people in any case; but sometimes shuts them up from human aid. Their grief is too great to be consoled by human tongue or pen.

Such I have experienced. I lost my only son; I neither know when, nor where; and, for any thing I know, in a state of rebellion against God. Here, at my heart, it lies still; who can speak to me of it? Neither can I reason upon it. Aaron held his peace. Old Eli said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good in his sight." Samuel, in his turn, had his heart wrung by his ungodly sons. David lamented over his beloved Absalom: but it availed him nothing. Job's sons and daughters were all cut off in one day; he himself was visited with severe bodily affliction; his friends sat seven days and seven nights without opening their mouths, because they saw his affliction was very great; and, if they spake, it was to aggravate it; when God himself spake, he gave him no reason for his dealings, but charged him with folly and madness; "Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty, instruct him? He that reproveth God let him answer it." Then he called his attention to his own meanness and imbecility; then Job laid his hand upon his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, confessed himself vile, and became dumb before God; abhorring himself, and repenting in dust and ashes, instead of bringing forward the splendid catalogue of virtues enumerated in chapter xxix., and complaints in chapter x., which I make not the least doubt were true, as far as human virtue can reach; but if God charge "even his angels with folly," shall man, corrupt, self-destroyed man, plead merit before God?

But, my dear friend, I do not find in all God's Bible, any

thing requiring us to anticipate the final destruction of any, for whom we have prayed, pleaded, and committed to him; least of all our offspring, whom he has commanded us to train up for him. "Children are God's heritage." I do not say that he has given us any promise for the obstinately wicked; but, when cut off, he only requires us to "be still," to hold our peace. I do not think that he takes hope from us. God has set limits to our "faith" for others; our faith must not rest in opposition to his threatenings. We must believe that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all that forget God;" but he has set no bounds to his own mercy: in that glorious plan of redemption by which he substitutes his own Son, in the room and stead of sinners, he has made provision for the chief of sinners; and can now be just and consistent, while he justifies the ungodly who believe in Jesus. Short was the time between the thief's petition, and the promise of salvation; nay, the petition was the earnest of it. The same was the case with the jailer; I think, too, that the publican had the earnest in his petition. Now, instead of labouring to bring my mind to acquiesce in the condemnation of my child, on the supposition of its being for God's glory, (which I no where find required, but from some of your New England divines,) I try to be "still," as he has commanded; not to follow my child to the yet invisible world; but turning my eyes to that character which God has revealed of himself—to the plan of redemption—to the sovereignty of God in the execution of that plan—to his names of grace, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin:" while he adds, "and that will by no means clear the guilty," I meet it with his own declaration, "He hath made him to be sin

for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." I read also that mercy "rejoiceth against judgment," and many other like Scriptures, which, although I dare not ground a belief of his salvation on them, seems to afford one ray of hope after another, that God may have made him a monument of mercy, to the glory of his grace. Thus God himself consoles his own praying people, while man ought to be very cautious, if not silent, where the Scriptures are silent, as it respects the final state of another, whose heart we cannot know, nor what God may have wrought in it. God has set bounds to our faith, which can no where find solid ground to fix upon, but on his own written promise. Yet, as I said above, he has set no bounds to his own mercy: and he has made provision for its boundless flow, as far as he shall please to extend it, through the atonement and merits of his own Son, "who is able to save to the uttermost, all who come unto God by him." Now, my dear friend, you have my ideas of our situation; if they be correct, I pray that our compassionate Father may comfort you by them: if otherwise, may he pardon what is amiss, and lead you, my dear friend P——, and myself, to such consolation as he himself will own as the work of his Spirit; and save us from the enemy, and our own spirit.

Since writing the foregoing, I feel afraid of what I have said: it is dangerous to seek comfort where the Scriptures are silent; yet, while we plead with God to be preserved from error, and try to be still before him, he will save us from the subtilty of the serpent, as well as from the rage of the lion.

I am, with love, your sympathizing friend,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

WRITTEN TO MR. AND MRS. B—,

While in Britain, for the benefit of Mr. B.'s health, in 1801 and 1802.

March 23, 1801.

My dear Children,

This is mortifying to both, to be anchored half a mile from us, and there to lie for hours—but even this, trifling as it may appear, has its end to answer in *His* scheme, without whom not a sparrow falls. I have retired with my Bible, to commit you, and all my cares and concerns, afresh to that God whose goodness and mercy have followed us through life; who is my God, your God, and the God of our seed; who answered my prayers, in the face of all my inconsistent conduct; took you out of my idolatrous management, into his own more merciful guidance. He has done all things well, and He will perfect his own work.

Now, may "the Angel that redeemed you, be with you, keep you in the hollow of his hand, and as the apple of his eye;" be with you on his own ocean, and command the billows not to touch you; carry you to the bosom of your dear native country, where a large proportion of his body live in Him and by Him: bless you, and make you a blessing, wherever his providence shall carry you, and restore you with blessings to us in his own time. Amen.

Sabbath, after Morning Service.
March 29.

THIS, my dear children, is a day of storm, wind, and rain; O that the prayer of our dear Pastor, and I hope of many present, may be with you, and be answered to and for you—it was thus expressed:—

'Lord, be with that family, who, now, on the mighty ocean, desire an interest in our prayers. May He whom winds and waves obey, preserve them in this tempestuous season; may they see, and improve his wonders in the great deep; may the blessings of the everlasting Gospel preserve their souls in peace: conduct them in safety to their destined port, and restore them to us, enriched with the blessings of thy well-ordered covenant.'

I sent two notes for the Dutch churches, enclosed to Mr. B., one for Wall-street, to Mr. A., and one for the Brick Church, to Mr. M. I watered all with my tears.

Five o'clock.

OH! how it blows and rains! O my children, how my poor heart aches for you; if not in danger, yet sick, and in much discomfort: I gave a note in the old church, in the afternoon, supposing the congregation, on this dreadful day, to be different. Mr. M. prayed: 'The Angel of thy presence be with them, give them much of the consolations of thy Spirit. Conduct them in safety to the place of their destination, and restore them enriched with thy blessing, to worship with us again, in this thy house of prayer.' I write on this day, merely to record, for your perusal, the prayers of your Church. I think you ought, if the Lord conduct you safe, to propose public thanks to that God, who heard and answered; if agreeable to Mr. M. Write me how it was with you on this day. Now I

will go to a throne of grace for you, and all of us. O keep close to the Lord: may he save you from a dissipated, trifling, carnal spirit; may he sanctify all your comforts, and give you a just estimation of all you see and hear; may the Christian's portion rise more and more; and the world and its vanities sink in your view.

April 4.

A VESSEL which sails for London to-morrow, will, I hope, convey this to you, if the Lord spare you to be there; I cannot help being very anxious since that storm: by the arrival of several vessels in twenty-four and twenty-three days, we find the winds have been all easterly and strong; all contrary to you; but they are God's winds, and I hope his presence will make all up, and cause you to profit by all his providences.

Mr. W. W— lost, this week, three sons, which makes four in all, of the scarlet fever, and sore throat—all very suddenly; one in twenty-four hours; he has two of six left: what can we say to these things? The Lord does what pleases him in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. Blessed are they to whom all things shall work together for good. It is my great consolation, that you are, through grace, among that happy number, and in no possible way can be a loser at his hand; death itself will be your gain. The Society met here last Monday, where you were again, in the prayer of faith, brought to a throne of grace.

I am, with love, your Mother.

April 10.

WHAT the Lord is going to do with his, and my children, I know not; but the Samuel Elam has returned to port, with a leak, after being out nineteen days. On the day of storm, she had seven feet water in her hold. I hope that the Lord, in mercy to you, to his church, and to me, his unworthy servant, has guided you in safety, and that the prayers of his church were answered in your behalf. O, my children, what would be the situation of my heart, had I not confidence of your being within the ark! I desire to rejoice over all my fears, for this unspeakable consolation: nothing can hurt you. I experience for you, what I did in my own case, when darkness and tempest added to the horrors of many, while our vessel kept dashing on the rock*; I, too, expected her to go to pieces every moment; but the idea was ever with me, "In the bosom of God's ocean, I shall find the bosom of my Saviour." On the night of the 29th of March, I dreamt my dear J—y fell overboard, and I saw her floating on the billows, supporting herself by her little chair: this is the state of my mind; yet I am thankful, and enjoy much peace. The Lord has given me all I asked—the salvation of your souls. In a little time we shall all be gathered around his throne. Well may I leave to him all intervening circumstances, as well as who goes first and how. O how he blesses my latter end, how he soothes and comforts my old age! Far other things have I merited, that my soul knows; but he has not only pardoned, but comforts, and draws a veil over my transgressions, covering them from the world's observation. What can I say? He is God, and mercy is his darling attribute.

* On the coast of Ayr, as stated in her Life.

April 17, 1801.

I WROTE, my dear children, by the Draper, by the British Packet, and by I know not whom; but this is the fourth. I will now begin to number my letters: for I prepare them to go by the first opportunity, without being able to know, at the time of writing, which will be the first.

The weather has been tremendous. It is not my anxiety that makes the observation. Others allow it, and the winds are all easterly. Were not my God your God, did I not know and believe that all his providences shall be overruled for your true interest, did I not enter more into your eternal state, than your temporal, I should be very miserable.

I have brought the reality near me, that mine eyes may never behold you again on earth. I can say, even of that, "It is well;" but the idea of the horrors of a tempest, a leaky vessel, racked by the storm, and sinking by inches; sickness, nervous timidity, and the sufferings to be undergone, before the entrance to the haven of rest be attained, is my chief disquietment, I will not say *distress;* because, when these horrors (horrors they are to mere nature) dart across my mind, filling my soul with momentary anguish, Satan too, seeking to distract my mind, the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him, and comforts me with his own word, the everlasting promises suited to every possible circumstance in the believer's lot. Thousands of times have I grasped that promise, "Leave thy fatherless children on me, I will preserve them alive." I pleaded it for the life of their souls; he answered my prayers; he has given them life, and they live to him. Yes, I see the fruit; and though iniquities still prevail against them, he still purges away their transgressions; kindles their re-

pentance: humbles their souls; lays them prostrate in penitential confession; washes them afresh in the open fountain; restores to them the joys of his salvation; seals their pardon by shedding abroad his love in their hearts, and making them "walk in the path of righteousness for his own name's sake."

Thus he carries them on "from strength to strength" by various means of his own appointing, and some terrible things in righteousness, in the course of his providence; in all which he is sovereign, but ever consistent with his new covenant time, as proclaimed to Moses on the mount: as manifested in the character of God, dwelling with us in our own nature, in whom mercy shone prominent, his darling attribute; by which mercy, "They shall appear in Zion, before God," in due time.

Is it so? Is this God my God, and the God of my seed? Is he himself become our salvation? Are we heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? Is our life hid with Christ in God? When he appears, shall we (I and the children which he hath given me) in very deed, appear with him in glory? Is all this so? Shall I believe it! Yet I tremble at the approach of any of his providences. Shall I not say, when it has taken place, The will of the Lord be done, especially when clothed with love; I trust that, as my day, so shall my strength be, and in the interim, I have the same confidence for you. "For he giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

April 25, 1801.

My dear Children,

THE storms and tempests that have almost unremittingly succeeded each other, ever since you left us, have kept my mind in constant exercise about you; the wind roars and howls in my windows, though not facing the storm: and the white waves in the river picture, in my mind, the foaming billows of the ocean. The name of our God is my consolation; though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. God shall help her, and that right early. When I walk about Zion, and go round about her, when I "tell the towers thereof, mark her bulwarks, and consider her palaces," my heart rejoices, that "this God is our God; he will be our guide even unto death;" and O the joy, that my children are the citizens of this Zion, and the heirs of all the promises by virtue of the New Testament in Christ's blood! A covenant of works it was to our Surety, and his heart's blood finished the requisites of it. It is now a Testament to you, sealed by the same blood. Wherever in his word I meet the character, the providence, the work of God, I read my own and my children's interest. I hope your experience will be in Psalm cvii. 28. If not wholly, it shall terminate in Psalm xxiii. 4. Though you "walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you shall fear no evil;" for this God, who is your Guide, even unto death, shall be with you; "his rod and staff shall comfort you;" and our darling J—y, he shall carry as a lamb in his arms, and hide her from the horrors, in his bosom. I dwell much on these subjects, and I feel comforted, whatever be the event.

If the Lord has carried you safely through, and you

live to read this in the body, know that our God continues to bless us abundantly, in health, peace, and plenty, as to temporals; we also experience the peace of his covenant, and have tastes of the bread and of the water of life. Thanks, all thanks, to our new covenant Head, for the stability of the covenant; we change, but he changes not. He himself is the covenant given to the people, and because he lives, his people shall live also, in spite of Satan, and his colleague sin, in our heart: sin may, and does, bring his people into captivity, but it shall not keep them in bondage for ever. The time of deliverance "shall come, when they shall revive as the corn," &c. Is it not a well-ordered covenant, and sure?

May 10, 1801.

My dear Children,

LAST evening was preparation sermon! Mr. Y— preached a very excellent sermon from the Song of Solomon, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" He considered first, the wilderness of this world; next the church coming up; then the attitude leaning, and on whom. I thought the simile well supported, and practical, as he went on. His application was rich on the Christian's support, where he brought into view many of the names of Christ.

After sermon we witnessed a most affecting scene; two female members rebuked, and restored to the communion of the church. Never, never, did our dear Mr. M——— shine so bright in my eyes; many tears were shed. I

knew nothing of it, and wondered to what he was leading, when he addressed the congregation after sermon, upon Christian walk, watchfulness, and temptation, and the distress occasioned in Christian society, when any of the members were left to fall into open and aggravated sin. Such was the case in our own congregation; two (naming the offenders) had been so far left; but, while deeply wounded by the sin and scandal, he was consoled by their penitence; he assured the congregation that they had given great evidence of deep contrition, and were now come forward to acknowledge their crime before their offended and grieved brethren, and to give all the satisfaction in their power, by submitting to the censure of the church in this public manner, which, although painful to him, he must pronounce according to God's appointment. "Them who sin before all, rebuke before all." He then made them stand up; scarcely an individual turned to look; many were weeping while he laid before them their guilt in strong, yet tender, terms; and finished by expressing his approbation of their thus submitting to the rod: pronounced their absolution, and gave them an exhortation to humility, and redoubled watchfulness. Then, again, he addressed the members, requesting them to receive into their Christian love and affection their repenting, returning sisters: that they would treat them with tenderness, and restore them in the spirit of meekness, considering themselves as also in the body, and subject to temptation. 'Let no one put them in remembrance of the sin which the Father of mercies has blotted out, nor open those wounds which he has closed. "He doth not chide continually, nor retain his anger for ever."' But I can do no justice to the melting tenderness of his address. Afterwards, the

youngest brought her babe to the font of baptism; and here, and in prayer, Mr. M— was very particular. She appeared to be weeping all the time.

May the Lord bless the discipline of his church; may he meet us to-morrow with multiplied pardons; may he melt our hearts to contrition, heal our backslidings, and manifest himself as married unto us; may he bring us into his banqueting-house; may his banner over us be love: may his grace be magnified, and his name glorified: and may he send a portion to my dear children—yea, "a Benjamin's portion;" may he open wide the leaves of that New Testament, and let them read their rich inheritance, and rejoice in their portion.

Two days more will fill up seven weeks since you sailed; but, from every account of the winds, you have not reached port, at least a port on earth.

Farewell, my dear children. The Lord bless you, keep you, guide you, and cause his face to shine on you; so prays your affectionate mother.

May 21, 1801.

I WOULD fain begin to hope that my dear children are now on or near the green fields of Albion. Many a severe gale has agitated them, and tried their faith and confidence, before this day. But as He who sitteth on the clouds commanding and governing the elements, is their own God in covenant, who loves them, cares for them, and perfects what concerns them; I hope that they have had much of his presence; and have found, even on the boisterous

ocean, amidst the horrors of the swelling deep, agitated with winds and tempests, all things necessary to life and godliness in these great and precious promises, accompanied by divine power, by which they are made partakers of divine life, and escape the pollution that is in the world through lust. I hope that they are enriched in experience, and advanced in the divine life, by all they have suffered and all they have tasted of divine support in their sufferings; that Christ is still more precious, his word more tried, and their confidence in him more established; if so, great is their gain. And our darling J., being a sharer in the suffering, shall, at her God's hand, be also a gainer, though it be not evident to our own perception. O how rich is the Christian! How inexhaustible his portion! His table is ever furnished, his cup ever full; all is blessing, no curse mingled; *that* our Surety took to himself: prosperity and adversity, sickness and health, light and darkness, all, all shall bless us, work for our good, turn to our profit, and end in the glory of God, and our unspeakable, inconceivable happiness.

I have been here a week yesterday; all vegetable nature glows and shines in the perfection of beauty; flowers, shrubs, trees, grain, grass, falling waters turning the busy mill, the brook murmuring on its way to the ocean, fit emblem of eternity; all glorify their Creator; and although no such birds as in Britain charm the listening ear, we have some sweet chirpers of his praise: and what is wanting to the ear, is made up to the eye, for in beauty they excel.

These I may enjoy; with these hold communion; for, spiritual death holds all within these walls in dismal bondage; not one symptom of life appears, but death as the dry

bones in the valley of vision. Why do I not wrestle more for the Spirit to breathe on them! I do pray; but, oh! how formally.

June 17, 1801.

My dear Children,

DIFFICULT it is for me to exercise patience; the 23d of this month will make three months since you waved the handkerchief on board the Mars, off the Battery. I had made up my mind not to give way to expectation, short of three months; they are nearly past; how many events take place in that space of time! How many duties ought to be performed! How many sins are really committed! How guilty to wish to annihilate the time, that a certain event may come round! For every moment of time we must account, and not one moment of it can we recal. Much you have seen; much you have suffered; much perhaps, also enjoyed; for the Lord can give songs in the night, and in a dungeon. "Surely, his salvation is near to them that fear him"—to *them* there is no want. The Lord is their Shepherd; he feedeth them in green pastures, beside the gently-flowing waters; if they wander, he restoreth them, perhaps with the rod, but it is the rod of love; they need not be afraid to enter even the valley of the shadow of death: their Shepherd is with them; and his rod (rod of support) and staff shall comfort them. I hope that this has been a profitable time to you both; that you have seen more of the evil of sin, and of your own hearts, their deceitful, double turnings and windings, to cover and conceal the enemy of God and your own souls; more of the extent and spiritu-

ality of the divine law, fulfilled in every jot and tittle by your Surety; but still doubly binding on you as a rule of life, in the hand of your Redeemer, who hath bought you to himself, and taken you into his own hands, that you might be a holy people to himself, delivered not merely from the penalty and curse, but from the power and indwelling of sin. I hope that you have seen more of the unsearchable riches of Christ in all he has done, and is now doing for your, and the church's happiness: and of those exceeding great and precious promises by which you are made partakers of the divine life, and privileged to escape the pollution that is in the world through lust; more of the faithfulness of God, as a God in Christ, pardoning sin, and reconciling you to himself: and, day by day, teaching you by his Word, Spirit, and providences. I am but just beginning to see that I am blind; my own character, opening upon me as a sinner in heart, tongue, and conduct against my God, my neighbour, and my own soul. How comes it, then, that I am not at ease in God's world; in health, in peace, and comfort, and all in an extraordinary degree, as to temporals; and as to spirituals, though grieved with self, my joy in Christ also abounds. Can I believe it? What can I say? What can I render to the Lord for all his gifts to me? Nothing can I do, but just take the cup of salvation, calling upon the name of the Lord, and remain an eternal debtor to his grace for every thing.

There is great news from Tennessee, of a remarkable concern there; there is a camp half a mile in length, where people have gathered with their families, and provision in waggons, to hear the word of life: ministers have also assembled from all quarters, and of different denominations. One of the missionaries, belonging to the General Assembly, writes this, and that the number of ministers

had increased from one to nineteen; that, when he passed, they had begun upon the Sabbath, and continued, without separating, night and day, until Tuesday; but say little of this until I write again. There is another of less importance, or rather less conspicuous, at Bloomfield, New Jersey: O pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out labourers.

June 26, 1801.

My dear Children,

I now begin to be very anxious; friends tell me that, considering the quick passages of vessels coming hither, while you were going, I ought not to look for letters so soon: it may be so, but still my mind works. However, by this time the Lord's will is done; you are already in port, on earth, or in heaven. Blessed alternative! Ought I to be sad, who can say, or in heaven? Oh no: I trust grace will be given to acquiesce in his most blessed will, a most gracious will it has been to me and mine.

I wrote to you in my last, that our dear Mr. M—— leaves us next month for Britain; his errand is to state the situation of this country, as greatly in want of ministers, and the means of educating ministers. Many of his people are dissatisfied, as he has two congregations to supply, and a large family of his own. Why should he be the man? For my own part, I think he is the very man; and I am thankful to feel a degree of disinterestedness. Though I love my minister, value his ministry and his person, I hope

the general interest of Christ's body is more dear to me, and of infinitely more importance than my private comfort, which, after all, I do not believe can suffer, by parting cheerfully with its apparent food to Christ, who himself is the Sum and Substance of all that any minister can be instrumental in conveying. All means are alike to him, or no means. I therefore rejoice in his will, and pray that the Lord may prosper him, give him "a double portion of his Spirit," and favour in the eyes of all whose influence is necessary to advance the Redeemer's kingdom in America.

Our friend, Mrs. K—, is gone; she died suddenly: both Mr. and Mrs. T— died at their country-seat: he first—she fancied she was getting better. The physician advised her not to ride, as she could not stand the fatigue; she had more faith in air and exercise; the last day she went out, she fainted, getting into the carriage, and again coming out: and died in the afternoon. She lived near us, yet I never saw her, nor offered one kind office towards the salvation of her soul, which, if lost, leaves me not innocent of her blood, and, if saved, as I hope it may be, my sinful neglect is not the less. What a picture in them of the vanity of all under the sun; and in me, of the evil of procrastination! I meant to visit her. O my Saviour, is this the return I make for the millions of pardons which thou hast passed on my account: sparing even the rod, and blessing me with health, restored limbs, and mercy on mercy, comfort on comfort! I want words to paint my abominable ingratitude, indolence, and cruelty: and yet, O yet, I am spared, and my mercies are spared, as far as I know—but trial may be at hand. Perhaps I write what my children may never read. Well, even then, mercy, mercy, shall be my song; for, if so, I sing the song on

January 4, 1801.

——— WELL! let us bless the Lord together for what he has done for you, for me, and for many dear to us. None ever sought him in vain, or found him worse than his promise. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him! Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

My friend, did I say too much of this kind, compassionate, life-giving Saviour, or of the fulness and freeness of the gift of God? You have tasted it, you have witnessed it, you have seen a *recent proof* of it—you may trace mercy through all this dispensation; the lengthening out of his illness, the preservation of his judgment and strength of mind to the last, concurred to manifest to *himself*, to *you*, and to *all* who *would* look on the reality of the joy and peace, which are the fruit of believing and acquiescing in that remedy of God's own providing for poor wandering, miserable sinners. *He* had wandered from the Fountain of living waters; his broken cisterns could yield him no refreshment—like the poor starving prodigal, he desired to return to his father, and asked the way to Zion with his face thitherwards. Was not the sequel realized to him? His father met him, embraced him, brought him home, and filled his heart with peace and gladness. Is it not all of a piece with what he has revealed of his own name and character?

He has declared himself to be "the Lord, the Lord

God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, slow to anger, of great kindness, showing mercy to thousands, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin—who will by no means clear the guilty;" seeing he has found a method of magnifying his own law, and justifying the ungodly, by substituting another in their room. God is merciful to all the extent he has said; but still it is by his own method: for he has declared, that "there is no other name given, by which men must be saved, but the name of Christ Jesus." But men, even such as are moral, benevolent, (*good* in the common acceptation of the word,) going about to establish their own righteousness, will not submit to the righteousness of God's own providing; this is the madness, this is the folly, this, I fear, is the ruin of thousands. Did I say, *I fear?* Dare I doubt? No, I dare not, for God has said it. O, my friend, let us cleave to the only Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus; and let us be jealous among those whom we love, and over whom we have influence, to bring them off from every sandy foundation, to the Rock, Christ. You say true, that I was interested personally, in this dear Brother: and never did mother watch over the darling of her heart, with more unwearied attention, than he did over my Jessy. He, by the blessing of God, restored her for a time—now *they are met;* soon shall we follow; many friends have gone before. O that every bereavement may be blessed to us, that we may be weaned from the things of time, and made familiar with the prospects held out to us beyond the grave!

TO MRS. JULIET S——, NEW YORK.

Belleville, September 16, 1808.

My dear Juliet,

Since the hour I received your letter, you have been little out of my mind. You call upon me as mother, friend, counsellor. Shall conscious unworthiness, or weakness, or ignorance, prevent me from answering? No; for God often chooses weak instruments to bring to pass great ends. I have been once and again at a throne of grace, for wisdom to direct me, and grace to be faithful. If your desire after spiritual knowledge be sincere, and from the Spirit of God operating on your heart, you will bear searching.

You are a communicant, my Juliet: this presupposes that a very great, and an important change has taken place in your mind, that you have been made deeply sensible of what the word of God testifies of every son and daughter of Adam's race. Romans iii. 9. "As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. Man is born as the wild ass's colt, going astray from the womb." Job. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; I the Lord search it. Having the understanding darkened, alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in us, because of the blindness of our hearts." Ephesians iv. 18. "Dead in trespasses and sins." Chapter ii. 1. This chapter may be addressed to you, Juliet, by name. "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. Wherein in time past ye walked, according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: among whom also we all had our conversation

in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love, wherewith he hath loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. By grace are ye saved, through faith; not of works, lest any man should boast." Works there are, my Juliet, most assuredly; every quickened soul will live, and bring forth fruits of righteousness; but these works are not attainable, except in God's way and order. It follows, "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." My Juliet says, 'To you, then, I look up, to teach me.' Let me then bring you to the great Teacher and Prophet of the church, without whose teaching all human instruction will be ineffectual. We read of two amiable persons coming to Christ, professedly for instruction. The first you will find in Matthew, xix. 16. The young man asks him, "What good thing shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" Jesus answers him, by referring him to the moral law; the young man, not made acquainted by the Spirit of God, either with the extent or with the spirituality of that law, or of the depravity of his own nature, answers, as many in like circumstances still do: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." I do not suppose any one could contradict him. It is added that Jesus loved him, and he was a person of attractive character; but Jesus knew that the new principle was not there—supreme love to God, "with all the heart, with all the soul, with all the strength, and with all the mind:" therefore he gave him a test, which proved that the world was uppermost in his heart. He went away sorrowful, and we hear no more of him. Of the other

person, you read in that remarkable chapter, the third of John's Gospel—his name was Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, and also a teacher. Well he knew the law, as to the letter of it, both moral and ceremonial: he must also have been acquainted with all the Old Testament Scripture, types, and prophecies, it being his office to expound; and, no doubt, among others, he was looking for the promised Messiah. Jesus does not send him to either the law or the prophets. This ruler comes with a conviction and an acknowledgment, that Jesus himself was a Teacher immediately from God; and Jesus immediately takes upon himself his great office, and begins with urging that which is a sinner's first business: "to know himself," what he is by nature, and the necessity of the new birth. Nicodemus, with all his learning, was a stranger to this doctrine: "How can a man be born when he is old?" Jesus repeats his doctrine: "He must be born of water and the Spirit. That which is born of the flesh, is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." Humble that proud reason, which will believe nothing but what it can understand. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit"—a mystery it is; nevertheless it is true. Follow out the chapter, my dear. Jesus preaches his own Gospel, and brings in that beautiful type the serpent, which He had commanded to be raised on a pole, that those who had been bitten with fiery serpents, whose bite was death, should look unto it and be healed. Read it in the 21st of Numbers. In reference to this, he himself says, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved. Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

As it regards him that is quickened, renewed in the spirit of his mind, old things pass away, and all things become new: new principles, new desires, new pleasures, new ends. The work is God's. The whole plan of redemption is his, from first to last. It is clearly revealed in Scripture, and there is no dispute among Christians concerning it. The fall of man, his corruption and depravity, his state under the curse of a broken covenant, and his exposure to eternal misery, his helplessness, and total inability to return to God, his ignorance of his situation—" dead in trespasses and sins, without God, and without hope in the world:" these are affecting subjects, but there is good news proclaimed, " God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, to become the surety of lost sinners." He took our nature upon him, our sins upon him, our duties upon him; he was placed in our room and stead: he sustained the penalty of the broken law; fulfilled its utmost demands; " redeemed" us; gave us a new covenant, of which himself is the Surety: and there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. The merits of Christ, exclusively of any thing of ours, are the sole foundation of our hope. Christ is set forth in Scripture, as the Atonement, the Propitiation for sins, the one Sacrifice for sin; Christ is the End of the law for righteousness: all is made ours by free gift. 1 John v. 11. All is ready: justice satisfied, God reconciled, peace proclaimed. But what is all this to a thoughtless world, insensible of their situation, danger, and need? It is an awful saying, but it is of the Holy Ghost —" If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded their minds, and darkened their understandings, and hardened their hearts." Therefore the application of this grace is also of God: it is all within his plan. He has appointed means, and com-

manded our diligence in the use of them. We have his Bible in our hands: and his ministers in our churches, who are also pastors and teachers, if we apply for their aid in private: we have a throne of grace to go to, and many great and precious promises held up in God's word for us to embrace and plead for Christ's sake: we have many prayers in the Scriptures, which we may adopt with the confidence of being heard.

I acknowledge that we are still dependant for the effect: *that* must be from God himself. But he honours his own ordinances. He puts forth his power, and convinces of sin: this is his first work; the soul is awakened, aroused, convinced of sin and misery; sins of the heart, sins of the tongue, sins of the life, press upon the conscience, which never disturbed before—mis-spent time, wasted talents, lost opportunities, neglect of God's word and ordinances, so that the soul cannot rest. O, my Juliet, this is a hopeful case. I hope you have experienced something of it. It is one of the surest marks of the operation of the Spirit of God, and a prelude to the new birth. It never takes place without it; for "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Only the weary and heavy laden will prize rest; and Christ is the rest they need; only a convinced sinner will or can prize the Saviour; and now the Lord opens his mind to understand the Scriptures! He sees the provision which God has made for ruined sinners, by sending a Substitute to stand in his room: he perceives how God can be just, and yet justify the sinner who takes shelter in Jesus; he falls in with God's gracious plan; receives the Lord Jesus as God's gift to sinners; trusts entirely in his merit for pardon, peace, reconciliation, and eternal life; resigns his soul into the hands of his Saviour, in the faith that he will save it; and devotes him-

self unreservedly to his service, in the faith that he will give him grace to live to him in all holy obedience. Now, and not till now, according to God's promise, he receives power to become his child: this is God's order. John i. 12. Now he receives life, and begins to live; but there is yet a great work before him. It has pleased God, in his plan, to finish at once a justifying righteousness; it is his own work, and was finished in that awful hour when he announced it as his last words on the cross. John xix. 31. To this nothing of ours is to be added—with this nothing of ours mixt; it is for ever perfect—it is God's gift, made ours by imputation in the hour when we first "believe, receive it, and rest our souls upon it." But it has not pleased God, in this plan, to deliver the believer at once from in-dwelling sin. This is the subject of the Christian "warfare," the "race," the "good fight." Now the believer receives life, and is called to work: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do." All the promises in this blessed Bible are his—they are Yea and Amen in Christ; Christ himself is his; his spirit dwells in him. The believer is united to Jesus by as real a union as the branch to the vine, the members to the head, the building to the foundation. Yet sin dwells in him, and is to be subdued by constant applications to Christ in prayer —by means of watching, striving, fighting; fighting under his banners. In his blessed word we are informed where our strength lies, what are our weapons, what our armour. But what can I say on these subjects? The whole word of God is on the subject of redemption; to this refer the whole labours of Christ's ministers, and the whole dispensation of God's providence. Are these things so? My Juliet, this is not the doctrine of any one church. About

these subjects there is no dispute; Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Independents, all agree in these great things. And are these things so *indeed?* O, my Juliet, where is the time to be spared for plays, assemblies, and such numerous idle parties of various descriptions? I must stop: the subject is great, and we have many excellent treatises on the various parts of it, written by able pious men. It would be improper to crowd it thus into a letter, unless to instigate to further investigation.

Farewell! I ever am, my dear Juliet, yours affectionately,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MISS VAN WYCK, NEW YORK.

Rockaway, 1810.

My dear, my beloved Eliza,

Mr. and Mrs. B. are here on a visit for one night. I did not expect to see them so soon, or I would have had a letter ready. I expect another opportunity in the course of a few days, when I will send you a long letter, from my heart; and, I hope, dictated by your and my Teacher.

I learn, by my children, that you continue much in the same way in which I left you. It is your own God who mixes your cup, and it is to you a cup of blessing; there is no curse in it. Your Jesus drank that cup to the very dregs, that bitter as well as sweet might be to you a cup of blessing. O, then, my darling, hold fast by your Redeemer. He is the Lord your Righteousness, and the Lord your Strength. He connects your profit with his

own glory. You shall in this protracted affliction manifest it, and hold out the word of life to those around you.* You shall witness for him, that He is the Lord, and besides him there is no Saviour—that "he gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom,"—that he is to them "a Hiding-place from the wind, and a Covert from the tempest,"—as "rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" that it is he that teaches them to profit, and leads them by the way that they should go; and that in due time he will perfect all that concerns them.

Farewell! Yours with affection,

I. GRAHAM.

TO THE SAME.

Rockaway, Sabbath, 1810.

My dear, my beloved Eliza,

I WROTE you a few lines yesterday by Mr. B. I now propose to fulfil my promise. I expect an opportunity to-morrow, or next day, for I saw a great many carriages pass this way to the tavern, as I suppose from New York. It is a common thing with some to come hither on Saturday, and return on Monday, to spend this blessed day in pastime. You would not, I know, exchange situations with them; you would rather be suffering than sinning.

* This prediction was remarkably fulfilled in the experience of this dear young saint; an interesting account of whose illness and death has been published in the Christian's Magazine.

It is your own observation, that God does all in wisdom; in his wisdom he is pleased to lengthen your day of affliction. Sin, my darling, is the cause of all suffering; but it is not always the *immediate* cause. Beside particular chastisement for particular sins, there are afflictions to be filled up in the body of Christ (his church), a measure of which, in kind and degree, is appointed, by unerring wisdom, to each individual member. Col. i. 24. These sufferings bear no part in atoning for sin, nor in redeeming our forfeited inheritance. Christ "trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none to help him." "He was made Sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him; who, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." Heb. i. 3. Again, chapter x. 11. "And every Priest" (in the Levitical law) "standing daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins. But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God: for, by one offering, he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost is also a witness to us; for, after he had said before," (see from verse 5,) "This is the covenant which I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord—I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin." Paul says, the "Holy Ghost" is a Witness, because he copies from the ancient Scriptures the prophecies of Jeremiah, chap. xxxi. 31. and Ezek. xxxvi. 25. and from the Psalms, lx. 7. Your mother will read to you also the 8th chapter of Hebrews, containing the same things, the new covenant, in consequence of Christ, as the

Surety of sinners, having made full atonement, magnified the law, and made it honourable; therefore "there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." It has pleased God, my darling, in the adorable plan of reconciling sinners to himself by Jesus Christ, to perfect at once a justifying righteousness for them, and to bestow it upon them as a free gift. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." 1 John v. 11. But it has not pleased him to deliver us at once from depravity: provision is made for final deliverance by the same covenant, and effected by the same power, but in this believers are called to work. It is evident from Scripture, and the experience of Christians answers to it, that in the hour of believing, they pass from death to life, considered as a state. This is the hour of the new birth—they then receive life for the time, and it is their privilege, by the constitution of the new covenant, to ask and receive, from day to day, grace to help in every time of need. To them, and not to the unregenerate, the exhortation is addressed: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do, of his good pleasure." The means are of God's appointing, in the diligent use of which they go from strength to strength. The grand mean is faith in God's promises, of which there are very many in the Scripture. Believers are to put forth their own exertions, as the children of Israel were called to go out against their enemies, in the faith that God would give them victory, and lead them to the promised rest. The battle was the Lord's, and he fought for them; but the means were, their exertions. Believers are God's workmanship; but this work he carries on by exercising their natural powers, which he sanctifies to a different end from

that to which they were formerly by their own spirit directed. Still the Scripture testifies, that "if any man say he has no sin, he deceives himself, and the truth is not in him;" and, while sin remains, its consequence, that is, suffering, must. The judgments of God, as the moral Governor of the world, are denounced against, and executed upon, the workers of iniquity. The children of God experience personal chastisements for personal sins, as a provision of the covenant. Psalm lxxxix. 30. And, if I mistake not, there are afflictions experienced by individuals, as members of Christ's body, in which God does not bring into view the personal sins of the sufferer. In this sense, I read Paul's Epistle to the Colossians i. 24.—"Who now rejoice in my sufferings, and fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church." 1 Thess. iii. 3. "I sent Timotheus, to establish you, and to comfort you, concerning your faith, that no man should be moved by these afflictions, for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto." Phil. ii. 7. "Yea, if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all; for the same cause do ye joy and rejoice with me." 2 Cor. i. 6. "And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation; and whether we be comforted, it is for your salvation and consolation." There is no conscious personal sin expressed in these sufferings; on the contrary, Paul says, (verse 12,) "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to youward."

Most of the prophets and the apostles suffered martyrdom. They, indeed, sustained public characters; but the

beggar Lazarus, who, in addition to poverty, was full of sores, was carried by the angels from the rich man's gate to Abraham's bosom. And thousands and tens of thousands of redeemed and sanctified men have suffered lengthened martyrdom, and perished with hunger, in holes and caves of the earth, unknown in history, except in groups—unseen at the time except by the eye of the omniscient Jehovah, by whom the hairs of their head are numbered; their tears are in his bottle; nor shall one sigh nor one groan perish without its result.

O, my Eliza, what delightful wonders shall open to our view, when delivered from these prison-holds of earth!

I have finished one sheet, my dear Eliza; I fear it is too much, and may prove too fatiguing, especially as there are many references requiring a stretch of attention. I have been reading the Epistle to the Hebrews, and you have naturally got my thoughts on part of it.

I once heard you complain that you had made small progress in knowledge, in comparison of a young person that had just left you; but you checked yourself, and said, 'The Lord has given me faith, let me be thankful.' I at that time considered your departure as very near, and advised you to keep your eye fixed on Christ, as your Redeemer and Saviour, who had performed all things for you and would perfect all that concerned you; and added, 'One hour in heaven will make you wiser than the most enlightened saint on earth.' Since that, it has pleased your Lord to add many days to your life. He has mitigated your pain, and given you some intervals of ease and composure, and our dear Eliza has grown in that time. Should it please God to spare you for a yet longer season, and continue your intervals of ease, no subject can be so profitable; and I hope your Lord will make it pleasant as

that of the contents of the New Testament which your Saviour bequeathed to you, sealed and ratified in his blood. There is a vast variety of precious promises contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, which are all yours with Christ; for as a member of his body, "you are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." And now I commend you to your own covenant God, who does and will support you through life and through death, to that happy land, where we shall all meet: and remember, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things he hath prepared for them that love him."

I am, with much love and affection,

Yours,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MR. JAMES TODD, NEW YORK.

Rockaway, L. I.

My dear James,

THIS will probably be handed you by our mutual friend, Mrs. C———. The thought of her being with you, makes me part with her with less reluctance. You have not been forgotten by either; we have talked much of you, and have united in prayer to your and our God, that he may manifest himself unto you as your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus! and give you "joy and peace in believing"—that he may give you patience in suffering, and entire resignation to his most holy will. It has, my dear young friend, been my earnest inquiry, especially of late

years, standing on the brink of eternity, 'What is there within us, or without us, on which a sinnner can rest in a dying hour?' If it be a holy life, there is no peace for me. Taking the law of God for my rule, I find that Backslider is my name; yet peace I have found, and on the best security; this blessed Bible is my charter. I have searched it with diligence and prayer, and my mind is confirmed in the following truths:—That the whole world is become guilty before God, and is under his wrath and curse on that account. This is our state; a miserable state it is, and as hopeless as miserable, for any thing we can do for ourselves. But I read in this Bible to the full amount of the following conclusions—that in the counsel of the mysterious triune Jehovah, Jesus Christ, the second person of the incomprehensible Trinity, was sanctified, or set apart, to become the Saviour of law-condemned sinners, to take their nature upon him, and to comply with the whole of the requisitions of the eternal immutable law of God, to become in every sense their Surety. Man is a rebel; it is put to his account—a penalty is incurred; he, as their Surety, is made liable. Are they again to be made heirs of eternal life? Perfect obedience is the condition, and of him, as their Surety, it is demanded. All this being fulfilled, sinners are become his property—he has paid their debts, fulfilled their duties, and merited for them eternal life, all in their own nature, as their Head and Representative: so that believers are complete in him. This is the righteousness of God, wrought out by Jesus Christ, in his own person, God-man, as their Surety. To this nothing of the believer's is to be added—with this nothing of his mixed; it is for ever perfect; entirely distinct from that holiness of heart and life which is wrought in him, in consequence of this. It is the believer's by pure imputation.

God has declared himself well pleased with this righteousness, and that, being himself reconciled, he is in Christ Jesus reconciling sinners to him. Hence all the invitations scattered thick in the Old and New Testament, not only to the penitent, weary, and heavy-laden, but to the stout-hearted, the backslider, to them that are wearying themselves in their own way. "Ho! every one that thirsteth; whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Hence all the promises annexed to believing, accepting, receiving, trusting, resting: Christ the Saviour is the object—the gift of God to sinners for all the above purposes. The Lord has convinced me that I have nothing in myself, on which I can rest; my conscience echoes to his word in all that it asserts of my nature and my state: but this Saviour is provided for sinners exactly of this description. I am invited to put in my claim, I believe the record, I rest my salvation on his word; God giveth to me eternal life, and this life is in his Son. Jesus calls me to look unto him, and be saved; I do look unto him, and I am saved. He assures me that those who come unto him shall never be cast out; I do go to him, and commit my sinful soul to his keeping; I shall not be cast out. As many as receive the gift of his Son, receive at the same time power to become the children of God; I do receive his gift, and lay claim to his promise. He is my reconciled Father, and I am his adopted child; and he hath sent his Spirit into my heart, by which I can say, Abba, Father. I have, my dear James, taken this method of laying before you the grounds of my own hope, because I think it the most simple method, and containing at the same time my counsel to you to lay hold on the same hope. The warrant is given us in God's own word, as sinners, without respect to fruit or any works of ours. I can, if

necessary, give you chapter and verse, to the full amount; but you have those about you who can give it you by little and little, as your weak state can bear it. This Gift is held out to the sinner's acceptance in many places of the word of God, and becomes the sinner's in the moment of believing. Provision is made by the same covenant for his sanctification; but that makes no part of justifying righteousness. Christ is made of God unto him Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and complete Redemption. Try, my precious young friend, to lay hold on this hope, and enter into the rest provided for the believer here. Stretch forth "the withered hand," the Lord himself will give you strength. Commit your precious soul into his hands, and rest assured that he will perfect all that concerns you—work all his work in you—carry you safely through the Jordan of death, and put you in possession of the inheritance he has purchased for you. That all this shall be, is the prayer and firm hope of

Your affectionate friend,

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

TO MRS. J. W—.

Greenwich, 1814.

J—, did not the dove, my dear, get into the ark? Yes, Noah put out his hand, and pulled her in: both are types of Christ. He is the Ark of safety from the flood of wrath that must overwhelm unbelievers.

I know not, my dear, the amount of that over which you mourn with so much agony; I know not even if it be sinful, except in the circumstance; you are conscious of

sincerity, and you do not now wish to draw back. We can, my dear, do nothing in our own strength; no, not so much as think a good thought. To make any resolution without dependance on God for strength to perform, is sinful: to make any vow without a consciousness of our weakness and dependance on God for strength to perform, is an aggravation of the evil. I suppose my J. has sinned: what then? "If any man say he has no sin, he deceives himself, and the truth is not in him." And if you suppose that your sin in this is greater than many other sins, with their aggravations, you judge wrong. I think that any one *deliberate* sin wilfully committed, with the knowledge that it is sin, is greater than yours in such circumstances. You are bound by your vow, and God will enable you to perform it. Turn, my dear, to the 2d chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where Peter preaches to the very murderers of our blessed Saviour, and charges the guilt upon them: verse 22d, and again in verse 26th, "Therefore, let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that this same Jesus whom ye crucified, God hath made both Lord and Christ: and when they heard this they were pricked in their hearts." Read on, my dear: Peter exhorts even them to repent, and be baptized in the name of Christ, for the remission of sins. I make no doubt but many have made vows in a rash manner; but, so far as I know, you have vowed only to serve the Lord: this you are bound to do, with or without a vow; and if the Lord make this vow the means of keeping you watchful, and humble, and firm, in avoiding what you have vowed against, it will, by his overruling Spirit, prove a blessing. 'You do not know where to look for comfort!' To Jesus, my dear; not to yourself, not to any creature. "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there

is none else." Isaiah xlv. 22. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help." Hosea xiii. 9, and chapter xiv. Take a view, my dear, of the character of God in his dealing with his perverse Israel, after they had made the molten calf, and otherwise sinned grievously against God. He, at the intercession of Moses, forgave their sin, and proclaimed that wonderful name which to this day is the encouragement of convinced sinners, and mine in particular. Exodus xxxiv. 5. And the Lord passed by him, (Moses,) and proclaimed, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." And how can God do this, whose law is, as himself, immutable; and who adds, "that he will by no means clear the guilty?" Look now to the 53d chapter of Isaiah, where you will find your Redeemer standing in your room and stead. In the 30th chapter is another amazing display of God's forgiveness. The Prophet begins the chapter with, "Woe to the rebellious children;" and lays grievous things to their charge, till you come to the 18th verse, where he says, "Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious to you; therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for him." Once more look at the proclamation, Jeremiah iii. 12. God has provided a Sacrifice of sufficient value to atone for our most aggravated transgressions; and a righteousness answerable to the utmost extent of his holy law. Both are made over to the sinner by free gift. 2 Cor. v. 21. "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" he, our Surety, having fulfilled all righteousness for us, *as* our Surety and Representative.

You fear that it is not the hand of the Lord that is upon you. I do think that it is, my J—. It is the peculiar office of the Spirit to convince of sin: and I do think that he is at this time dealing with your soul. But why look so much at your vow? You have sinned, my J—, in heart, lip, and life. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." O my J—, what prostituted affections, what mis-spent time! While God says, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." What self-indulgence, and self-will, instead of self-denial! Listen to the voice of convictions; listen to it as the voice of mercy, leading you to Christ, the great propitiatory Sacrifice, the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." Go to Christ, my dear, as a sinner; tell him that you commit your sinful soul into his hands. Say, 'Thou hast bid me look unto thee, and be saved. Saviour, I do look unto thee for salvation. Wash me in thy blood, clothe me in thy righteousness: sanctify me by thy grace: accept of me as thy pardoned, saved child; and be Surety for me for good: that, having vowed to thee that I would be thy servant, I may perform my vow; furnish me with both will and power to devote myself to thee every day of my life.' Try, my dear, to rest on Christ; put your trust in him; if you do, he will not disappoint you: as your faith, so shall it be unto you. Now, faith is a saving grace: thereby we receive, and rest upon, Christ for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel. Do as you have said; wait his appointed time, in the use of means, till he manifest himself to you. I am hurried for time to get this to town. Farewel. I will pray for you.

I. G.

TO DR. H. M—, ROTHSAY, BUTE.

November 11, 1799.

My dear Brother,

Before this reaches you the public papers will have informed you of the desolation of New York, by the yellow-fever. We are among the escaped; and there are no breaches in the family. My health, and that of the family, made the country necessary to us at any rate, and we had left town previously to its becoming general: but Mr. B— kept in the city, only sleeping in the country, till forty-five were carried off in a night. The inhabitants abandoned the city in crowds, spreading over the adjacent countries; in Long-Island, Jersey, and New York, for sixty miles round. In the most busy trading streets, a person might have walked half a mile without meeting an individual, or seeing an open house or shop. Eleven physicians and surgeons fell sacrifices to it; five of them men of eminence; several were confined by mere fatigue, and had to retire to rest relieving others when recruited. Dr. B—, one of our oldest, and most eminent physicians, who had retired from business two years ago, and lived on his estate in the country, hearing of the distress of his brethren, and the impossibility of their answering all the calls of the sick and dying, left his retreat, returning to town, and slaved to the last. His affectionate wife would not be left behind, but determined to share or witness his fate. It hath pleased God to preserve them both. Notwithstanding the general flight the mortality among those that remained was so great, that for three weeks from 48 to 54 died every 24 hours! This was no vague report, but that of the physicians, and published in the daily newspapers.

The churches were shut up, except those which stood out of danger. Great numbers carried the infection with them to the country, as far as 60 and 80 miles, aud died there: almost every one that took it in the country died, having no proper medical assistance; I do not remember of one that recovered: many died in the city, and in the hospitals. Some died without getting sight of a doctor, some alone, deserted by every creature. The coffins were ready made, the graves ready dug, and the minute the last breath was fetched, they were buried with the utmost dispatch. Many widows had to put their husbands in the coffin, with the assistance of the maker; and often, very often, there was not a creature at the burial, but the man that drove the hearse, who assisted the sexton to put the body under the ground. I myself met a hearse, followed by three well-dressed females, not a man but the driver. Long before this, your heart has asked, What became of the poor? Wonders were done for them; yet many suffered for want of nursing. A number of humane men formed themselves into a society, sought them out, and ministered relief from the public funds. Two cooks' shops in different quarters of the city prepared soup, meat, vegetables, and bread. A committee sat in the alms-house every day, from nine to one o'clock, to receive such reports or applications as might be made to them, either by, or in behalf of, the sick or poor; and they were visited, and nurses and medical attendance provided by the public, as well as every species of necessaries; but, alas! nurses were not to be had; doctors could be at only one place at a time. When speaking of the poor, I omitted mentioning the large donations which were sent from both town and country, to the committee: flour, meal, fowls, sheep, vegetables, money and clothes. One of the members of

this Society told me that there was a plentiful supply; and temporary hospitals, and other buildings, were erected for the reception of the sick and recovering; every thing that could be done was done to soften the calamity.

I am obliged to stop abruptly. Love to all with you.

Yours ever,

I. GRAHAM.

TO THE SAME.

New-York, March 3, 1800.

HERE comes a letter of woe from my dear brother, on a subject almost already forgotten in New-York, the yellow-fever. Strange as it may seem, the disease, and all that it carried off, seem entirely out of mind. No mention made of the past, no apprehensions are entertained for the future. Country retreats are multiplying around, and people appear as if they had made a covenant with death. Potter's field is filled with our principal citizens; the prison and prison limits, with many of the survivors. The rest are *feasting dancing*, and *revelling*, or weeping over feigned woe in the theatre. A *few* escaped, who have fled for refuge to the hope set before them; whose eyes have been open to discern the danger, and accept the offered Saviour; among which number, I dare, through grace, reckon your sister and her children. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." The city, (indeed, the United States,) have been swallowed up in the loss of Washington. The utmost stretch of human eloquence has been called forth in panegyric. His eulogium has been sounded in every pos-

sible mode—not excepting our pulpits. The 22d of February, his birth-day, was set apart to his memory. Two of our ministers were appointed to pronounce an eulogium on his character; one of whom was Dr. Mason, the other Dr. Linn. The last I admired; it had its due influence over me; but of my own minister, I could form no judgment; the church, the pulpit, the man, the words, seemed so connected with the *Lord Jesus Christ*, his favourite theme, I could not realize the *mere* orator. Great things were said of Washington, and they were due. The Lord himself called him by name, girded him, subdued great armies before him with handsful, like Gideon. He gave him wisdom in council, and prudence in executing justice. A nation blessed him while he lived, and with all the power of language lamented his death. Ah, human depravity, how striking! Bursting with gratitude to a creature—with enmity to a Saviour God; to God "who so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And to as many as receive him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God," by putting his Spirit within them, and causing them to love, and walk in, his statutes. But, alas! the carnal, unrenewed mind is enmity against God and his Christ. O that men were wise, and could see their disease, and the remedy! What misery is in the world at this day! It is only equalled by the wickedness. How does potsherd dash against potsherd, mutually destroying each other! How consoling to the Christian, that "the Lord reigns! The Lord sits king among the nations," even our own Jesus, "Head over all principalities, and powers, and dominions, and every name that is named in heaven and in earth:" All these shakings, turnings, and overturnings, shall prove subservient to the real prosperity

of his church. Great things are on the wheel! Soon shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the firmament. There appears also to be a shaking in the church. I hear strange things from Edinburgh, of which I can form no judgment—men going to reverse the Scripture order of the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery; yet preaching with purity, with zeal, "the faith once delivered unto the saints," and the Lord working by them in turning many to himself—the regular bred, licensed, and ordained ministers, leaving their flocks, and going with these others. What can this be? Where can it end? Can the Redeemer's kingdom be divided against itself? It may seem so for a time, through in-dwelling corruption, and outward temptation suited to the times; still the kingdom of Christ is one—one body; the Lord shall chasten, purge, heal, and unite, till all shall be one stick in his hand. Amen. Lord, do as thou hast promised.

I wrote you a sketch of our Widows' Society. I send you a Constitution. We are all on foot; the mothers healthy, the children thriving. I hope you can give the same account of yours. Love to all your dear friends.

Yours ever,

I. GRAHAM.

TO DR. MARSHALL.

New-York, April 24, 1802.

AFTER a year's silence I have a letter from my dear brother. What I have suffered, *He* only knows, who knoweth all things. I am too happy to know that you

live, and that your dear family are in a measure of health. The sweet Isabella has disappointed your fears, and lives. My dear brother seems the most afflicted for the present, and adds to present suffering, cares for futurity, to which he is not entitled. O, my brother, has God given his Son to be a suffering Substitute in the room of sinners, and shall he not with him give all things necessary for life and godliness? O, my dear brother, you have, I think, taken hold of God's covenant: the style of your last, and of several of your former letters, seems to intimate this to be your desire. God is by Christ reconciling the world to himself. By the constitution of that covenant, transacted in heaven, and executed in our world, the purchase-price is paid, a finished salvation provided, and ready to be bestowed, upon no harder terms than the sinner's acceptance—its blessings are free. This is the record, that God giveth to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. God so loved a lost world, "that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, my brother, if God has inclined your heart to seek an interest in that salvation which he himself has provided for sinners, you have received in part; for the subduing of the heart is God's work. God has appointed means by which we are called to be engaged: but the success of these depends on his blessing. That we can do nothing of ourselves is no discouragement, while he has not only promised, but commanded and promised; "Ask, that ye may receive—seek, that ye may find—and knock, that it may be opened unto you; for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." This salvation is all of God's providing. The subjects of it are ruined, lost, rebellious, ungodly sinners, under the

sentence of condemnation. The substance of it is a perfect, complete surety-righteousness, wrought out in the person of Christ, and transferred to, imputed to, made over to, the sinner as his own, as fully, as completely, as if he had wrought it out in his own person. When the sinner accepts of this as the gift of God to him—rests his soul upon God's promise that he shall have eternal life, he becomes, according to the order of God's covenant, an adopted son. It is no presumption to call God his reconciled Father, and to lay claim to all the promises in the Old and New Testament as his own. It is his duty to cultivate confidence in God, to call him his Father, his own *reconciled* Father in Christ Jesus; who is, according to his own appointment, Mediator, Peace-Maker, Redeemer; and the Holy Ghost, by the same appointment and order—the Lord, the Sanctifier. Whenever the sinner considers himself as reconciled, by dwelling upon his happy deliverance, his escape, his blessed situation, and prospects; by viewing the grace by which he is delivered, and his obligations to his Deliverer, he becomes grateful: according to the order of this same well-ordered covenant, he receives favour to become the child of God. John, 1st chapter, "To as many as received him, gave he power to become the sons of God; even to them who believe on his name." It is the finished righteousness of our blessed Surety that redeems us from hell and death, and gives us a title to eternal life; but our comfortable views of this, our steadfast hopes, our higher or lower attainments in the divine life, our God has made, in some measure, conditional. If we make a bold, full profession—if we are diligent in the use of means—if we cultivate communion with God, by reading, meditation, and prayer, we are likely to become rich in faith, and holy in heart, life, and conversation. But

if we, through shame, and the fear of contempt, conform too much to the world—be timid, sneaking Christians, ashamed of God's method of salvation, and covering our Christian motives under the cloak of philosophy, and benevolence, &c., we need not be surprised, if the Lord deny us the testimony of his Spirit, witnessing with our own heart that we are born of God: or if, through indolence, or love of the world, we neglect prayer, reading, meditation—the means of conversing with God, we need not be surprised, if we are cold and languid, afraid of death, afraid of a thousand evils which the Lord may permit to haunt us: if we have little enjoyment in religion, and much chastisement and affliction. Some Christians are saved, so as by fire; some reach the haven through mists, storms, tempests, without the cheerful sun, and arrive safe, through the merits of that Redeemer, who never failed one that hung upon him; but they arrive like a poor shattered bark, that has hardly escaped shipwreck: others go through this world doing the will of God, and suffering the will of God—fighting against corruption within, and temptation without, on faith and full confidence that they have grace to help in every time of need. They ask, and they receive: they fall often when unwatchful, but they rise again, and renew the fight, having an Advocate with the Father, and a merciful High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of their infirmities. They confess, ask forgiveness, believe that they are forgiven, still hold fast their confidence; the Lord, whose prerogative it is to bring good out of evil, making their very failures the means of more steadfast walking, by making them more humble, more dependant, more watchful, more prayerful. At length they overcome, and have an abundant entrance into

the kingdom of their Lord and Saviour. Like a stately ship in full sail, with wind and tide, they enter the haven of eternal rest.

O, my brother, be not a Christian by halves—believe confidently, join the Lord's people fully and openly—watch, pray, fight against corruption within, and temptation without; ask, and believe, and you shall receive needful grace—go up through the wilderness, leaning on your Beloved; casting all your care on him who hath promised to care for you, and to make all things work together for your good. He has said, "Leave your fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let your widows trust in me." He is the Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, the stranger's Shield, and the orphan's Stay; take hold of this promise, ensure it by trusting in it; for wherever there is a promise held up to our faith, according to our faith shall it be. I think I mentioned, in a former letter, that it had pleased the Lord to take to himself dear little Isabella Smith, one of the loveliest, sweetest babes I ever beheld. The stroke was severely felt, but resignation was given. She is not lost, but gone before, with many others dear to us. It will be but a little while, my brother, till we shall all have done with every thing here. O, let us dwell upon the purchased inheritance, and get above this vain, empty, insnaring world. Let us try to lay aside every weight; and as every one has some besetting sin, and *that* often the least known to himself, let us search it out, and pray that it may be realized, that we may put a mark upon our besetting sin, and a double watch, that we may be able to lay it aside, and to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, who for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame,

and is now sat down at the right hand of God," where he rules over all, for the good of his people, who shall soon follow him, and be made partakers in his blessedness.

Give my love to my dear sister, and Agnes, and all the young ones.

Farewel! I am ever, your affectionate sister,

I. GRAHAM.

TO MRS. MARSHALL.

Mount Harmony, May 21, 1802.

My dear Sister,

I HAVE just received my brother's letter and yours. Sorry, sorry am I to find my dear brother in such a broken state of health. I say, I am sorry—flesh and blood are so: for no affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous; and I love my dear brother with a very tender affection. But there is a better principle which says, "The will of the Lord be done—Good is the will of the Lord." The Lord hath said, "I will bring you into the wilderness, and there will I plead with you—I will bring you within the bond of my covenant, and ye shall be mine, saith the Lord." O how good! I desire to bless God for all my mercies; but in my present view, (next to the gift of his Son, and eternal life,) my afflictions have proved the greatest. So it may prove with my dear brother. You have seen a good deal of affliction in your family: but a little time will show you that you could not have been well without it. I have had my share appointed me by my own Father. I felt it at the time bitter: yet even then not altogether so.

for my mourning days have been my best days through life; even *they* are most comfortable proofs of our Father's love; 'Of all my blessings, stands this the highest that my heart has bled.' I bless God that my dear children are all in his covenant; that all comes to them from a Father's hand, through the channel of the covenant. I experience the same kind of exercise with regard to your family; you are both of the seed of the righteous—the children of many prayers. Rest in the Lord, my dear sister and brother: receive all as coming directly from him.

Love to your dear children. May the Lord himself educate them for his own kingdom.

Yours ever,

I. GRAHAM.

A Letter from Viscountess Glenorchy to Mrs. Graham, alluded to in her Life, page 24.

Barnton, December 27, 1781.

Dear Madam,

I RECEIVED your letter last week, and also one some time ago from Mrs. Walker, in which she desired me to send you my sentiments upon the alteration you had made, and still thought of making, upon your plan.

I have since endeavoured to consider, with all the attention of which I am at *present* capable, the arguments that may be brought on both sides of the question; and with regard to the first point, viz, the *practisings*, I will frankly own, that, could you send your young ladies to one where *girls only* are admitted, I should more readily yield my opinion of the matter to those Christians who have advised you to it. But, as I learn that it is a promiscuous dance of boys and girls, I must, in conscience, say that I look upon such a meeting as equally pernicious in its effects upon the minds of young people, as balls and pnblic assemblies on persons of riper years. When you mentioned the subject to me first, I thought it had been a practising of girls *only;* else should then have given you my sentiments fully upon the head.

As to the reading of plays, or any part of them, to your young people, I must own, it does not appear to me to be expedient: it may be productive of bad consequences, and the *good* arising from it, is (at most) uncertain. It is, no doubt, very desirable to enlarge young people's minds, and improve their taste, as well as their persons: but such

is the state of things in this world, that, to attain this, to the degree wished for by every person of refined taste, some things must be sacrificed of much greater value—for example, a girl cannot acquire the smart, polished air of a person of fashion, without imbibing too much of the spirit of the world. *Vanity* and *emulation* must be awakened and cultivated in the heart, before she will apply herself with diligence to outward accomplishments; neither can her mind and taste be much improved in *polite* literature, without losing its relish for simple truth. I grant you, there are a few Christians in the world, who have acquired the outward accomplishments of it; and have by grace, been enabled to turn these to good account; who, like the Israelites, having spoiled the Egyptians, have made use of *their* jewels in adorning the tabernacle: but this can never serve as an argument on your side of the question. If the Lord sees fit to manifest his power and grace, by plucking a brand from the burning; this is no reason why children should be initiated into the ways of sin and folly, in hopes that some time or other He will bring them out. We are never to do evil, that good may come; and this brings the question to a short issue.

Do you think it lawful for Christians to attend public places, or to spend their time in reading plays? Do you think these things tend, either immediately or remotely, to promote the glory of God? If you do not, I cannot see how you, *as a Christian*, can have any hand in introducing young ladies to the one, or in giving them a taste for the other.

This, dear Madam, is *my* view of the matter: but I do not wish *you* to walk by *my* light. I believe that all the children of God are *taught by him*, and ought to follow the dictates of their own consciences: I therefore pretend

not to *advise* you, but shall endeavour to *pray* that the great *unerring* Counsellor may give you divine wisdom to be your teacher, to lead you into all truth, and keep you from every thing inconsistent with his holy will.

I have met with so many interruptions since I began this letter, that I fear it is hardly intelligible. I shall be sorry if I have said any thing that gives you uneasiness: your spirits seem low, and your business not going so well as could be wished: perhaps I ought rather to have employed my pen in the way of consolation and encouragement, than by throwing in a matter of perplexity.—Sure I am, I do not *mean* to add affliction to the afflicted; but, rather have been impelled, from a regard to truth, to write my real sentiments, as you desired.

Your friend and humble servant,

W. GLENORCHY.

ADDRESSES.

To the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children, in April, 1800.

Ladies,

With pleasure we, your Board, again meet this benevolent Society. With pleasure we announce the success of the Institution—its funds, its usefulness, and its respectability increase. We have on the books two hundred and seventy-four annual subscribers, thirty-nine more than at last meeting.

The Treasurer has received three hundred and thirty dollars from ladies, in donations; and from gentlemen, six hundred and seventeen dollars, nearly double what they gave us last year. Your managers have expended eight hundred and twenty dollars since the last meeting—not quite five months. Perhaps this may surprise you, but there was no avoiding it. Though the winter has been mild, and the price of wood moderate, the wants of the poor have been more pressing than in former years. We have on our books one hundred and forty-two widows, with four hundred and six children below twelve years of age, by far the greater part below six; besides many boys bound apprentices, for whom their mothers must wash, mend, and provide, in part, clothing. Though the sum expended appears great, you will find, on calculation, that it is not quite six dollars to each family: yet, by prudent manage-

ment, giving it to them by little and little, and in things nourishing, yet cheap, it went further than twice the sum given in money, and at once. Besides, in cordials for the sick, and exigences of different kinds, your Managers have begged and contributed, (I speak within bounds when I say it,) to the amount of two hundred dollars more. Most of our widows have to learn economy from necessity; in the days of their husbands they lived not only plentifully, but luxuriously. Every class of mechanics in New York could live well, and lay up for their families were they frugal: but the reverse of this is the case—the evil is general, and I fear, not to be cured. The change to their widows greatly aggravates their misery; well may they read their sin in their punishment, when meagre want overtakes them. But God forgives, and so ought we. *We*, who have so much to be forgiven, have yet our necessaries, our comforts, and even our luxuries, spared. To us our comfortable dwellings, cheerful fires, and convivial parties, give to winter its charms. Alas, for her! the new-made widow, to whom all these are lost for ever—to her, the approach of winter is as the approach of death. Accustomed to spread the board by a cheerful fireside, to welcome the companion of her heart from the labours of the day, to bless and share the social meal, provided by his industry, drest with neatness and ingenuity, rendered agreeable by health and appetite, and heightened in its relish by mutual love! The witty sayings of the prattlers are repeated, and the news of the household exchanged for the news of the city. The little ones too have their share: they tell the father the exploits of the day; he forgets his fatigue, and dandles them by turns on his knee, while the mother's moistened eyes glisten with pleasure. Alas! the change!—Husband, father, support, provider, gone for

ever! The setting sun, the succeeding twilight, the rattling cars, the train of labourers, announce the approach of evening, when many boards are spread, many husbands return to bless their families; scarcely can she believe that he is not in the crowd; fain would she persuade herself that she has been in a dream; fain would she fancy that yonder is he. Darkness pervades the earth; the neighbouring doors shut in the happy families; the beaming fires illumine the windows. Back she staggers to her dreary dwelling, and wakes to all the realities of her widowed state. The once cheerful chimney scarcely emits a taper blaze. Her children cry for bread, but her empty pantry affords it not. Tired nature soon brings *them* relief—they sleep—they forget. Not so the widowed heart: busy cruel memory calls back, and doubles her departed joys; comparison doubles also her present misery; every avenue to hope is shut. Her big swollen heart would burst its narrow bounds, but for a gush of tears, in mercy sent to give it vent. The deep-fetched sobs wring out the big round drops in blest profusion, till glutted with grief, she sinks among her babes. Time, that sorrow-healing balm, softens at length the pungency of woe. The sympathizing neighbours, the unrestrained complaints and tears, render her situation familiar; the wants of her children urge her to exertion for their support. Some sister-widow, pensioner on your bounty, consoles her with the news that many benevolent hearts have united their efforts to relieve wants like hers. Hope steals in—she listens—is comforted, plans schemes of industry, and exerts herself to become father and mother to her orphans.

Many such, dear Ladies, have eaten of your bread, been warmed from your wood-yard, clothed from your web—in sickness revived by your cordials, consoled and soothed

earth, which they sing in heaven. I am just going to town, to attend preparation sermon. Our feast is on Sabbath.

July 17, 1801.

WHAT shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies; mercies temporal, mercies spiritual, mercies eternal, multiplied mercies! The one thing that I asked of the Lord has been answered in full; and O, how much added! God himself become my Salvation, and the Salvation of my house; how unspeakable the blessing! Although chastisement and affliction were the means of correction and sanctification, or even the vengeance taken on my inventions, yet, as a God, he at the same time pardons. For my character is ever the same with backsliding Judah, and treacherous Israel. Glory to that name which is ever the same, and changes not, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin." This was his name among a stiff-necked people, an idolatrous, ungrateful people; this is his name to me, alike in character. O how he has magnified this name to me, a backslider in heart and life; multiplying pardons while I have multiplied transgressions! Still he has been with me; healing my backsliding, restoring my soul, leading me to the open fountain, giving faith and joy and peace in believing: not only so, but in this land of drought, this vast howling wilderness, this vale of tears, "where man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards," my cup is full, and running over with temporal comfort. All his creatures minister to my comfort; and as days and nights roll on, his daily providence adds, and diminishes not.

I had hardly hoped to see the faces of my children

again; for he commanded, and raised the stormy winds, and lifted up the waves of the sea; they mounted to heaven, and sunk again to the deep; death with all its *natural* horrors, surrounded them: the deep yawned to devour them! but God, their own God, was at hand, their Anchor of Hope; their Ark of Safety; their Hiding Place, till the calamity was past; "they cried to him, and he saved them out of their distresses; he made the storm a calm, and the waves thereof still, and brought them to the desired haven." This trouble was not unto death, but for the glory of God, and the exercising of your faith, for the manifestation of his power and goodness, and the enriching of your experience.

O, then, "let us praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Let us exalt him in the congregation of his people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders."

My dear Children,

Yours of July 3d, from Glasgow, is to me like cold water to the thirsty soul. I thank my dear J—, that tired and fatigued as she was, she sacrificed her necessary rest to the relief of her anxious mother. I hope that my God did not allow her to be a sufferer; yet, my dear, two sheets were not necessary to my relief, though every line in them was interesting. To hear of the attentions of our dear countrymen, must be gratifying; to learn that your health permits you to accept of these, more so; to hear of your attention, and that of others, to my lonely sister, is soothing. But words are wanting, to express the delight of my soul, on reading of the Lord's goodness to your

soul: in dispensing to you so liberally the bread and the water of life; yea, feasting you on the dainties of his house, along with his choice favourites, giving you to see the good of his chosen, and to rejoice in their joy. O my dear J—, what hath God done for us in spirituals, and in temporals! His dealings with us have not been ordinary. How stately have been his steps in almost all his providences! I bless my God with my whole soul, and all that is within me: I desire to bless him, that while he gave you favour with all, he attached you most closely to his own, the excellent ones of the earth; to them he conducted you, with them he fed you, giving you credit with them, and a name, and a place in his house. O Lord, what can thy servant say? Thou art *thyself*, I AM THAT I AM, is thy name: wisdom, power, justice, goodness, and truth, are thine essential qualities. But O thy long-suffering, thy patience, thine unspeakable mercy, thy pardoning, thy restoring, thy healing, thy consoling mercy, is the wonder of wonders! How is the wonder increased when I consider the objects of it! O now, my dear children, let us live to his glory: surely mercy is his darling attribute, and judgment his strange work! Eternity will prove too short to sing of his mercy; and who ought to sing as loud as we?

October 23, 1801.

Surely, surely, my heart feels grateful for the time, though this, like every other good motion, will, like the morning dew, soon pass away.

My children have not only been preserved through the tempestuous storms that threatened death, with circumstances shocking to nature; but my poor sick child has borne a long fatiguing journey: that journey has been

made comfortable, by the warm reception of many kind friends, dear to nature, and many doubly endeared by grace; among the last, the mother and sisters of the kindest and the best of husbands; they received her as their own flesh and blood, as well as their fellow-member in Christ; blest with a measure of health to enjoy all, and a measure of grace to profit by all; eyeing by faith the dear visible hand of a covenant God—preserving, leading, guiding through every step—his love the marrow of the whole, and their charter for safety, even amidst the dangers of prosperity. Is not godliness gain; profitable for this life, as well as that which is to come? What is the portion of the worldling! Even in this life, 'shadowy joy or solid woe,' without a balance to the first, or consolation in the last: no sure footing in the one, nor support in the other; distant from the fountain of happiness by nature, prosperity incrusts their hearts, and increases their carnality; nestling in their worldly comforts, they forget that they are the creatures of a day, that eternity lies before them, and only the feeble uncertain thread of life between them and that curse under which they were born. Not so the child of God; all things work together for his good, *all things*; his standing is not in himself; his footsteps are directed by Infinite Wisdom; he is kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation. Nothing can separate him from the love of God. His life is hid with Christ in God: there is cause to rejoice always; his privileges are boundless, infinite; for God himself is become his salvation. Have we then any cause for fear? Yes, my children, yes; though nothing can rob us of our charter, there is another side to behold. In Christ we have all things richly to enjoy, but we have not all in possession; what we have is by faith. All is secured by our Surety

for eternity; we shall overcome by the blood of the Lamb; but by the constitution of the covenant, we must enter into that rest, that perfect rest, through great tribulation. While our eternal salvation is secured by our Surety, it hath pleased Infinite Wisdom to appoint another connexion, which shall exist while we remain in these clay tabernacles; even the connexion between our steadfastness, consequently our comfort, and the means of grace which he had appointed: making the first to depend, in a great measure, on our delighted use of the last, insomuch that a great number of the promises are proposed conditionally. Many exhortations are given in this view, and also many threatenings. "They that wait on the Lord, shall renew their strength. Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Abide in me; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, no more can ye except ye abide in me." Close, intimate, near communion with God, is to be sought by means of prayer, meditation, and reading. If the Christian be careful to husband time, and set apart a portion for God, and set about these duties, he will not always miss communion; and this prepares him for other duties, and arms him against temptation: as the promise is concerned to keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on him. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him! So shall ye know the Lord, if ye follow on to know him. Delight thyself in God; he will give thee the desire of thine heart. Nevertheless, I will be inquired of by the house of Israel. If his children forsake my laws and go astray, I will visit their faults. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet;

thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." All is laid before us in the Scriptures, in the view of comfort, during our pilgrimage, as well as the certainty of our inheritance in the end; the ground whereon we stand, our danger, and the means of safety. See Ephesians, vi. 11. There is provision made in the covenant for great comfort, consistent with human frailty and imperfection, but not with carelessness and negligence. While, therefore, we rejoice in the Lord, we have good reason to join trembling with our mirth; while standing high in comfort, to take heed lest we fall, through the deceitfulness of sin. We carry about with us "a body of sin and death; the Devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers." We live in a world lying in wickedness; the captives of sin and Satan exerting every faculty to banish all thoughts of God, death, and eternity; contriving, with unwearied industry, and amazing ingenuity, new gratifications for body and mind in endless variety, suited to all constitutions, all tempers and dispositions, and to those in all circumstances. Of these the most rational are the most subtle, and, in the hand of the enemy, the most calculated to keep men ignorant of themselves, their misery, and the great salvation: and alas! by these he often *spoils* unwary Christians, who though heirs of heaven, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, are during their minority, subject to like passions with them, and ever in danger of being spoiled of their comforts when off their guard.

With the people of the world Christians have much to do; they are fellow-members of society with them; they have many duties to perform *to* them, *with* them, and *by* them: many of the things of the world are necessary to

them, many of its pleasures lawful; for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and he gives them of it, as his wisdom sees good for them. That which he gives them they gather in the same manner as with the world—by diligence in their lawful calling. Keeping near the Captain of salvation, and armed in his whole armour, they are safe. When off their guard, the vigilant enemy gains some advantage, and they get into trouble. O how many gracious names our dear Redeemer has assumed in his word, for our comfort, our meditation, our spiritual exercise! How pleasant and delightful, in the light of his countenance, to analyze them! Beside the names peculiar to himself as God—how many has he condescended to take from among men, and the natural comforts and safe-guards of men! Our *Shepherd*, our *Rock*, our *Ark*, all the relations in life, and ends with our *All in all!* But I must have done, that I may tell you that goodness and mercy follow us in this family also.

December 7, 1801.

I HAVE received my dear J—'s three letters from Dingwall: fresh matter of praise to our covenant God. You have had your season of affliction; and now you have a season of refreshing, a resting time. The cup of the Christian is always more or less mixed. Your afflictions have ever been mixed with much mercy, and now your season of rest is also mixed. I well know that no temporal comfort can compensate the absence of your justly beloved D—, nor can any object but your God render it supportable. He, however, who is the God of both, who goes with him, and stays with you, can not only support

but comfort you. The omniscient, the omnipresent, the omnipotent God, is our God, and the God of our house: all that he is, is ours to bless us. "Behold, God is become our salvation." Every endearing name known among men, he takes to himself, to inspire us with pleasing confidential love; every name that connects the idea of protection, to keep our minds in quiet peace, in the assurance of safety—*Father*, *Husband*, *Brother*, *Friend*, *Prophet*, *Priest*, *King*, *Physician*, *Help*, *Health*, *Light*, *Life*, *Counsellor*, *Guide*, *Sanctuary*, *Anchor*. But, I should fill my sheet. I said it all at first: *God* is ours, and ours with the knowledge of all our backslidings, which he heals; our wanderings, from which he restores us; and our sins, which he forgives: one of his names is *the God of pardons*. Mercy is his darling attribute, that in which he delights. Are we not his witnesses? What has our whole life been, but sin, backslidings, and wanderings? What have his dealings with us been, but pardons, healings, restorations? Therefore, we remain, as at this day, with our desires towards him, and our faces Zion-wards. What he hath begun he will perfect, and in a little while our eyes shall behold him, our hearts shall enjoy him, "we shall be like him, and see him as he is."

December 26, 1801.

I REJOICE over my dear children, and bless our gracious God that he has led them a sweet and most delightful sojourning among his churches, animating their spirits by their mutual communion: blessing them, and, I hope, making them blessings. I pray that the Lord may make

our dear D. an instrument, among others, of spreading his Gospel, building up his church, and pulling down the strong holds of Satan: and that you may be, in your place, a help meet for him, in this, as in every thing else. May the Lord choose his path, and direct his steps, and yours with him. Women were helpers of the apostles and others in Paul's days: at the same time, care must ever be taken not to obtrude in any respect. I pray that you may be kept spiritual and humble: eminence in God's service is truly desirable if the heart be found in a right frame. If the Lord open the eyes to behold more of the extent and spirituality of his law, the holiness and purity of his nature, the evil of sin, and its contrariety to all that is in God; and if he turn the eyes inward to the hidden corruptions of the heart, when it is evident to the soul that all is of grace, then may eminent services be safe.

"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," was the exercise of Job, and justly so. Job was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not, he searched it out: when the ear heard him, it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; who withheld not the poor from his desire, nor caused the eye of the widow to fail: the stranger did not lodge in the street, but he opened his door unto the traveller: all this was connected with benevolent feelings. Job could justify himself before his fellow-sinners, blind like himself: but, when God comes to deal with him, how different his views! Then it was, "Behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand on my mouth, and my mouth in the dust." Even with the very best there is cause for this exercise, could we see in the same light. How deceitful is the human heart! How unfaithful the conscience! How little do we know of the sins of

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leaped in the womb, when the salutation of Mary sounded in his mother's ears; he was then a living soul, and an heir of salvation at that moment. If your babe was conceived in sin by the first covenant, he is an heir of grace by the second. Think it not hard; no, you do not think it hard, that you have conceived him in sickness, carried him in sickness, and suffered the pangs of birth without the succeeding joy, to make you forget your anguish. All this shall be for the glory of God, and that is what you seek; believe it now, you shall see it soon. I do sympathize; my fond heart had embraced a sweet babe added to the family, for one taken. The Lord has taken this also; it is his due; I shall soon leave the mortal, and join the immortal; five have joined the Head, six remain; and one I know nothing of, more than that I cast him on the Lord, and look for mercy. I thank my God that he gave you the grace of resignation, and supported you in the solitary confinement. Alas! my child, did you listen for the voice of your babe? O, what a suspense! But let me stop—he had reached maturity ere that time; without the fight, he obtained the victory: he is of "the travail of the Redeemer's soul; children are God's heritage, the fruit of the womb his reward." Rest then in the Lord; this is to his glory, both without and within your soul.

May 26, 1802.

My dear Children,

Here am I in my little room, surrounded with every comfort, and as the provision of my God, I value all: but there lies my chief, *my Bible*, the Testament of

my dying, risen, ascended, reigning Saviour, bequeathing to me eternal life, executed in full, and made as sure as the promise and oath of God can make it. My mind feels also the influences of the Holy Ghost taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto me; opening wide the leaves of that New Testament in which I read unsearchable riches, and my title to them sure; yes, sure: even to me, a base idolatrous Gentile; a rebel against the eternal King, my Creator, Preserver, Provider; a backslider in heart and in life. What has such a one to do with a holy God? He hath said, "Only return;" and he himself hath turned me, chastened, convinced, restored, and comforted me. "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts; but, as the heavens are above the earth, so are his ways above our ways, and his thoughts high above our thoughts," and his plans above our conception. For, although it is for ever true, that "he is of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity;" that his law has denounced a curse upon the transgressor who keepeth it not in every jot and tittle; it is for ever true, that this God is unchangeable in his nature and purposes. What he hath said, that will he do. It is for ever true, that I am all that I have said, and worse, a sinner in heart, tongue, practice. Yet am I a beloved child, a justified one, an heir of God. Here is the testament, here is my charter with the seal of God upon it—Jesus, thou art the Secret of the Lord; thou art the Lion of the tribe of Judah; the Root and Offspring of David: Thou hast prevailed to open this book of secrets, to loose the seven seals, and lay open its mysteries; thou Lamb of God, appointed to the great work! In our room, and in our nature, thou hast sustained the curse. Thou hast obeyed the law; thou hast drunk the last drop of the last

vial of that wrath which would have sunk my soul in the endless depths of misery: and I never could have expended one drop, but must have sunk deeper and deeper under it. Not unto me, not unto ministers, not unto any creature, be the praise. As for me, I am, in a word, all that is vile in myself; ministers, providences, afflictions, are just what God makes them; without his blessing they will not only pass without profiting, but Satan and corruption will make them ministers to themselves. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; for he has redeemed me with his blood. Worthy is the Lamb to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. To him, to him alone, be the praise; who, of an heir of hell, hath made an heir of heaven, by a substitutional righteousness wrought out in his own person: mine by free gift, unshackled with the shadow of a condition, in which I am completely justified. To this work let nothing be added, with this work let nothing be mixed.

There is another work going on by the same Spirit of truth; also his purchase and gift—Sanctification. In this I am called to occupy, watch, strive, fight. Life is given; means of support and growth provided; weapons of warfare—all things necessary to life and godliness: these are promised to the diligent use of means; and poverty, stagnation, discomfort, threatened to the indolent. O how sovereign and gracious has my God been in his dealings with me in this respect also! I was a sluggard in the days of youth, and the prime of life; yet to me hath he given the comforts promised only to the diligent. Here I sit, on the verge of threescore; my heart in some good measure loosened from the world, although in full possession of it. Health, ease, plenty, elegance, friendship, respectability; old age welcome, death unstung, become a familiar friend;

the messenger of my Father, to fetch me home to those mansions which my Redeemer has taken possession of in my name. My hope is strong for my offspring, now my only care. I leave my fatherless children on the Lord; he has promised to save them alive. Stately have been his steps of mercy towards them already, and he saved them from their mother's snares; he heard and answered my prayers, for his name's sake, and overruled my practices; he is my God, and the God of my seed, the God of my seed's seed, to the latest generation; my cup is full of comfort, temporal and spiritual. O praise him, praise him, for he is your God, and the God of your seed also.

June 4, 1802.

THIS is his Majesty's birth-day; you have, no doubt, been drinking his health, and are, at this moment, perhaps, set in some social company, by invitation, to honour the anniversary, to repeat the wish of long life, health, and comfort, to the lawful sovereign of Britain.

Here I sit in my dear little room, with a lovely landscape in view; B— M.'s park in velvet verdure: the full grown trees scattered thin, to display the carpet, and in full foliage; the clump of willows weeping to the very ground with a gentle wave, agitated by the zephyr: while the other trees keep their firm majestic posture: the Hudson river covered with vessels crowded with sail, to catch the scanty breeze; some sweet little chirpers regaling the ear with its share of pleasure. I think I never heard any little warblers in this land sing so sweet as those which now salute my ear!

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!'

Can all the philosophic ingenuity of London, this evening, produce such a scene? The gardens, no doubt, will be glorious; but the ground-work is also God's: but why say I that in particular? All is his; the very notes that warble through so many guilty throats, are his creation; all the arts of man cannot add to their number. Sweet birds, your notes are innocent. O how sweet! Lovely trees, ye who stand erect, and ye who weep and wave: I wish no brighter scene. The shadows lengthen fast, so do yours and mine, my Sovereign*: a few, a very few anniversaries, and we must change the scene; change to where no courtiers flatter; no false meteors blaze; where shadows flee away, realities appear, and nothing but realities will stand in any stead.

O may we meet! for me, I nothing have, I nothing am. But one there is, who was, and is, all that the mind of saint or angel can conceive of glory and of happiness; and he is mine, and I am most blessed. Lengthen on, ye shadows, until all is shadow on these orbs of flesh. Then, O then,—

'My captive soul set free
From cloggish earth, which oft has made me sigh,
Ascends the eternal hills, as seen to see,
As known to know, and grasp the Deity.'

1802.

Our friend B— has now proved how far it is safe to leave the fate of eternity unsettled. He is gone to the

* Mrs. Graham received a pension, as a British officer's widow, until her death.

state of the dead; with whom his soul is gathered. He only knows, whose mercy none ought to limit: he is gone to his own place; if without a surety-righteousness, which he sought not after in health, we know where that place is; but after reading of a thief on the cross, nothing with God is impossible. My mind is much impressed, that sentence rings in my ears, so often repeated—'I am determined to do all the good I can, and leave the rest to God. I have no time to search.' One thing is needful.

'Life's a folly, age a dream,
Borne along the common stream;
Earth's a bubble light as air,
If my rest be centred there:
How can that be solid joy,
Which a moment may destroy?'

Mr. B— was seized with the fever in its most malignant form; for him every genius was exerted; and the medical store ransacked for the healing balsam; but in vain. The Judge calls for the soul, and the body must, at his command, dislodge his tenant; how awful, if no Surety was at hand, if he must stand naked—we know the rest; did I say, We know? Far otherwise; what can we know of that wrath which in the garden of Gethsemane, when no murderous hand was near, no High Priest, no Council, no Cross, wrung the blood through every pore of the pure, the innocent Lamb of God, supported by Godhead? "If such things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

TO THE SAME, IN NEW YORK.

Boston, August, 1800.

I YESTERDAY received my dear J—'s letter, which gives fresh cause for thankfulness. The more my absence is lengthened, the less I am able to support the want of intelligence. Let us bless God together for all his mercies; among those which are temporal, health is the chief: and I believe to most mothers it is more valued in their children than in their own persons. I rejoice with you over our restored J—y. O that our covenant God may give the more important blessing of divine life! You had need to be importunate for this, after the importunity exercised for natural life. I thank God also for the alleviation of your own distress, for our dear D—'s restoration from complaints, less alarming so far as they existed, but which might have been the seeds of a serious affliction. I could go on enumerating; for causes of thankfulness crowd into my mind: but all are swallowed up in the grand mercy, the distinguishing mercy of redeeming love to our souls; salvation, not only to me, but to my house! All words fail here. Read over with me, sing with me, in your heart, the 103d Psalm. O my God, dare I even sigh in thy presence, under any temporary pain, or hurt of body or mind, with such a Father, such a Christ, such a Comforter, such a richly-furnished well-ordered covenant, such a constitution of Grace and Providence, such an "All in all," even all the fulness of God! My God, and the God of my seed, the God of my house; yea, and the God of my prodigal, who shall in heaven, if never on earth, join the song, "To Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory, honour, dominion, power and praise, for ever and ever. Amen." Shall a murmur ever

pass these lips; shall this unthankful heart indulge even a sigh over any object but sin; shall I shrink from any cross with such a crown?

"Father, glorify thy name."

I have been to church; the subject, "Be not weary in well-doing." Many arguments were adduced for exertion, all just; but the substance of the Gospel was not there. O that my friends could hear *our* shepherd; he would speak of his Master more in unison with their own hearts' experience, and views of new covenant provision and Gospel motives. Except in the Baptist congregations, the Gospel is much mutilated here, and kept out of sight, even by the few who are supposed to build upon it. It appears to me, only Dr. M— declares boldly, according to his views, without keeping back; he is esteemed their only champion; I love him dearly, though he uses the word *probation*, and one or two others, which my dear, and first in my heart, as a pastor, J. M—, likes not.

Sabbath next brings round your—I will add, *my* Gospel-feast. I will endeavour to meet you to-morrow evening, and to have you all on my heart, then and on the Sabbath, in that one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one Spirit, one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all, and in all those that are redeemed by Jesus Christ, and sanctified by that one Spirit uniting all. What subjects! I cannot attain to the comprehension; but I experience their truth, and enjoy the comfort of them.

Belleville, September 2, 1808.

My dear J—,

You have indeed had a trying time. If ever you needed a friend, it was at such a time. I trust that the

day is not very distant when you shall be blessed with your own dear husband, who will soothe your pains, and sweeten your cares, and lead you to cast them on the Lord, and lean where he himself leans.

There is a rest prepared for the people of God even here, could we only enter in. No affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are duly exercised by it. Every affliction has a language, and ought to produce great searchings of heart, that it may not pass without profit. This has a particular language to me as well as to you. Your husband's long absence drawing to a hopeful end; the days of anxious expectation arrived, when every hour will seem a day, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." If ever a mother could be of use, it must be in the time of severe illness; yet is she absent from you in providence. You have, however, a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother:" though "father and mother" might "forsake you, the Lord will take you up." That Friend is ever near: no circumstances embarrass him, or prevent his attentions; his eye is on you every moment—he knows and feels every pang. There is a need-be at times, that we be in heaviness, through manifold temptations; but the Lord knows how to work with us and them. O for the steady, abiding belief of this in my own soul! Much I need the consolation which I offer. I do believe that he will work, and none shall let. I do believe that the very hairs of our head are numbered, and a sparrow cannot fall without him; that he will work according to the counsel of his will, that none can turn aside his purpose, and that very fruitless is my anxiety. O to be able to say, in the full sense of the words, as given by our divine Teacher, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven." This is enter-

ing into rest; rest in the will of God. While I groan I ought to sing; for my own particular soul, I have all and abound; a throne of grace; an Advocate with the Father; no inconsiderable share of the spirit of prayer; "the Spirit helping my infirmities with groanings which cannot be uttered;" a sense of pardoning love; some evidences of success in my spiritual warfare; assurance of final victory; my mansions in view, often very near; my blessed High Priest waiting me in Jordan, who will divide the waters, support my head and heart, and carry me safely through.

* * * *

O world, world, much have I suffered for the court I have paid to thee! Let my children take warning; let them keep a jealous eye over their hearts. All without may be fair, may bring praise from men, yea, even from Christians; yet may the spouse of Jesus be living in adultery. O let them watch "the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life." Let them watch in respect to lawful things—idols were made of the very trees of Lebanon. If our purest blessings occupy that place in our affections, or that portion of our time which should be devoted to spiritual exercises, great must be our loss! Our Husband expects our company, (Has he not wooed us with his very heart's blood?) confidential communion with bolted doors, all other objects excluded; his own gifts not excepted. He expects spiritual love, a whole heart. At such times he brings his spouse "into the banqueting house, and his banner over her is love; he stays her with flagons, and comforts her with apples while she is sick of love."

I suffer my pen to run, because I know I write not mystery to you. You have tasted, you have felt, you have enjoyed all, and more than I can put in words. O my dear J—, I think the fault is ours, that we enjoy not oftener

such seasons; we leave neither room nor time, nor do we use the means; neither do we follow our melting seasons. Read in this view the 5th of the Song; see also the invitation in the 2d and 9th, to the end. O my J—, let not youthful prime, sensibility, and ardour, be all expended on the very best of his creatures.

TO MR. A. D——, EDINBURGH.

New York, 1793.

I HAVE just been reading over my dear friend's precious letters, and am refreshed anew by the same truths and uniform experience of every Christian; which all amounts to this—that the Lord is the Portion of his people, and that whom he loves, he loves to the end. My soul melts with tenderness when I recollect my fellow-travellers in the wilderness; those dear associates with whom I have so often taken sweet counsel; who so often comforted me with the same comforts with which they themselves were comforted. I am also led to recollect some who have finished their warfare: some whose trials were sharp and long: but who, through the same grace in which we trust, were steadfast to the end: and now inherit a crown of life—the reward of grace, not of debt. I feel strengthened, and comforted. My dear G—, I could have thought it an honour to have dressed that clay out of what the Lord gave me, and with my own hands. O how bright does the soul now shine in that fine linen, clean and white! Many, many were the tears she shed in the wilderness. She had a deep draught of the Redeemer's cup, because

she was to be made very like him: and she is now like him, for she sees him as he is, and shares in his glory. Her lot here was humble, but her place now is not so; the Lord will honour her humble sufferings, patience, and love, as highly as those of saints who move in a higher sphere. I had often wished to be near her at her departure, but that honour was reserved for you. I rejoice to hear that your children are promising; I think it is the greatest comfort a parent can enjoy in this world. I have a large share of it, in my three daughters: but my prodigal is not come to himself: he still feeds on husks, nor thinks of the plenty in his Father's house. I had great hopes last winter: I heard he had been very ill, in consequence of very severe treatment from his captain. The Lord has been emptying him from vessel to vessel, and I have been waiting the issue: but mine eyes almost fail, and my Spirit frets, because I know the Lord can, and no other can. I I have great hopes, too, that God's time will come. I am also satisfied that it will be the best time; but still I cry, O, how long! My dear friend, I think I would recommend it to you to keep your children about you. No other had ever the influence over him that I had; and I regret that I did not bring him with me. Mrs. Stevenson (Jessy), who was so very delicate, is much under the rod; but she kisses it, and turns to Him who appoints it. My two young ones are sweet, obedient, diligent girls, my word is as much a law, as when they were seven years of age. This also is of God! and to him I look for their continuing, and for my prodigal's return. Our young Timothy, J. M—, is a perfect champion for the Gospel of Jesus: the Lord has well girded him, and largely endowed him: he walks closely with God, and speaks and preaches like a Christian of long experience: he was ordained about two

months ago in his father's church, and a few weeks after married a lady of eminent piety, and preached all the day, both the Sabbath before and after: no levity appeared in word or gesture; which is not always the case with the best at such times. There is not a church in New York whose discipline is as strict, nor one which has so many communicants. He is reckoned a youth of great talents and an orator; and many of even the idle and careless, go to hear him. A few Sabbaths ago, he preached from these words, "I am determined to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." After proving that all the Scriptures, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, pointed to Christ and his great work of redemption; and asserting that that sermon could not be called the Gospel, of which He was not the Subject, he spoke home to his audience, and told them that this, through the aid of Divine Grace, was his firm purpose—to dwell on redeeming love. He was sure no subject would be welcome to any Christian, where Christ was not to be found; nor would any such subject ever convert a sinner; and therefore, if any were about to take their place there, expecting to hear any new or strange thing, let them not disappoint themselves? O for a thankful heart! The Lord has indeed done wonders for me and mine; and, blessed be his name for this mercy also, that in a remarkable manner, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, he hedged me in, to become a member of this congregation, where I am fed with the same truths which nourished my soul in Zion's gates, at Edinburgh; and I am enabled to sing the Lord's song in a foreign land. Often have I been tempted to hang my harp upon the willow, when I thought on Zion: but this was, and sometimes still is, my sin and ingratitude; for I ought to build houses, and

plant vineyards, and seek the good of the land; for he has a small vineyard here, which he waters and cultivates, and I ought to labour therein, and do whatsoever my hand findeth to do with diligence; and say, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; heaven is his throne, the earth his footstool," and he fills all things, and all places.—"What aileth thee, Hagar?" O what a God of mercy is our God! Often has he hailed me in some such language: "What aileth thee?" why is thy countenance sad? Am not I better to thee than ten friends? Then has he turned my heart to him, made me feel myself close to him: he has suffered me to lean on his bosom, hang on his arm, and lisp out *Abba*. At such blest moments, I have thought the whole earth but one point, and from that to heaven but one step, and the time between but as one moment; and my company here sufficient to satisfy me by the way. At such blest moments, I have felt entire satisfaction with all that God is, all that he does; and could trust him fully with all my concerns, spiritual, temporal, and eternal. But, alas! by and by, like a peevish child, I begin to fret; wish this, wish that; grieve for this, grieve for that; fear this, fear that; stagger, stumble, fall! O what a God of patience and long-suffering! And O how rich that well-ordered covenant, that provides suitable grace for all these unsteady seasons! It is my greatest consolation that the Lord knows it all. There are times when I cannot see him; but every moment he sees me. I should fall off, and leave him; but he holds me fast, and never leaves me. O blessed plan, where God secures us in safety, even from ourselves. We have not only destroyed ourselves, and he has been our help; but we are ever destroying ourselves, and still he renews this help.

Well, what shall we say? Father, glorify thy name,

and let us lie in thy hand, as clay in the potter's, till thou finish thy workmanship, and fit us vessels of mercy, to be filled with happiness, when thou shalt have done thy good pleasure in us, and by us in this world, through the grace that is in Christ Jesus, who loved us, and gave himself for us; to whom be glory, honour, and praise, in the church below, and in the general assembly above, now and ever. Amen.

My love, my heart's love, to my dear Mrs. D—.

I am ever, your affectionate friend,
In the bonds of the Gospel,
ISABELLA GRAHAM.

TO MRS. O——, EDINBURGH.

New York, 1793.

I RECEIVED both my dear friend's letters, and I thank you for remembering me. You cannot but know, that any thing, however trifling, from a friend at a distance, is pleasant: but it is no trifle to learn, not only that you are well, but that you are still of the same mind with regard to your heavenly course and prospects.

My dear friend, you and I have advanced a great way through the wilderness, since we parted, and I know, and am persuaded, that we are both, in exact proportion, near the haven of our hopes. This persuasion is not founded upon any confidence I have in myself, or in my purposes of holding on. No, my friend, the longer I live, the more I am convinced that I stand by grace; and, could I believe that the Lord would ever let go his hold of me, and let

loose my own corruptions, and the enemy to traffic with them, and deceive me by them, I believe that I could lie, steal, commit murder, and do all that human wickedness ever practised; but, blessed, ever blessed, be our divine Shepherd! He is our Keeper, who has promised that "sin shall not have dominion over us:" and for this very reason, "that we are not under the law, but under grace." Here is the ground of our confidence, that we shall persevere, and finish our course safely, and perhaps honourably too, before the world; though this is not always the case. My dear friend, let us ever keep sight of our Keeper and Leader, and fear nothing. I will tell you something for your comfort, and for your encouragement; it may also serve for your confirmation; I tell it you in confidence. It is now, I think, thirty-five years since I simply, but solemnly, accepted of the Lord's Christ, as God's gift to a lost world. I rolled my condemned, perishing, corrupted soul upon this Jesus, exhibited in the Gospel as a Saviour from sin. My views then were dark, compared with what they now are; but this I remember, that, at the time, I felt heart-satisfying trust in the mercy of God, as the purchase of Christ; and for a time, rejoiced with joy scarcely supportable, singing almost continually the 103d Psalm. I took a view of the promises of God, and wrote out many of them, and called them mine; and among the foremost was that in the 89th Psalm, and 30th verse; and well has the Lord kept me to it, and made it good; for, my dear friend, never was there a more unsteady, unwatchful Christian; never did the children of Israel's conduct in the wilderness depict any Christian's heart and conduct, in Gospel times, better than mine; and just so has the Lord dealt with me. When he slew me, then I trusted in him; when he gave me carnal ease and comfort, I forgot my

Rock, and rebelled. Often did I stumble too, from legality, instead of looking at my own weakness and impotence, and trusting wholly in my Redeemer's strength. I was wroth with myself, wondered at myself, and thought it impossible I could be as I had been. I made strong resolutions, yea, vows, and became a slave in the endeavour to hedge in this wandering, worldly, vain, flighty heart; but, alas! a few months found me where I was, with scarcely a thought of God from morning to night, prayer huddled over in words that had no effect on my heart; and the fear of hell, the chief restraint of sin, or spur to duty. Then, in general, the Lord had some affliction for me, which laid me afresh at his feet, and made me take a fresh grasp of Christ, and a fresh view of his covenant; then, again, I felt safety, joy, peace, and happiness; thus, by line upon line, by precept upon precept, and by stripe upon stripe, he taught me, that I could not walk a moment alone. This is now my fixed faith; and, in proportion as I keep it in sight, I walk safely; but I still forget, and still stumble, and still fall; but I am lifted up, and taught lesson after lesson; and I shall stumble and fall, while sin is in me; but I am as sure that I shall be lifted up, and be restored, as I am sure I now breathe, and write these things; and the last stumble shall come, and the last stripe shall be laid on, and the last lesson taught, and that which concerns me shall be perfected. Then shall I look back, and see "all the way by which he has led me, to prove me, and try me, and show me what was in my heart, that he might do me good in my latter end." I am often, even in this valley of darkness and ignorance, allowed this retrospective view; and am led to say, "Not one word of all that he promised has failed. Hitherto the Lord hath helped: he has been the Guide of my youth, and even

unto hoar hairs will he lead me;" and when he calls me to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall even then fear no evil, for his rod and staff shall support me, and I shall enter the presence of my Redeemer, white and clean, dressed in the most perfect righteousness; angels and saints shall know me in this glorious robe; my Redeemer will acknowledge me as one of his ransomed people, and I shall finally be for ever with the Lord.

TO MISS M——.

September 11, 1800.

THERE was, my dear Miss M—, something in your countenance and manner, at our last interview, which has dwelt on my mind ever since. Your former attentions, which I also marked, I attributed to the natural benevolence of your heart; but your following a stranger, an old woman, of whom you knew so little, and you were likely never to see again—to solicit her friendship, and an interest in her prayers, spoke a language beyond nature. Either my sweet friend has already chose a God in Christ to be her portion, and his love in her heart powerfully draws her to every one in whom she thinks she discerns his image; or she conceives that this world cannot give her happiness, even in this life; and, impressed with the importance of that which is to come, she wishes to cast in her lot among God's people, that she may "know the good of his chosen, and rejoice in their joy," and become a partaker of that peace which the Saviour bequeathed to

his disciples when about to leave them; "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Let me congratulate my friend, whichever of these be the case. If the first, you have (or will soon have) a peace which the world can neither give, nor take away; if the last, the Saviour stands at the door of your heart, and knocks, soliciting that heart which has too long been hunting shadows and vanity. If your soul is dissatisfied with the things of the world, and tired with disappointment, cast a longing eye to the Fountain of happiness. This is the claim of that God, whose name is Love, "My son, give me thy heart." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest." "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" but "in me ye shall have peace." Be assured, my dear friend, if you could obtain all of this world that your heart could wish for, you would find vanity written on the possession. Nothing short of God himself can give happiness to the soul of man: and exactly in proportion as man becomes weaned from the world, and his affections centre in God, is he in possession of happiness. But how is this to be attained? By God's own plan, and no other. As many weary themselves in vain, hunting the shadows of time; so many great philosophers, sensible of this great truth, that God alone can satisfy the rational soul, also weary themselves in vain, because they will not seek the blessing in God's own way. "When the world, by wisdom, knew not God, it pleased him, by the foolishness of preaching," (what was esteemed so,) "to save them that believe." "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The Saviour said, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.

No man can come to the Father but by me: I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." The Scripture testifies what our own hearts must assent to, that human nature is depraved, and corrupt; broken off from God; at a distance from him by sin; enmity against him in his *true* character; opposed to his holy law, in its *extent* and *spirituality;* we are also helpless, dead in trespasses and sins. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;" (blessed be God for what follows,) "but in me is thy help." The same Scripture which testifies the misery of man, reveals also his remedy; a remedy of God's own providing, by which man may be restored to the image and favour of God, and to that communion with him which is life and bliss. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life: for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. And this is life eternal, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." When man becomes convinced that he is lost, helpless, wretched, lying at mercy, and submits to the method of God's own providing; casts himself on the mercy of God in Christ, and coming to him, rests on his free promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out;" disclaiming all confidence in himself, or in his own works, he accepts of God's offered grace, in God's own way, a FREE and FINISHED salvation. "This is the record of God, that he giveth unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son; who of God is made unto us Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification, and *complete* Redemption." Believing this, according to his faith it shall be. Christ shall be in him "a well of water springing up

to eternal life." He will shed abroad his love in his heart, and, according to his promise, give him "power to become a child of God." The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, shall be given unto him, to teach him the knowledge of the Scriptures, and to become a principle of holiness in his heart. Then shall he find that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace; then shall he experience the blessedness of "that man whose God is the Lord;" then is the way open for communion and converse with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

If, my dear Miss M—, I have made myself understood, you have my view of God's method of making his creatures happy; and I believe he will make us to know that he is a Sovereign God, and that there is no other name by which men can be saved, but the name of Christ Jesus. But take nothing on my word, nor the word of any creature; search the Scriptures; read the first eight chapters of the Romans, the whole of the Ephesians: stumble not at mysteries—pass them over, and take the milk for babes: pray for the teaching of the Spirit; and let me recommend to you the advice of Mr. Newton, in his Omicron's Letters, a book well worth your reading, 'Lay not too much stress on detached texts, but seek for the sense which is most agreeable to the general strain of Scripture.'

My dear Miss M—, I am now old, and I hope have done with the world; but I have been young, and I once drank deeply of youth's choicest pleasures. I was blest with the most excellent and most indulgent of parents; I was the wife of a man of sense, sentiment, and sensibility, who was my very first love and lover: and that love ripened and improved with years. My children were good and healthy; love, health, peace, and competency, blessed our dwelling. I had also, in early life, taken hold of God's

covenant, and tasted his covenant love, and devoted myself to his service; but very far was I from that non-conformity which the precept of the Gospel requires; had I kept close to my covenant God, enjoyed his bounty with thankfulness, occupied my talents, devoted my time to usefulness and communion with him; had I prayed against corruption within, and temptation without, the Lord would have directed my steps, and held up my goings, and I should have continued to inherit the earth, and should not have been diminished. But this was very far from being my conduct; the bent of the natural, unrenewed heart, is still opposed to God; and the best are sanctified only in part, while in this life; the law in the members still wars against the law of the Spirit of life, in the mind. The goodness of God, which ought to have been a powerful motive to gratitude, love, and diligence, was mis-improved: I enjoyed the gifts, and forgot the Giver; 'hugged my comforts to death.' Many, many light chastisements, my dear, my kind, my indulgent heavenly Father exercised me with; I had many repenting seasons under his strokes; I received many manifestations of pardon; and many fresh and solemn dedications of my heart, life, and substance, did I make: but no sooner were ease and comfort restored, than my heart "turned aside like a deceitful bow;" my whole life, from fifteen to the thirtieth year of my age, was one continued succession of departure and backsliding on my part; of chastening, forgiving, restoring, and comforting, on the part of my God.

He did not cast me off, but dealt with me according to the constitution of his well-ordered covenant—Psalm lxxxix. 30.; "If his children" (Christ's) "forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments—if they break my statutes, and

keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail; my covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips." This is the covenant (made with Christ as the federal head of all who believe) of which I took hold in early life; my God kept me to my choice, and manifested his own faithfulness, and the stability of his covenant. When lighter afflictions proved ineffectual, he at last, at one blow, took from me all that made life dear, the very kernel of all my earthly joys, my idol, my beloved husband. Then I no longer halted between two opinions; my God became my all. I leave it as my testimony, that He has been "a Father to the fatherless, a Husband to the widow, the stranger's Shield," and the "orphan's Stay." Even to hoar hairs and to old age has he carried me, and "not one good word has failed" of all that he has promised. 'He has done all things well,' and at this day I am richer and happier than ever I was in my life. Not that I am yet made free from sin, that is still my burden; want of love and gratitude, indolence in commanded duty, self-will, and nestling in the creature. But my heart's wish and earnest desire is conformity. The bent of my will is for God; and if my heart deceive me not, my God is the centre of my best affections. It is by grace that I am what I am, and the same grace engages to perfect the work begun.

This God is my God; he will guide me even unto death, through death, and be my portion through eternity. This God I recommend to my friend; and this well-ordered covenant, this all-sufficient Saviour, for your acceptance; and the Bible for your guide: pray to God for his Holy

Spirit to lead you to the knowledge of the very truth, as it is in Jesus. Accept this as a testimony of friendship, and believe me yours in love,

I. GRAHAM.

November 2, 1800.

You have, I find, been the child of affliction; she is a stern, rugged nurse; but blessed often are the lessons she teaches. "I have" (says God,) "chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." It is God's ordinary way of drawing sinners to himself, either to dry up, or imbitter, the streams of worldly comfort, that he may shut them up to seek that comfort that depends not on any transitory source.

I have not a doubt but you shall yet sing with the royal Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" for, "before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word. Blessed is the man thou chastenest, Lord, and makest to learn thy ways." Many are the texts to the same purport; take them for your consolation as a part of God's well-ordered covenant.

You have met with a late bereavement, which has entered deep into your soul. We are not called to stoicism, but to tenderness of heart and spirit. Jesus wept with the two sisters over a brother's grave. But still the Christian's spirit must be resigned, and say, and try to say with cheerfulness, "Not my will, but thine be done." And O, my friend, great will be the wisdom and happy the acquisition, if every new bereavement enlarge the room for divine love in the heart, and be filled up with that most noble, most blessed of principles. Seek not, my friend, to replace

friendship with any mere worldling; beg of God to fill up the vacuum, then will you be a great gainer.

Why hesitate to join the church? Let not a sense of unworthiness keep you back. A deep sense of unworthiness is one grand part of due preparation; and no worthiness of yours can give you any title to that "New Testament in Christ's Blood, which was shed for the remission of sins." Worthless, vile, empty, helpless, is every son and daughter of Adam's race; but it was for the ungodly that Christ died: it was while we were without strength: his name was called "Jesus," because he should save his people from their sins. "In that day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood" among a mixed multitude, and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink; whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

If conscious at the time that it is the supreme desire of your soul to be washed in his blood, clothed with his righteousness, sanctified by his Spirit—go—and take this water of life freely: go as a "sinner" to a "Saviour;" go at his command, put honour on his appointment, and repeat the dedication of all that you *are*, *have*, or *can* have over the symbols of his "body broken for you," his "blood shed for you:" go, trusting in his mercy, and leave all to his management, believing that he *will* shed abroad his love in your heart, order your footsteps in his ways, and in due time perfect his image in your soul. Keep close to him in the use of means, but look beyond the means for life and power. I commit you to our God and Saviour, and pray that he may be to you, "Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification," and "Redemption."

I am, my dear Miss M., your ever affectionate,

I. G.

by your Managers. Blessed office! They are your agents, Ladies; they are also the agents of your God, by whose ministration he is the Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, the stranger's Shield, and orphan's Stay. Blessed, indeed, is he who considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will preserve and keep him alive, he shall be blessed upon the earth; the Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in sickness. Blessed are they who consider the poor, who devise liberal things. But more blessed still, ye, who, like the good Samaritan, bind up their wounds, pour the oil and wine of consolation into their bursting hearts, bring them to your homes, and share their griefs with them,—who are eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and make the widow's heart to sing for joy! May the blessing of them who are ready to perish come upon you; may your persons be accepted in Christ; then shall a reward of grace accompany and follow your labours of love. May you be blessed in your basket, and blessed in your store—blessed in your going out, and blessed in your coming in—blessed in life—blessed in death! and through Christ the Purchaser, blessed with the inheritance of his saints, through eternity.

TO THE SAME.

April, 1806.

It is with increasing pleasure, Ladies, that we come forward year after year, and report that the Society prospers. In funds, in respectability, and most of all, in usefulness, it continues to advance, spreading wider and wider

its salutary influence. Could we only repeat this year, as formerly, that the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, the sick nursed, provided with medicine and cordials, it were great considering that the late epidemic has nearly doubled the objects of the Society's bounty; greatly embarrassed their circumstances, and left, many of them in a debilitated state, little able for labour. There are now on the Society's books two hundred and one widows, with numerous families.

The managers have provided meal, wood, flannel, shoes; giving nothing to those in health but necessaries; to the sick, meat, fuel, tea, sugar, and chocolate, *wine* and *porter*, by order of the attending physician, two thousand four hundred and fifty-eight dollars, thirty cents: besides very much for the sick from their own pantries, having it cooked in their own kitchens; and, in many instances, giving daily personal attendance.

In the months of January and February, employment entirely failed them; many came forward at that time, who had not asked that in charity, which labour could procure.

The Secretary has informed you what was then done for their relief. Quantities of flax were given out at the same time that the Ladies exerted themselves to procure work; yet in little more than a month, all was cut and made up: the committee were obliged to extend the sum considerably.

The winter is now past; their humble dwellings, though long threatened, are not dismantled; their few necessaries, and some remnants of happier days, bright and clean, are still in their possession; cheerful spring opens upon them; trade begins to stir, and a gleam of hope breaks through the gloom, that they and their infants may yet eat their

morsels at their own firesides. HOME! Who can tell the full import of that word! Will not the recollection, that you have been instrumental in preserving a home to these, sweeten your every comfort, and soothe your heavy hours.

Besides the general and particular good done in the dispensation of the Society's bounty, much misery has been softened through the medium of its members, where, by its constitution, there could be no claim on its funds: a few facts will prove my assertion. An unfortunate French lady, who, with one infant, had escaped the last massacre at St. Domingo, was brought to New York, and placed by the captain of the vessel, in a low boarding-house. She had been nine weeks in this city, unknown and unknowing; had sold some valuable trinkets, and pawned her watch to pay her board, when she was found by one of the Managers of this Society. Mrs. Hoffman visited her, and by the means of her numerous acquaintance, sought out her countrymen, ascertaining her history, character, and circumstances, and raised by subscription two hundred dollars; furnished her with decent clothing suitable to the climate, and she is now in a comfortable situation.

On every hand, and all around, groans human misery; and *Hope*, the last to desert the wretched, points from every quarter her votaries to this Society.

Mrs. C—, a person of most interesting character, and of a superior mind, not only an unfortunate, but an injured person, without hopes of redress, broken in spirits, and broken in health—was reduced, with her only child, to seek an asylum in the Alms-House; her story was related to this Society. Mrs. Hammond, one of the Managers, took her into her own family, and nursed her with the greatest tenderness for many weeks; but health did not return. Her only chance for life was her native air, (Ireland,) and

she had there relations capable of supporting her. Mrs. R—, another of the Society's Managers, set her face to the arduous task of raising a subscription to defray their expenses home. She succeeded not only to procure a passage for her and her child, but in the *cabin*, furnished with every necessary, and even with delicacies.

Mrs. R—, one of the Society's widows, and her daughter, were ill of the yellow fever at the same time, in the same room, and in the same bed: the girl died, and by the rude hands of the hearse-driver, was put in a coffin before the mother's eye, and carried out. The mother became distracted to that degree, that she was obliged to be carried to the hospital, and confined in one of the cells. While in her own house, every effort had been made to alleviate her distress, and restore her. She was now given up to another Benevolent Society, where to intrude might be deemed improper. Was she then deserted? Did no friendly voice salute her ear in her solitary cell? Was no attempt made to turn her visionary flights of despair into this soothing channel of hope? Yes, Ladies, yes; Mrs. S—, her neighbour, acted in concert with Mrs. Mills, her Manager, and visited her often; both exerted their utmost ingenuity to prepare for her clothing of such a texture and make, as should elude her attempts to tear them. The last time I saw her was in the month of December: the ground was covered with snow, and the air was piercing cold. When the keeper opened the door of her cell, I held out my hand—but such a hand grasped mine—that clay will not be colder, when laid on its last bed. She flew past me to the fire: urged by instinct, though deserted by reason. She asked Mrs. S— for her dead child, and begged she would take her home to live in her yard. But it is not necessary thus to harrow up your feelings. I left her, convinced that

she could never recover there, and without a hope of bettering her situation. Not so the dear Ladies I have named; they rested not until they had provided a place, a nurse to attend her, and every comfort her situation could admit of. She had been five weeks in the Hospital, when she was removed; fifteen weeks she was at private board; during which time she recovered daily. She is now at her own home, in the bosom of her family, perfectly restored to reason, and recovering health daily.

Let us now turn to a brighter scene; for the God of providence has not withheld from us our pleasant things. Every year he opens some new channel of usefulness, and hearts expand to embrace the opportunity. The Society has always been industrious in filling up every vacancy in the different Charity Schools, and has a great number provided among them, whose parents were members of no church; still a very great number remained without the means of education. Idleness is the mother of vice, and the Society had reason to apprehend, and indeed to observe, that many were already initiated; and to fear that many more would, before its funds were in a situation to prevent it. But our gracious God, who has well verified his promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," appeared in this also; and our dear Mrs. Hoffman, whose labours, this winter, have been indefatigable, was made the honoured instrument. She collected seventy dollars for the express purpose of supporting a school: and, emboldened by this unremitting success, and presuming on the continued benefaction of the public, the Society placed twenty-two children at school, fourteen with Mrs. L—, and eight with Mrs. C—. They are both the Society's widows, so that a double end is gained.

Some members of the Society, conversing on the subject, were expressing their thankfulness for this provision, indulging their hopes, and sometimes their fears, respecting those still unprovided for, when a young Lady in the company made the following proposal, That herself, and as many more as should find their hearts so disposed, should associate for the purpose of teaching a select number of little girls, a certain number of hours every forenoon. The patroness of the school was fired with zeal, and remitted not her exertions till she had obtained the end. On Saturday, the 17th of February, thirty young Ladies had given in their names, and met Mrs. Hoffman and myself at Mr. Ogden Hoffman's, Wall-street, for the purpose of being organized.

What a sight! From families, in rank the first in the city, in the very bloom of life, and full of its prospects, engaged in those amusements, which fascinate and engross the mind, tending in general to shut out every idea unconnected with self! A society of young Ladies, in these circumstances, coming forward, and offering their own personal services to snatch these little innocents from idleness, ignorance, and vice—to teach them to know their Father, God; to tell them of a Saviour's love; to point out the example he set, the precepts he recorded for their observance, and his promises for their comfort; and by teaching them to read, to enable them to retrace all their instructions, when their eyes should see them no more: this, indeed, is a *labour of love*, as superior to the institution which gave it birth, as the interest of the soul is to that of the body.

Let us, Ladies, yield the palm of excellence, and give them the praise. "Many daughters have done virtuously,

but these have excelled them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Mrs. Hoffman and myself have visited the school every Saturday, with the two who finish their week's attendance, and the two to commence the week following. We can assure you that the children make rapid improvement. We also visit the other schools, and can report that they also give us satisfaction.

Years and seasons roll on—the wheel of Providence keeps turning, bringing round great revolutions in the world, and smaller in narrower societies and among individuals: all equally under the direction of the great Maker and Governor of the universe, "who rules in the armies of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of this world."

On opening a School for Poor Children: addressed to the Teachers who volunteered their services.

My dear young Ladies,

Every thing new becomes matter of speculation, and variety of opinion.

An association of Ladies for the relief of destitute widows and orphans, was a new thing in this country. It was feeble in its origin; many treated it with ridicule; many raised against it the standard of opposition. The men could not allow our sex the steadiness and perseverance necessary to establish such an undertaking. But

God put *his* seal upon it; and, under his fostering care, it has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. Its fame is spread over the United States, and celebrated in foreign countries. It has been a precedent to many cities, who have followed the laudable example. This fame is not more brilliant than just. The hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, shelter is provided for the outcasts, and medicine for the sick; and the soothing voice of sympathy cheers the disconsolate. Who are the authors of all these blessings? Your mothers, Ladies, the benevolent members of this, so justly-famed Society. But who are these children, that idly ramble through the streets a prey to growing depravity and vicious example? They *quarrel*, they *swear*; and such, no doubt, will *lie* and *steal*. And that group of dear little creatures running about in the most imminent danger, apparently without protection: are they under the care of this so justly-famed Society? They are. They are fed, they are clothed, their mothers' fireside is made warm for them; but no culture is provided for their minds, nor protection from baneful example. These will, in time, follow that of the older ones, and grow up the slaves of idleness and vice, in the certain road to ruin.

Alas! alas! and is there no help, no preventive? Yes, there is! Behold the angelic band! Hail, ye virtuous daughters, worthy of your virtuous mothers! Come forward, and tread in their steps! Snatch their little innocents from the whirling vortex; bring them to a place of safety; teach them to know their Father God; tell them of their Saviour's love; lead them through the history of his life: mark to them the example he set, the precepts he recorded for their observance, and the promises for their comfort: and by teaching them to read, enable them to re-

trace all your instructions, when their eyes see you no more.

My dear young Ladies, the sacrifice you have made to virtue, shall most assuredly meet its reward: but, like your mothers, you will experience much painful banter. Let it pass—suffer it quietly. When your scheme begins to ripen, and the fruits appear, who shall be able to withhold their praise? Only be steadfast, draw not back, and justify the prophecies of many.

A great general, in ancient times, in search of glory, landed his troops on the hostile coast, and then burnt all his ships; thus it became necessary for them to conquer or die. You have, Ladies, already embarked in this design; there is no remaining neuter now; your names and undertaking are in every mouth; you must press forward, and justify your cause; and justified it shall be, if you persevere; it cannot be otherwise. The benevolence you contemplate is as superior to that already in circulation, as the interest of the soul is to that of the body: and it is your own: the very scheme originated in a young mind in this company. The Society were contemplating mercenary agents, schools for pay; and one is already established.

But this labour of love who could have hoped for it? A Society of *young ladies*, in rank the first in the city, in the very bloom of life, and full of its prospects, engaged in those pleasures and amusements, which generally engross the mind, and shut out every idea, unconnected with self —coming forward and offering—what? Not their purses, that were *trash*: but their own personal services to instruct the ignorant, and become the saviours of many of their sex. It is indeed a new thing, and more strange, in this age of dissipation, than that institution from which it sprang. May this, too, become the darling of Providence! May

God put his seal upon this also! May he bless and prosper you in this undertaking; bless you, and make you a blessing!

Extract from the concluding part of Mrs. Graham's last Will and Testament.

'My children and my grandchildren I leave to my covenant God; the God who has fed me, all my life, with the bread that perishes, and the bread that never perishes, and who has been a Father to my fatherless children, and a Husband to their widowed mother thus far. And now receiving my Redeemer's testimony (John iii. 33.) I set to my seal that God is true; believing the record in John's Epistle, that God had given to me eternal life, and that this life is in his son, who through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot unto God, and being consecrated a Priest for ever, hath, with his own blood, entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for me! I also believe that he will perfect what concerns me, support, and carry me safely through death, and present me to his Father, complete in his own righteousness, without spot or wrinkle. Into the hands of this redeeming God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I commit my redeemed spirit.'

LINES

ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. GRAHAM.

HARK! did I hear the tolling bell
  Emit a sound of woe!
It sighs along the wind, to tell
  That Death has struck a blow.

And could it sound the valued name
  Of her who low is laid;
And say, 'Tis ISABELLA GRAHAM,
  The poor would feel dismay'd.

Her love was ardent to her God,
  His precepts touch'd her heart,
And thence the stream of mercy flow'd
  Rich blessings to impart.

Struck with the grace that Jesus show'd,
  For guilty man to die;
She felt the weight of debt she ow'd,
  His name to glorify.

Her ardent step was wont to seek
  Affliction's narrow door;
And, entering there, she lov'd to speak
  In mercy to the poor.

With sympathy she heard their tale,
  And brought the comforts nigh;
But most of all, would never fail
  To lead their thoughts on high.

The orphan's innocence would melt
  Her feeling heart to tears;
And even those defil'd with guilt
  Had int'rest in her pray'rs.

Her active mind, with wisdom stor'd,
  Beheld the widow's grief,
And form'd such plans as might afford
  The destitute relief.

The thoughtful habits of her soul
  Had o'er her face prevail'd;
Her features wore the soft control
  Of charity conceal'd.

From early youth, to good old age,
  She lived a life of faith:
The comforts of the sacred page
  Upheld her soul in death.

And is that form to move no more,
  That cloth'd a soul of love?—
The wings of faith that spirit bore
  To realms of bliss above.

She's gone, who fill'd th' admiring eye,
  And gain'd the throbbing heart:
The daughter of Philanthropy
  Was summon'd to depart.

But she has left a light behind,
  To gild the waste of woe,
And lead the efforts of mankind
  New blessings to bestow.

THE END.

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